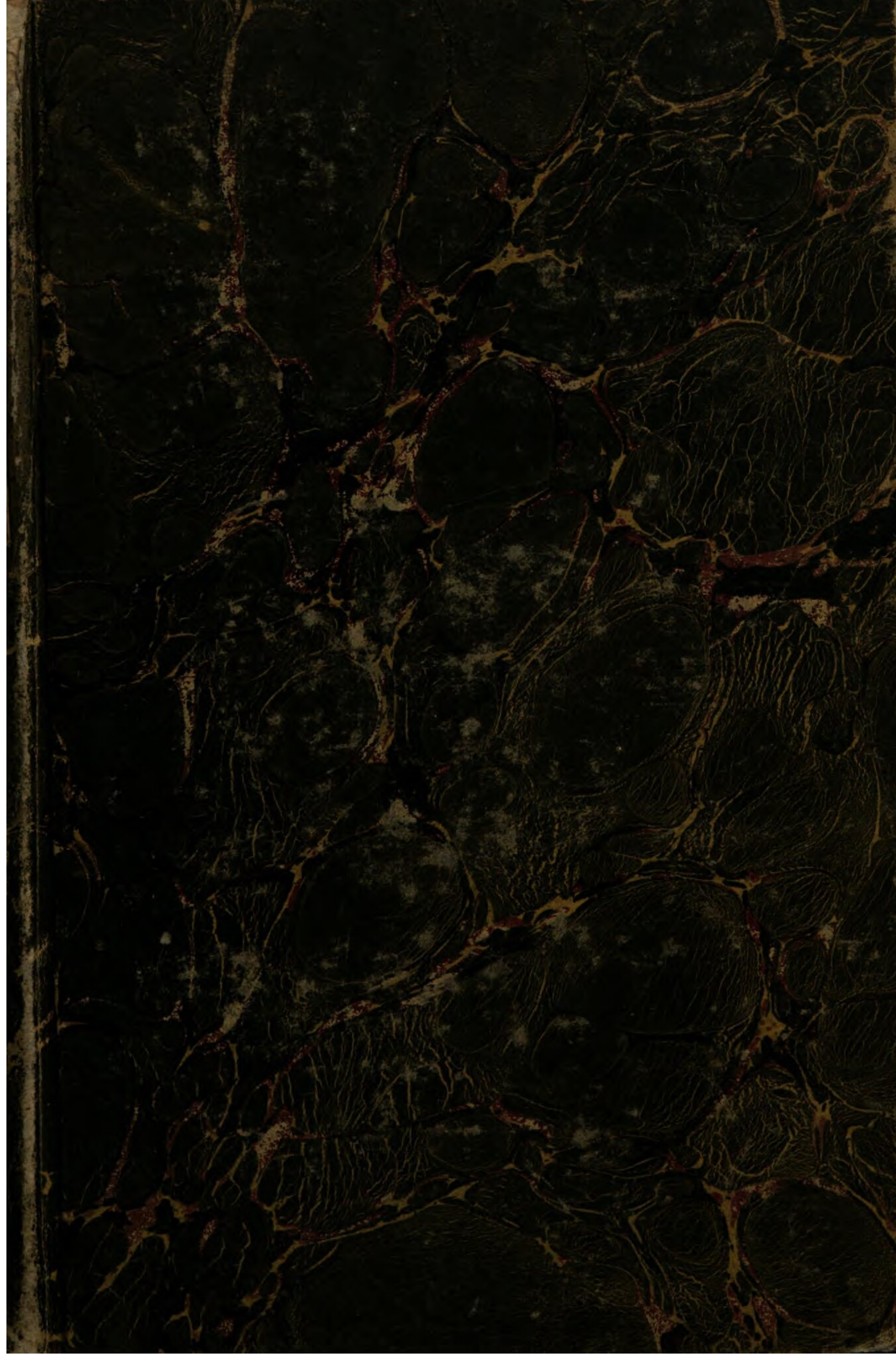


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OF NATURE

Philosophy

The



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PHILOSOPHY

PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE

THE INFLUENCE OF

THE HUMAN MIND

THE

PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE.

VOL. II.

LONDON

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

IN ALBEMARLE STREET

1827

ly

THE

PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE

THE
PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE;

OR,

THE INFLUENCE OF SCENERY

ON

The Mind and Heart.

[Verf. Charles Bücke]

———The sounding Cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall Rock,
The Mountain, and the deep and gloomy Wood,
Their colours and their forms, have been to me
An appetite.

Wordsworth.

Rura mihi placeant, riguique in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque.

Georg. ii. l. 485.

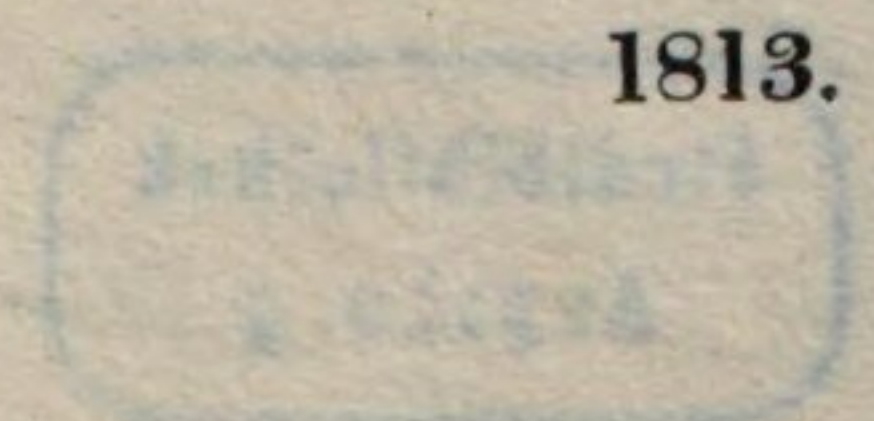
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1813.



THE
PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE

OR
THE INFLUENCE OF SCENERY

ON
THE MIND AND SPIRIT

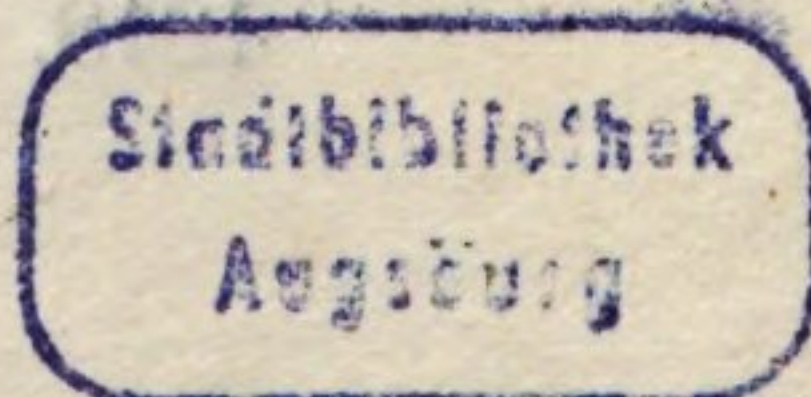
—The opening Chapter
treated the life of nature; the Fall of
the morning, and the deep and gloomy Wood,
their colonies and their laws, have been to me
an appetite.
I have not been able to resist the temptation
to add a few lines in various places
to the original text.

VOL. II.

LONDON

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY

T. Davison, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.



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THE
PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE;
OR,
INFLUENCE OF SCENERY,
&c.

I. OF all the passions, which derive additional force from scenery, none experiences a greater accession than Love,—that noble feeling of the heart, which Plato calls “an interposition of the gods in behalf of the young:”—a passion, celebrated by all, yet truly felt by few.—“Dost thou know, what the nightingale said to me?” says a Persian poet:—“What sort of a man art thou, that canst be ignorant of love?”—I rather would enquire, “what sort of a man art thou, that canst be capable of love?”—since, though of all the passions, it is the most productive of

delight, it is the most unfrequent of them all.—How many of us feel the passions of hatred and revenge, envy and desire, every day!—but how few of us are capable of feeling an ardent affection, or conceiving an elevated passion!—That was not love, which Mahomet felt for Irene, Titus for Berenice, or Horace for Lydia;—and though Anacreon is never weary of boasting his love, the gay, the frantic Anacreon never felt a wound.—Indeed, the Greeks were almost as much a stranger to legitimate love, as the barbarians, they affected to despise.—The passion of Sappho was nothing but an ungovernable fever of desire, though the Fragment, she has left, has been so long, so often, and so widely celebrated, that the world imagines she was the essence of love!—As a poem, it has been unjustly celebrated, (if I may venture to differ from so admirable a critic as Longinus) because it has been celebrated far beyond its merits;—and even, as a faithful picture of desire, it has nothing to compare with a poem of Jayadeva.—“*The palms of her hands support her aching temples, pale as the crescent, rising at eve.—‘Heri, Heri!’—thus she meditates on thy name, as if she were gratified, and she were dying through thy ab-*

sence.—She rends her locks—she pants—she laments inarticulately—she trembles—she pines—she moves from place to place—she closes her eyes—she rises again—she faints!—In such a fever of love, she may live, oh! celestial physician, if thou administer the remedy;—but shouldst thou be unkind, her malady will be desperate.”—

II. This picture is drawn with force, and with all the wild irregularity of the passion itself; but what has uncontrollable desire to do with the passion of love?—that mild and elegant affection, which sinks the deepest, where it shews itself the least; that *curiosa felicitas* of the heart, which can animate only the wise, the elegant, and the virtuous:—that sacred passion, which bestows more rapture, than perfumes, than sculpture, than painting, than landscape, than riches, than honours, and all the charms of poësy, united in one general combination.

Read the ode of Sappho and the Fragment of Jayadeva, my Lelius, again and again, and tell me, if you are half so agreeably attracted to their merits, as to those of the following beautiful and

faithful indication of virtuous and elevated attachment?—The feeling, which this exquisite morceau expresses, must be felt by every woman, who aspires to the passion of love, or the name of love is prostituted and its character libelled.—

Go, youth belov'd, in distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'mid fairer maids,
To think on her, thou leav'st behind.—
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot—
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer—
Forget me not—forget me not.—

Yet should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish, I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me.—
Yet oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not—forget me not.—

Mrs. Opie.

III. Love is composed of all that is delicate in pleasure:—it is an union of desire, tenderness, and friendship; confidence the most unbounded, and esteem the most animated and solid:—filling

the entire capacity of the soul, it elevates the character by purifying every passion, while it polishes the manners with a manly softness.—Where love like this exists, far better is it to be joined in death, than, by the caprice of parents, or the malice of a wayward fortune, to drag on years of anxious separation*!—He, who is capable of acting greatly and nobly, when under no influence of affection, animated by the applause of a woman whom he loves, would act splendidly and sublimely.—And is this the passion, which every animal, that usurps the name of man, flatters himself he is capable of feeling?—As well may he imagine himself capable of writing the Hamlet of Shakspeare, of forming the Hercules Farnese, or of composing the Redemption of the immortal Handel!—

IV. Love has several analogies with natural beauties.†—“What is more like love,” says a German philosopher, quoted by Zimmerman, “than the feeling, with which the soul is inspired, when viewing a fine country, or the sight

* *Ubi idem et maximus et honestissimus amor est, aliquando præstat morte jungi, quàm vitâ distrahi.*—Valerius Maximus.

† Note 1.

of a magnificent valley, illumined by the setting sun?"—So obvious is the connection, to which we have alluded, that it is no unfrequent practice with the French peasant girls, when they separate at the close of day, to say, "good night!—I wish you may dream, that you are walking with your lover in a garden of flowers.—"

V. Have we lost a beloved mistress, or an affectionate friend?—Do we hear a tune, of which she was enthusiastically fond, or read a poem he passionately admired; are not our thoughts swayed by a secret impulse, as, by the faculty of association, we recal to mind the many instances we have received of their affection and regard?—If a melancholy pleasure is awakened by what we hear and what we see in familiar life, how much more is that exquisite faculty of combination enlarged, when, after a long absence, we tread the spot or behold the scenes, which once were the objects of our mutual admiration.—If, divided by distance, the lover indulges reveries of felicity among grand or beautiful scenery, the image of his mistress is immediately associated with it: and, at peace with all the world, he sinks into one of those silent meditations, which,

in so powerful a manner, expand the faculties of the imagination, and chasten the feelings of the heart.—

VI. Thus was it with Petrarch.—When he was at Valchiusa, he fancied every tree skreened his beloved Laura; when he beheld any magnificent scene among the Pyrenees, his imagination painted her standing by his side; in the forest of Ardenne, he heard her in every echo, and when at Lyons, he was transported at the sight of the Rhone, because that majestic river washes the walls of Avignon.—“In fact,” said he, “I may hide myself among woods and rocks and caves; but no places so wild, so beautiful or so solitary, but love pursues me at every step.”

ODE TO JULIA.

WRITTEN AT PONT-ABERGLASSLYN.

I've rov'd o'er many a mountain wide,
And conn'd their charms from side to side;
Seen many a rock aspiring rise,
Astonish'd to its native skies;
While countless crags appear'd below,
All black with shade, or white with snow;
These, as I've seen, my heart, still true,
Trembled—for I thought of you.

I've listen'd to the torrent's roar,
 In scenes, where man ne'er trod before;
 And, as I've heard the vernal bee
 In sweet delirious ecstasy,
 Make rocks and caves, and vallies ring,
 Responsive to its murmuring,
 I've bade those scenes and sounds adieu,
 To dwell in pensive thought on you.—

As on the ocean's shelvy shore,
 I've listen'd to its solemn roar;
 Beset with awful wonders round,
 While sea birds screamed with grating sound,
 And moon majestic from a cloud,
 Display'd her front, sublime and proud,
 —I've thought how sweet, how far more dear,
 Those sounds would be, were Julia near.

In secluded walks, on the banks of rivers, in unfrequented recesses, and in the most savage solitudes, the lover delights to indulge the luxury of meditation.—There every scene serves to increase the strength and delicacy of his passion, and all nature, dressed in her boldest or most beautiful attire, wears to his imagination

— a look of love;
 While all the tumults of a guilty world,
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sink away.

VII. If the hunter delight in the society of the hunter; if the idle and the dissipated derive an illegitimate satisfaction, when recalling to their mutual recollection the follies of their youth, and feel themselves entitled to the friendship of each other, because they have partaken of the same vicious indulgencies; with how much more pleasure shall polite and accomplished minds remember those persons, who are in any way connected with scenes, which have administered to their happiness?—If such are their associations, in regard to casual acquaintances, how strongly must those recollections cement the friendships, which have previously been awakened by mutual esteem!—By elevating the character of thought, and by giving a decided tone to all the finer sentiments of the heart, recollections of this nature confirm the affections of those, whom we have the happiness to rank in the number of our friends.—Friends—not gained by flattery and cemented by slavish compliances, but contracted with those, who are united to us by similar habits, opinions, and reflections, and by the indulgence of mutual benevolences to all mankind.

Ah! who the pleasures of a friend can tell?—

Watching our interests with solicitude; assisting us with promptitude and diligence; advising us with sincerity, tempered with delicacy; and combating our prejudices with logic, rather than with rhetoric, he is the guide, the partner, and ornament of our lives!—In our absence, protecting us from the shafts of others with prudential zeal,—in our presence he chides our follies and condemns our vices by giving credit to our virtues. Preserving all the dignity of discretion, and abounding in innocent compliances, he treats us with a studious and gratifying politeness:—by dividing his enjoyments, he introduces us to new pleasures; and, participating in our afflictions, his consolations are medicines, and his bosom is a sanctuary*.

VIII. If landscape give additional force to the affections of the lover and the friend, it is no less productive of that high spirit of liberty, which gives such a decided impulse and dignity to the soul:—for impressive and sublime scenes, checking the more violent passions, subdue the natural arrogance of our nature, and place man and

* See Note 2.

man upon a level with each other, by subduing the vanity of the proud, and exalting the hopes of the humble. Of this opinion was Sir William Jones,—that great and admirable man, bred in the school of Greece, and imbibing, with his love of ancient literature, those elevated ideas of liberty, which, even when favoured by a court, he never permitted to wither or decay!—Hence is it, that those countries, remarkable for a combination of scenerial contrasts, have, at all times, made the greater advance towards the cultivation of science and the arts; or, in their absence, have rendered themselves conspicuous for a detestation of despotism; for a strong and ardent desire of retaining their liberties, when in possession, and of recovering them, when lost.—I need not call to your recollection, among other examples, those of Rome and early Greece, or of that lovely and unfortunate country, once known, and once loved, honoured and admired,—dear to all lovers of landscape,—the seat of every virtue,—the abode of peace and content, and where the honest face of poverty was never seen to blush*.
—Switzerland!—Thy memory is immortal!—

* Note 3.

IX. As you are a friend to social order and uniformity of government, my Lelius, perhaps you may start at the now unfashionable name of liberty.—The revolution in a neighbouring state, which resembles a beautiful symphony to a wretched concerto, and the crimes, perpetrated during which, not all the waters of the Loire, the Seine, or the Rhone can ever wash from the historic page, has weakened your national attachment to those greatest of all heaven's benefits,—freedom of action and liberty of speech.—You resemble the herb, called, by the ancient naturalists, *Zaclon*, which being bruised and cast into wine, turned the wine to water, preserving the colour, but losing the strength and virtue of wine.—But, my Lelius, liberty, (the loss of which necessarily involves the ruin of the human mind,) is not to be despised because few, in these degenerate days, have any fixed regard for her;—nor is her character to be libelled, because vicious men, in all the wantonness of licence, have formed so many schemes, and committed so many crimes, under the assumed privilege of her honourable name.—How many an act of treachery has been perpetrated under the name of friendship!—How many a beautiful and virtuous woman has fallen

a sacrifice at the fascinating shrine of love!—In spite of all this, friendship is still the most exalted of the virtues; love is still the most delightful feeling of the heart,—and since justice is the peculiar attribute of heaven, let liberty, pure, unadulterated liberty, be the idol of the good.

X. Nobly, justly and honourably was it observed by one of the Jewish Rabbins, that were the sea ink and the land parchment, the former would not be able to describe, nor the latter to comprize all the praises of liberty.—Shout, hiss and abhor *License*, my Lelius, as much as you will;—there is not an honest man in the country, who will not echo her disgrace:—she is an Harlot*.—But if you despise the character of a slanderer, if you respect the honour of your sister, and the chastity of your wife;—if you would secure the uninterrupted possession of your property, and if you regard the interests of your children and the purity of your name, you will honour the character of liberty in all times and in all places, and claim its exercise as an unalienable right.—There is not a mendicant, who begs from door to door, that has not as clear and as indis-

* Note 4.

putable a title to this inheritance, as the proudest Aristocrat, that ever disgraced the honours of ancestry.—Nature implanted the desire—Nature prompts us to command the exercise,—and may he, who seeks, by any indirection, to deprive us of this invaluable inheritance, be the scorn of this world and an outcast in the next!—

XI. If, from the liberty of nations, we recur to the freedom of individuals, we may safely pronounce that man to be the most free, and consequently the most happy, who is the most independent of common customs, and of common society:—whose resources centre in himself;—whose mind contains the riches of exalted precepts, and whose soul is superior to his fortune.—Master, as it were, of his own destiny, he despises the hand of the oppressor, the contumely of the proud, and the malevolence of ignorance.—His mind is to him as a kingdom; and fixing his habitation at the foot of a high mountain, surrounded by all, that is graceful or magnificent in nature, he enjoys the sublimity of the scene with a tranquillity, which neither the smiles nor the frowns of fortune can exalt or depress.

Creation's heir! the world, the world is his!—

XII. While a love of magnificent scenery engenders and fosters the highest regard for public and private liberty, it calls forth many of the latent resources of the mind, and adds proportionably to its strength.—It confirms us in the habits of virtue;—leads us to desire a more intimate knowledge of ourselves, and produces a decided contempt for the unlawful pleasures of an idle world.—By virtue of association it excites, too, that ardent love of greatness in action and sentiment, which characterises a liberal and heroic spirit.—“That man,” says an admirable Moralist, “is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain ground upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona*.”—Innumerable are the instances, in which the Highlanders of Scotland have evinced the power of scenery to excite to noble deeds: and who will doubt, that the landscapes in the Peloponnesus and in the neighbourhood of Athens, Rome, and Florence, had a decided effect upon those illustrious cities?—Many a man, who has been censured for idleness or cashiered for inattention among the dull

* Note 5.

swamps of Holland and Flanders, would have felt himself equal to the command of armies in Italy, in Switzerland, or in Greece.—

XIII. The bold character of the scenery, by which the monks of St. Bernard are surrounded, gives an important stimulus to their benevolence, activity, and fortitude.—These holy men, at the risk of their personal safety, will encounter the greatest vicissitudes of toil and danger, in order to assist those unfortunate travellers, who sink into the gulphs of ice and snow, which render the passes of the Alps of St. Bernard so difficult and so dangerous.—Animated by benevolence, kept alive by those characters of sublimity, which, in the strongest language, declare the actual presence of a Deity, in the dead of night they will quit their convent, and, accompanied by dogs and lighted only by lanthorns, they will grope their way over immense masses of ice, to rescue a miserable human creature from the danger of perishing with cold, or from the more dreadful fate of sinking into the deepest gulphs, from which it were impossible ever to rescue them!—

XIV. Those beautiful and injured queens, Matilda of Denmark, and Sophia, wife of George the First, while elector of Hanover, were both distinguished by a regard for the charms and graces of nature.—MATILDA, accused of crimes her soul detested, was banished to the electorate of Hanover.—Looking back, with tranquillity and true dignity of soul, upon those pleasures, she had never perfectly enjoyed, and regretting not the splendour and magnificence, she had lost, her principal resources, in the absence of her children, were her garden and her shrubbery.—Thus occupied, she was an object of love, admiration and pity to all the electorate.—SOPHIA, charged with a crime, as ill-founded as those of the virtuous Matilda, derived the same consolation in the culture of her flower-garden.—Her husband, by whom she had been unjustly accused, offered to be reconciled to her—but she would not.—In the page of history, a reply more admirable, than hers, is no where to be found:—“If the accusation is just,” said she, “I am unworthy of his bed:—if it is false, he is unworthy of mine.”—Animated by virtuous impulses, which were no doubt strengthened by the innocence of her

amusements, she refused the splendour of a royal crown!—

XV. If scenes, so common and simple, as shrubberies and gardens, have power to strengthen the mind, and to secure it against the turbulent emotions, caused by the intrigues and tumults of the world, much greater effect, in weaning us from its follies and its vices, may nobler scenes be supposed to produce.—Colonna, accompanied by Blanche, one evening in the month of April, ascended a high mountain, in the neighbourhood of Langollen—The sun was shooting its evening rays along the vale, embellishing every thing they touched.—It having rained all the morning, the freshness with which spring had clad every object gave additional impulse to all their feelings.—Arrived at the summit, the scene became truly captivating; for nature appeared to have drawn the veil from her bosom and to glory in her charms.—The season of early spring, which, in other countries, serves only to exhibit their poverty, displayed new beauties in this.—Nature had thrown off her mantle of snow, and appeared to invite the be-

holder to take a last look of her beauties, ere she shaded the cottage with wood-bine, or screened with leaves the fantastic arms of the oak.—The clouds soon began to form over their heads, and a waving column lightly touched their hats.—Around—was one continued range of mountains, with DINAS, rising above the river.—Immediately below, lay a beautifully diversified vale, with the Dee, a river, combining all the charms of the Arno and the Loire, winding through the middle of it;—on the east side of the mountain, several villages appeared to rest in calm repose.—

XVI. This beautiful scene was soon converted into a sublime one,—for the clouds, assuming a more gloomy character, the tops of all the mountains around became totally enveloped, and the heads of Colonna and his companion were now and then encircled with a heavy vapour.—A more perfect union of the beautiful and magnificent it is difficult to conceive.—No object was discernable above, but below, how captivating!—Their feet were illumined by the sun, their heads, as it were, touching the clouds!—How often, when a Boy, has Colonna reposed himself upon a bank,

or under the shade of a thicket, and, watching the course of the clouds, has wished, that, like some demigod of antiquity, he could sit upon their gilded columns, and gaze upon the scene below!—Now the wish was, in a measure, gratified.—

Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.

Above,—all was gloomy and dark; below—the sun, from the west, still illumined the villages and spires, the cottages and woods, the pastures and fields, which lay scattered in every direction; while the Dee, at intervals, swept, in many a graceful curve, along the bottom of the vale!—

XVII. These objects, so variously blended and so admirably contrasted with the sombre scene above them, inspired such a combination of feelings, that, for a time, they were absorbed in silent meditation:—the past was lost to the memory; the future presented no cares to their apprehension; and if, in such a scene, they could have wasted one thought upon the concerns of this little world, they would have fancied themselves disgraced for ever.—While they were indulging in this halcyon*

* Note 6.

repose of the mind, the sounds of village bells, in honour of a recent marriage, were heard,—floating on the breeze—from below.—The sounds, softened by the distance, and coming from a region so far beneath, lulled them with a choral symphony, that excited emotions so strong, so various, and so delightful, that never had they experienced sensations, which could, in any way, be placed in competition with them.—And such must ever be the effect on those, whose happiness has not been smothered beneath a load of splendid vacuities; in whom society has not engendered an infinity of wants; in whom ignorance has not awakened pride, arrogance, and inordinate vanity, and in whom content has the power of lulling every fever of illegitimate desire*.

XVIII. Such are the scenes, which nature exhibits, in a few favoured spots, to raise our wonder and exalt our gratitude.—In common landscapes, however, she permits herself principally to be embellished by the art and industry of man.—Hence arise the impressions, which we derive from various kinds of buildings;—the house,

* Note 7.

the palace, and the cottage; mills, churches and forges; bridges, pillars and temples; towers, castles and abbeys.—But even those objects become more endeared to the eye of taste, when nature has, in a measure, made them her own, by covering them with moss, with lichens and with ivy.—Thus art and nature impart mutual graces to each other.

XIX. The species of architecture, most gratifying to the lover of the picturesque, are the Roman and the Gothic; and no one, gifted with imagination and genius, would prefer the light and elegant erections of Greece, seated in a vale, or rising on a knoll, to those proud and noble specimens of Gothic and Roman grandeur, frowning upon mountains, or embattled among woods, as they are exhibited in the awful ruins of towers and monasteries, abbeys and castles.—The grace and majesty of the Ionic, the simplicity of the Tuscan, the magnificence of the Corinthian, the solemnity of the Doric, and the profuseness of the Composite, well suited, as they are, to buildings in shrubberies, in parks, and to public erections in the neighbourhood of large cities, are, for the most part, entirely out of character, when ob-

served amid the wild and more untameable scenes of nature.—There, the rudeness of the British, the greatness of the Roman, the circular tower of the Saxon, and the pointed arch of the Anglo-Norman styles, assimilate, in a far greater degree, with the bold and romantic features of the surrounding scenery;—and carry us back to those tumultuous times, in which the tower and the long winding passage were equally useful, as securities against the humble banditti of the forest and the titled ruffian of a neighbouring castle.—

XX. But of all the degrees of modern architecture, most grateful to the lover of the more placid style of landscape, and to a philosophic and elegant mind, the COTTAGE has the most attractive claim.—With one of those delightful little mansions, situated on the borders of a lake, or near the sea shore, over which mountains rear themselves into a vast natural amphitheatre, whose sides are embrowned with woods and rocks;—a small garden, with a clear stream, winding through it;—a library of all, that is useful in art and science, or elegant and just in poetry and philosophy;—a friend, whom we esteem, and a woman,

whom we love, who would exchange for the Escorial or St. Cloud, the palace of the Grand Seigneur, or even the castle of Windsor itself?—

Oh! knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he!—who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.—
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich.—
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.—

Thomson.—Autumn.

XXI. “When we enter into magnificent palaces,” says Tully,—whose oratory never relapsed into a thrifty and sanguinary eloquence, as Tacitus strongly expresses it*,—“we are, at first, struck with the gilded roofs, the marble columns, the costly pavements and all the other decorations of art; but when we have beheld them often, we are no longer charmed with them, and they make

* *Lucrosæ hujus et sanguinantis eloquentiæ.*

Tacitus de Oratore.

no impression of pleasure on the mind ; whereas the prospect of the country never satiates us ; it is, as it were, ever new, and every day puts on some fresh form to entertain and delight us.”—Who, that takes pleasure in the cultivation of his garden and his shrubberies, has not an innate love of order and harmony, though opportunity has never allowed their cultivation?—Who, that will stand for hours upon a precipice, and drink in rapture from the untouched scenes of nature, has not the seeds of poësy planted in his mind?—Who, that treads, with secret satisfaction, the spots, which the wise and the good have sanctified by their preference, and who, that delights to stand, where the battles of former ages have been fought, would not, were fortune to present the opportunity, be the admiration of the world for their patriotism and inflexible constancy?—

XXII. As all, that is captivating in scenery, may be reduced to the three orders of the *beautiful*, the *picturesque*, and the *sublime* ; so may the beauty of form and countenance be divided into the three orders of the *graceful*, the *harmonic*, and the *magnificent*.—The *magnifi-*

cent applies to the indication of mind and manner in man :—the *graceful* to softness, delicacy, and benevolence in woman :—the *harmonic* consists in that union of the graceful and the magnificent in both, which, as it is the most uncommon, is more captivating than either.—Admiration of beauty, whether in bodies, in morals, or in scenery, may be denominated instinctive.—Beauty, as Xenophon has observed, is a quality, upon which nature has affixed the stamp of “royalty;” and the reason, it has been so much admired in every age, is, because our souls are essences from the very source of beauty, harmony, and perfection.—One description of theorists have maintained, that beauty is nothing but illusion, having no more positive existence than colours.—As well may we doubt the reality of virtue and vice, as of beauty and deformity.—Beauty, “bear witness earth and heaven!” by being the result of association, is not the less positive on that account; for every object, which awakens pleasure in the mind, is beautiful, since it possesses some internal or external quality, which produces the sensation of pleasure.—Whatever, therefore, excites agreeable emotion, possesses some intrinsic quality of beauty.—Hence arises the connection

between beauty and virtue; and as nothing produces so many agreeable emotions, as the practice of virtue, (for virtue is a medal, whose reverse is happiness,) whatever is virtuous, or conducive thereto, is really and essentially beautiful.

XXIII. In the true spirit of this doctrine, Wieland, the celebrated German poet, has written an elegant dialogue, conceived in the manner, and executed with all the sweetness and delicacy of Plato.—He imagines Socrates to surprise Timoclea, a captivating Athenian virgin, at her toilet;—dressed for a solemn festival in honour of Diana; attired in all the beauty of nature and all the luxuriance of art.—His surprising her, in this manner, gave rise to a dialogue, in which the subject of real and apparent beauty is philosophically discussed.—The arguments are summed up, by Timoclea, at the end of the discourse, in which she declares herself a convert to that fine moral doctrine, which teaches, that nothing is beautiful, which is not good, and nothing good but what is, at the same time, intrinsically beautiful.—This union of virtue, happiness, and beauty, is in strict conformity to the doctrines

of the ancient Platonists and the evidence of all experience*.

XXIV. The pleasure, which is derived from scenery, we may trace, in some way or other, to something, which has an immediate or collateral reference to humanity.—The conclusions of Mr. Alison, in his Philosophical Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste, are, therefore, perfectly just; for, as he observes, unless the imagination be excited, the emotions of beauty or sublimity are unfelt; hence, whatever increases the powers of that faculty, increases those emotions in like proportion; and no objects or qualities in objects being felt, either as beautiful or sublime, but such as are productive of some simple emotion, no composition of objects or qualities produces emotions of taste, in which that unity is not preserved†.—Hence the same elegant writer deduces the following important conclusions:—"That each

* Maximus Tyrius. ix. 101. Seneca de Beneficiis. v. 1. 2. Lucretius. Lib. iii. Cicero. de Off. Lib. iii. c. 3.—Lucretius calls virtue, *a noble enthusiasm, justly directed*.—*De Nat. Rerum*. Lib. iv.—

† Ch. i. Sect. 2. 3. Ch. ii. Sect. 2. 3.

of these qualities is either from nature, from experience, or from accident, the sign of some quality, capable of producing emotion, or the exercise of some moral affection:—that when these associations are dissolved, or, in other words, when the material qualities cease to be significant of the associated qualities, they cease also to produce the emotions either of sublimity or beauty;—that the beauty and sublimity, which is felt in the various appearances of matter, are finally to be ascribed to their expression of mind; or to their being, either directly or indirectly, the signs of those qualities of mind, which are fitted, by the constitution of our nature, to affect us with pleasure or interesting association.”—

XXV. It is association, then, which produces that intimate connection, which subsists between the beauty of landscape and the beauty of sensation.—Every scene, to be perfectly beautiful, in the eye of man, must, in consequence, possess something, which refers to humanity.—Either horses, or sheep, or oxen; either cottages, or churches, or ruins; or something, that has reference to ourselves, as sentient beings, must meet the eye, in some part or other of the scene, or the whole is incomplete.—Every

one feels how much even the most magnificent view acquires, if a shepherd is seen, tending his flocks, among the precipices, or if a hunter, weary of bounding among the crags,

———Throws him on the ridgy steep

Of some loose hanging rock to sleep.—

Hence it arises, that as every landscape should be observed from its proper point, so every sound must be heard in its proper place.—Who is not displeased with the horn of the huntsman, if sounded in a garden? and who can listen to the bleating of sheep, confined in a house, or to the lowing of cattle near the windows of a drawing-room?—and yet, how agreeable are our sensations, when lambs bleat upon the mountains, cows low among the meadows, and the huntsman's bugle echo through the woods!—

XXVI. All our more celebrated masters, in the art of painting, never fail to animate their pictures with living objects, in unison with the scenes, they respectively exhibit.—How comparatively unmoving were the creations of Salvator Rosa without his groupes of Banditti! and how far less interesting were the rocks, valleys, and

woods of the romantic Claude, were we to expunge his shepherds, his flocks, and his ruins!—The poets neglect not to embellish their subjects in the same manner.—Full of those allusions and associations is the poem of Grongar Hill.—

XXVII. Grongar!—My imagination immediately transports me thither!—This celebrated eminence, my Lelius, is situated in the most picturesque part of the vale of Towy.—No place do I remember, in which the combinations of water, wood, mountain, and ruin, assume such exquisite variety:—sacred have been the moments, I have passed, on that enchanting spot!—

Grongar! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing quiet dwells:
Grongar! in whose silent shade,
For the modest muses made,
So oft I have at evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over hill and over wood;
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.—

Scenes, like these, always induce a desire of solitude; beloved by the good and sought as a refuge by the great.—By a love of solitude, far am I from alluding to that misanthropic dislike of society, which impels man to forsake his fellow, in order to indulge a selfish and indignant passion.—A desire of solitude of that nature is seldom engendered by a contemplation of scenery, which impels only to that description of retirement, the charms of which we may whisper to a friend :*—an idea, exquisitely realized in a fine picture, entitled SOLITUDE, painted by Gaspar Poussin, and now in the collection of his Majesty.

“Nature,” says Cicero, “abhors solitude:”—and many an ingenious argument has been adduced to prove, that a lover of absolute solitude is a being totally divested of the common sympathies of humanity.—Among my papers, however, I find a remarkable account of a *solitaire*, that goes far towards invalidating this opinion.—It is a verbal abridgement of a paper, published in a periodical work about the year 1781.—The name of this solitary was Angus Roy Fletcher, who lived all his life in a farm at Glenorchay.—He obtained

* Note 8.

his livelihood principally by fishing and hunting.—His dog was his sole attendant, his gun and his dirk his constant companions.—At a distance from social life, his residence was in the wildest and most inaccessible parts of the lofty mountains, which separate the country of Glenorchay from that of Rannoch.—In the midst of these wilds he built his hut and passed the spring, the summer, the autumn, and the principal part of the winter.—He possessed a few goats, which browsed among the cliffs.—These were his sole property, and he desired no more.—While his goats grazed among the rocks and heaths, he ranged the hills in quest of fish and game.—In the evening he returned to his goats, and led them to his solitary hut.—There he milked them with his own hands; and after taking his supper of the game or fish he had caught, and which he dressed after his own manner, he laid himself down in the midst of his dog and his goats.—He desired to associate with neither men nor women; but if a casual stranger approached his hut, he was generous and open, hospitable and charitable, even to his last morsel!—Whatever he possessed he cheerfully bestowed upon his guest; at a time, too, when he knew not where to procure

the next meal for himself.—When the severity of the winter obliged him to descend to the village, he entered with evident reluctance into society, where no one thought as he did, and where no one lived or acted after his manner.—To relieve himself from all intercourse with his species, as much as possible, he went every morning before the dawn of day in search of game, and never returned till night, when he crept to bed without seeing any one.—With all this, he dressed after the manner of the most finished coxcomb!—His belt, bonnet, and dirk, fitted him with a wild and affected elegance; his hair, which was naturally thick, was tied with a silken and variegated cord; his look was lofty, his gait stately; his spirit to a degree haughty and high-minded:—and, were he starving for want, he would have asked no one for the slightest morsel of food!—He was truly the solitary man:—and yet was he hospitable, charitable, and humane!—

XXVIII. But man, animated by the common impulses of his nature, can enjoy nothing to effect alone.—Some one must lean upon his arm, listen to his observations, point out secret beauties, and become, as it were, a partner in his

feelings, or his impressions are comparatively dull and spiritless.—Were it to shower down gold, we should scarcely welcome the gift, had we no friend to congratulate us on our good fortune.—All the colours and forms of the natural world would fade before the sight; and every gratification pall upon our senses.—How beautifully is this triumph of social feeling depicted in that exquisite passage of the *Paradise Lost*, where Eve addresses Adam in language, worthy of the golden age!—

With thee conversing I forget all time,
 All seasons and their change; all please alike.—
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train;
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by noon,
 Nor glistening star-light without thee is sweet.—

Paradise Lost, Book iv. l. 639.

XXIX. Retirement, my Lelius, enables us to derive happiness from ourselves, in the same manner, as the sun, shining from its own centre, is indebted to no other globe for its splendour or its heat.—Tracing all happiness to his own fountain, and living in a world of his own creating, the lettered recluse, (to whom a well-furnished library is a dukedom large enough,) indifferent even to the report of fame, “that last infirmity of noble minds!” becomes almost invincible; for the world, as a celebrated French writer justly observes, to him is a prison, and solitude a paradise.—But solitude is only beneficial to the wise and the good; since schemes of rapine may be there engendered, as well as plans of beneficence.—If Numa retired to one of the deepest recesses of Etruria, in order to digest his code of civil and criminal jurisprudence, Mahomet, in the silence and solitude of Mount Hara*, shunning all intercourse with men, first formed the conception of enslaving the bodies, deluding the imaginations, and corrupting the manners and morals of mankind.—

XXX. To men of weak and unenlightened

* Vid. Abulfeda. vit. Moham. p. 15.

minds, too, retirement is productive of fatal results.—To them retirement is but another name for obscurity:—a condition, mortifying to those, who have never acquainted themselves with the world, and grateful only to that rare order of men, who have early perceived, how little substantial happiness, it is capable of affording.—But, to a certain class of mankind, nothing is so galling to their conceit, as the compelled necessity of remaining in obscurity.—To Beings, of this inferior order, the idea of being undistinguished is the ne plus ultra of mortification!—Rather than be unknown, they would tyrannize over—villagers!—The natural cause of this compulsion is ignorance, as the natural result is personal vanity, and a purse-proud, or a family conceit.—Hence it arises, that though nothing is more beautiful to the imagination, than the idea of genius, sheltering itself in retirement, so nothing is more offensively ridiculous, than the pompous dulness and the awkward consequence of a *vain* country gentleman.—Abject to his superiors, in the same proportion as he is tyrannous to his inferiors, and totally unconscious of the nobility and capacities of his nature, he frets throughout a long life, to the conscious ridicule of a whole neighbourhood.—Sliding into eternity,

as he crept into existence, he is forgotten on the morrow!—

XXXI. How many Creatures of this description, my Lelius, are observed, residing among scenes, more captivating to the imagination, than all the creations of Titian, Salvator Rosa, or of Claude!—Scenes, so fortunately neglected by the hand of ornament, and which disrobe every ingenuous mind of all its natural vanity, and in which, if we remember the fanciful distinctions of polemics, and the obtuse arrogance of verbal theology, we do so with feelings of impatience and disgust. —And yet, though residing in such scenes as these, as well might we attempt to reconcile the writings of Aristotle with the doctrines of the Scriptures, after the example of Trapæzund; as well might we endeavour to prove, with Marci-
lius Ficinus, that Plato acknowledged the mystery of the Trinity, and equally futile would be our attempts to unite the geological systems of Whiston and Burnet, Buffon, Kircher and Le Luc, as to infuse into the minds of such recluses as these, that the landscapes, around them, are capable of administering to their pleasures or their virtues*!—

* Note 9.

XXXII. In retirement, however, the man of learning or genius, strips himself of all ornament; his thoughts become concentrated and his desires moderated.—To those, devoted to worldly or to scientific pursuits, it gives that temperate rest, which is so necessary to recruit the weary organs of activity.—It affords the leisure to arrange the materials of thought, to mature the labours of art, and to polish the works of genius.—

To a life of solitude has been objected a destitution of employment;—and if the accusation were just, the censure were severe:—For, without occupation, the mind becomes listless; it preys upon itself, and we become melancholy even to weariness of life.—In nothing, therefore, does Pliny err more, than when he says, that there are only two things, by which we ought to be actuated—“a love of immortal fame or continual inactivity.”—But let no one be actuated by the opinion of Pliny in this important particular.—To live without labour is destructive to the body; to be indolent is fatal to the mind; and both are destined, by nature, to be the operative causes of each other's misery.—The listless torments of indolence are well described by Seneca,

in his fine Treatise on the Tranquillity of the Mind; and even Pliny himself, in another part of his works, observing that the mental faculties are raised and enlarged by the activity of the body, exemplifies his argument by drawing an excellent picture of an old senator, retiring into the country, and guarding himself from lassitude by continual occupation.—

XXXIII. And does retirement offer no objects to engage our attention?—does it not, on the other hand, present a succession of amusements and pleasures, ever changing and ever varied?—Can he want exercise, who has a garden?—Can he want mental recreation, who has a library?—Can he be destitute of objects to engage his research, who has the vast volume of nature always unfolded before him*?—On the contrary, so varied and so delightful are all these, that a votary to temperate solitude may triumphantly enquire, in the language of Cicero, “whether the gay amusements of the table, or the soft blandishments of a mistress can supply their votaries with enjoyments, that may fairly stand in competition with the calm delights of intellectual pleasures;

* Note 10.

—pleasures, which never fail to improve and to gather strength with our years*?”—Is there not a pleasure and a consolation in them, than which nothing can be more delightful—since they fade with no season?—Is there a melancholy, which they do not soothe, or a sorrow they do not relieve?—When the body, instead of acquiring new vigour and tasting new pleasure, begins to decline, and is sated with sensual gratifications, or grown incapable of tasting them, does not the mind continue to improve and to indulge itself in new employments?—Is not every advance in knowledge a new source of delight?—and is not the joy, we feel in the actual possession of one science, heightened by that, which we expect to find in another?—Yes, my dear Lelius, doubtless, retirement and a love of letters have charms to recommend them, far more transcendent, than the vapid nonsense of a harsh, an ignorant and intemperate world!—

XXXIV. No writer, ancient or modern, has

* In another place he says, *hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et per-fugium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoscant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*

shown a greater relish for natural beauty, than Horace.—It is indicated in almost every ode, that he has written.—If he celebrate the powers of wine,—the pleasure of sitting under the shade of the vine tree is remembered too:—If he sing, in Lydian measures, the charms of his mistresses,—the rose is not more beautiful, the violet has no sweeter perfume.—One he invites to the woods, and another he describes, as reclining on beds of roses, in a cool and shady grotto.—Does he sing of war?—he forgets not to contrast its pains and its horrors with the pleasures of a smiling country, peopled with rural animals, and a rural population.—Upon a couch, at Rome or at Lucretilis, indulging in the joys of Bacchus, he calls to mind the season of the vintage, when grapes hang, in purple clusters, on the vines; and when the happy peasants dance, in various groupes, upon the margin of a river.—“With a fountain of clear water,” says he, “and a shady wood, I am happier than a prince of Africa.—Ah! how am I delighted, when wandering among steep rocks and woods; since the shades of forests and the murmuring of waters inspire my fancy, and will render me famous in all future ages.—Sing, oh! ye virgins, the beauties of Thes-

salian Tempe, and the wandering isle of Delos; celebrate, oh! ye youths, the charms of that goddess, who delights in flowing rivers and in the shades of trees; who lives on the mountain of Algidus, among the impenetrable woods of Erymanthus and on the green and fertile Cragus*.” —How happy is he at his various villas!—and with what delight does he celebrate the superior advantages of a country life in his second epode! —a poem, which forcibly recals to our recollection Virgil’s Corycian swain, and Claudian’s old man of Verona.

XXXV. Pliny, who was accustomed to say, that if a man would perpetuate his fame, he must do things worth recording, or write things worth reading, was never happier, than when he was indulging himself at his country seats, where he found leisure to write to his friends, and to celebrate the views, which his villas afforded.—“Thuscum,” says he, with honest and elegant pride, “is situated in a fine, natural amphitheatre, formed by the richest part of the Apennine, whose towering summits are crowned with oak, and

* Lib. III. ode 15. IV. ode 26. ode 4. ode 3. I. ode 21.

broken into a variety of shapes, with springs, welling perpetually from the sides, and interspersed with fields, copses, and vineyards.”—“Here,” he observes in another letter, “I enjoy the most profound retirement:—all is calm and composed;—circumstances, which contribute no less, than its clear and unclouded sky, to that health of body, and cheerfulness of mind, which, in this place, I so particularly enjoy.”—Pliny had several country seats on the Larian Lake, two of which he was particularly partial to*.—The manner, in which he spent his time at those villas, he has described *con amore* in a letter to Fuscus; and because we have but an imperfect idea of Roman villas, I would have sent you a translation of the description, he has given of his villa at Laurentium, had I not despaired of imitating that diligent negligence of style, which so much excited the admiration of the great Erasmus.—In regard to epistolary writing, I am tempted, with the scholiasts, to give Cicero the preference, when the subjects of his letters are of a public nature; but when they relate to the daily occurrences, and to the private sentiments of the

* Plin. Epist. Romano. VII.

writers, I think our favourite Pliny has but few competitors.—There is an urbanity and an elegance, a devotedness of affection, and an undisguisedness of heart irresistibly winning and agreeable; which none of the moderns have equalled, and which none of the ancients, if we except Cornelia*, ever surpassed.—

XXXVI. Equally with Pliny, was Tibullus a sincere and ardent lover of the country—his elegies, therefore, are frequently embellished with allusions to natural objects, and with descriptions of the joy, the content, and happiness of a country life.—But it is not the poetry of Tibullus only, that recommends this amiable man so much to our attention and applause.—Few poets have had principles so fixed, and have adhered to them with such firmness and constancy as Tibullus; few have panegyrised so little, where flattery was so sure of reward; and though Virgil may excel him in the grandeur of his subject and the majesty of his numbers; though Horace bears the palm for acute satire, sprightliness of wit and brilliancy of intellect; I would rather

* Note 11.

wear the honours, arising from the consistent and manly politics of Tibullus, than be entitled to the most vivid laurel of the poetic wreath.—Descended from an honourable branch of the Albian family, he fought the cause of the people by the side of Messala, at Philippi, and though animated with all the fervency of a grateful friendship towards that distinguished statesman, he disdained to follow his example, in paying court to the conqueror of that fatal day.—The crown of Augustus derived none of its lustre from the praises of Tibullus.—Weary with a hopeless contest, and disgusted with the corruptions of the times, he retired to Pedum;—there to indulge in the innocent occupations of a country life;—to recruit his impaired finances, and, in the alternate amusements of agriculture and poetry, to soothe the disappointments of his heart;—to invoke the favours of his mistress;—and, above all, to retain, unimpaired, those high and genuine ideas of liberty, which he had imbibed in early youth from the lessons of his preceptors and from the splendid examples of former ages.—

XXXVII. “If life were not too short,” says Sir William Jones, “for the complete discharge

of all our respective duties, public and private, and for the acquisition of necessary knowledge, in any degree of perfection, with how much pleasure and improvement might a great part of it be spent, in admiring the beauties of this wonderful orb!"—This observation is in the true spirit of Plato.—Nothing can be more delightful, or more essentially profitable, than a whole life, spent in such an elegant and unsatiating employment.—The objects are so numerous and diversified, their respective properties so distinct, their uses so important, and their beauties so alluring, that no one, duly initiated into her secrets, retires from her study with weariness or disgust.—

XXXVIII. Cicero, who valued himself more upon his taste for the cultivation of philosophy, than upon his talent for oratory, seems not to have felt the truth of an adage, so common in Europe at the present day, "that the master of many mansions has no home;" for he had no less, than eighteen different residences in various parts of Italy.—They were all erected in such beautiful situations, that he was induced to call them "the eyes of Italy *."—His retreat at Tusculum was, how-

* Note 12.

ever, his favourite residence.—This spot was possessed, previous to those tumults in Italy, which have robbed it of all its models of the fine arts, by a Basilian convent of Grecian monks, called *Grotta Ferrata*; and it was the favourite amusement of the brothers of that monastery to exhibit, to learned and enlightened travellers, the remains of Cicero's buildings, and the small aqueducts, that watered his garden.—This retreat the orator embellished with every specimen of art, that his friend Atticus could purchase for him at Athens:—It was the most elegant mansion of that elegant age; and the beauty of the landscapes around it, adding lustre to the building, refined the taste of its accomplished possessor*.—

XXXIX. Diocletian, when he selected a spot for his retirement, took peculiar care, that his palace should command every beauty, which the nature of the country would admit.—“The views,” says Mr. Adams†, “were no less beautiful, than the soil and climate were inviting: towards the west, lay the fertile shore, which stretched along the Adriatic, in which a num-

* Note 13.

† Antiquities of Diocletian's palace at Spalatro, p. 67.

ber of small islands are scattered in such a manner, as to give that part of the sea the appearance of a great lake.—On the north lies the bay, which led to the ancient city of Salona : and the country beyond it, appearing in sight, forms a proper contrast to that more extensive prospect of water, which the Adriatic presents both to the south and to the east.—Towards the north, the view was terminated by high and irregular mountains, situated at a proper distance, and in many places, covered with villages, woods and vineyards.”—The example of Diocletian was, long after, remembered by Charles the Fifth of Spain, who in imitating his Roman prototype, derived but little comparative fame, and deserved less.—It was the extreme beauty of the situation of the monastery of St. Justus, belonging to the order of St. Jerome, which first inspired that restless despot with an idea of quitting a world, he had governed so long and so malignantly.—As he passed near that monastery, many years before his retirement, he remarked to his attendants, that it was a spot, to which Diocletian might have retired with pleasure.—The remembrance of this place never deserted him ;—and, at length, weary of the world, he withdrew to the melancholy of a

cloister*, where, in silence and solitude, he entombed his ambition, resigned his plans, and, in the hope of conciliating posterity, derived some portion of consolation for having so long agitated Europe by his projects, his devastations and his public murders.

XL. The imagination can select few objects, on which it more delights to repose, than the retirement of a man of talents and integrity from the vortex of public life.—Surrounded by the beauties of the vast creation,

All the distant din the world can keep,

Rolls o'er his grotto and but soothes his sleep.—

Such was the retirement of Scipio; when, rich in an approving conscience, he retired from the malicious persecution of his enemies, to philosophic ease and independence at his villa of Linternum.—There, charmed with the diversity of its landscapes, in the agreeable conversation of Terence, Lelius and Lucilius, and in cultivating his farm, he enjoyed an evening of life, truly enviable

* Sandov. ii. 607. Zuniga. 40. Thuan. Lib. xvii. 609. Robertson. 260.

for its tranquillity, innocence and glory.—There it was, he outlived all his injuries, and all the calumnies, that had been propagated against him.—

XLI. And here, my Lelius, perhaps you will excuse me for observing, that calumny,—that public scourge of private life!—is the almost natural result of permitting a slanderer to escape the odium of a public exposition.—A calumniator, “whose tongue outvenoms all the worms of Nile,” ought imperiously to be exposed; not only for the sake of truth, but for the welfare of society at large.—For who is to guard against this public pest, unless his character is displayed “to the garish eye of day,” any more, than against a felon, unless he be convicted?—He, therefore, who punishes the one, performs as great an obligation to society, as he, who prosecutes the other*.

XLII. Armed with all the mean insolence of security, and conscious of a willing audience, he hisses, from behind his curtain, at a thousand

* By an ancient law of Scotland a criminal of this sort was punished with death.

good and estimable characters, before the world is conscious to what an odious and detestable organ, it has long been listening.—But his career, born in envy, bred in malice, and tutored by folly, finishes in contempt, abhorrence and disgrace.—He is despised by all honourable men, feared by the weak, and shunned as a pestilence:—his infamy is unpitied—and those, who, even innocently, have eaten of his poison, partake of his reproach;—and so detestable is the nature of this cowardly crime, that, wherever a nest of wasps is to be found, we never fail to observe, that they are mutually afraid and ashamed of each other!—

XLIII. The duty of exposition performed, anxiety subsides.—The hornet, having lost its sting, can sting no more; and the viper, having discharged its venom, pines, sickens and dies*.

To be envied, and therefore to be traduced, has long been an impost settled on the eminent, and shall any pigmy man, of modern date, presume to escape that tribute, when it has been paid, in all ages, by the most illustrious of all

* Note 14.

nations * ?—Besides—some men there are, whose censure is applause, and whose approbation would sully the best established reputation in the world!—Wretched and a slave is he, who hangs on the smiles of these for happiness.—We have spoken of the exposition of calumny, as applicable only to men;—the idle nonsense of a whispering or of a flatulent female is beneath contempt:—she operates, as a rod of scorpions over her own sex, it is true, but she is the scorn, the contemptuous scorn and ridicule of ours.—

XLIV. Smarting under the lash of slander, and dispossessed of his office of comptroller general by the artifices of his enemies, the illustrious Turgot retired into the bosom of philosophy, and devoted those hours, which hitherto had been employed in his country's service, to agriculture and botany.—In those amusements, forgetting that he had been wronged, and shaking aspersions from his shoulders, as a lion shakes dew-drops from his mane, he soon ceased to gratify his enemies by bestowing one thought upon their baseness.

* Note 15.

XLV. In the estimate of the happiness, which attends others, we are too apt to judge of its effects by the standard of our own feelings, and to consider that man, happy or miserable, who dissents or complies with our tastes, our manners and our opinions.—To those, whose unbounded desires have never been curbed by prudence or virtue, how vain will appear the philosophic spirit of Adrian, who calculated those years, which he passed at the Villa Adriana, as only belonging to life; or that of Corcutus, son of Bajazet the Second!—Upon the death of Mahomet, Corcutus was, by the unanimous consent of the army and nobility, elected, after various struggles, in preference to his father.—Upon Bajazet's arrival at Constantinople, however, he resigned the imperial purple, and retired, with a yearly pension, to the government of the delightful provinces of Lycia, Caria and Ionia, where he lived free and content in the quiet studies of philosophy.—“I esteemed it,” says he, in an oration to his father, “unbecoming the resolution of a calm and settled mind, to pant for those worldly possessions, when, in the sweet meditations of heavenly things, my ravished mind is feasted with objects

of far more worth and majesty, than all the kingdoms and monarchies in the world.”—

XLVI. Upon the death of her husband, Ferdinand Marquis of Pescara, Vittoria Colonna retired to the island of Ischia, finely situated near the bay of Naples, and gave herself up to the sorrow, which the death of a man, so deservedly dear to her, could not fail to occasion.—Her beauty and her merits attracted many wealthy and noble suitors,—but she refused them all.—Captivated with the beauties of the island, she listened to the inspirations of the muse,—became the admiration of Italy, and celebrated by all the *Literati* of her time.—In her bower, or walking on the sea-shore, she meditated most of those poems, which have entitled her to such honourable mention among the most celebrated of the Petrarchian school.—There it was, she wrote her Sonnets and her Canzone, poems, which with her Stanzè, written at an earlier age, abound in lively description and natural pathos.—

XLVII. Tasso, the great Italian poet, was born at Sorrento, the retreat of his father, situated amid

the finest scenery in all Italy.—Born in such a delightful spot, he never lost that exquisite relish of nature, which, in many of the more unfortunate occurrences of his life, was his chief and only consolation ; and while living in the court of the Duke of Ferrara, he was never happier, than when he was invited by the duke to his retirement at Belriguardo, surrounded by gardens, and watered by the Po.—

XLVIII. Ariosto was equally an admirer of fine landscape—and many parts of his *Orlando Furioso* are taken up with describing the wild and romantic scenery, in which several of the principal actions, he celebrates, were performed.—In the gardens, belonging to the house, which he erected for himself in the city of Ferrara, he added several cantos to his immortal poem, and rendered into verse the comedies of the *Casaria* and *Suppositi**.—Leo the Tenth was exceedingly partial to country diversions and rural scenery.—His villa at Malliana at length became so delightful to him, that he seldom quitted it for Rome, unless upon the most urgent occasions.—

* Note 16.

His return was, at all times, greeted by the peasantry of his neighbourhood, in the most enthusiastic manner.—They met him, in bodies, upon the road; presented him with flowers and fruits; and were happy, beyond the common measure of felicity, when the condescending Pontiff accepted any of their rustic presents.—In return, he gave them more substantial benefits; the old and young partook alike of his bounty; upon the damsels he bestowed portions on the day of marriage, and entered into conversation with his neighbours with the most fascinating condescension; esteeming, like Titus Vespasian, nothing more becoming a great and magnanimous prince, than the sending every one from his presence contented, cheerful, and happy.—

XLIX. The poet Sannazarius, whose eclogues have been so universally admired for their elegance and beauty of sentiment, was equally enamoured of his villa at Mergillina; and so strong was his affection for it, that when, during the subsequent wars in Italy, it was demolished by the imperial troops, commanded by Philliberto Aurentio, the unfortunate event is said to have hastened his end.

L. At his country seat, at Borgo Taro, in the duchy of Parma, Prospero, Marquis of Manara, wrote those pastorals and sonnets, which established, for their author, a celebrity nearly equal to any poet of his age.—At a subsequent period, he resigned the office of premier to the Duke of Parma, that he might return to the charms of the country, and the studies of his youth.—At this period he completed his admirable translation of the Georgics.—Philip the Fifth of Spain, too, signalised his love of the beautiful and the grand, by choosing, as the place of occasional retirement, a deep and solitary wood, embosomed in vast mountains.—There, about two miles from the city of Segovia, he erected the palace of St. Ildefonso, and so embellished the natural beauties of the place, that an enthusiastic traveller* declares, that the mere sight of them were alone sufficient to recompence a journey into Spain.

LI. Martial was never happier, than when enjoying the delights of his favourite Anxur, situated among craggy rocks, and celebrated for its quar-

* Mons. Bourgoanne.

ries*.—Lope de Vega, whom the Spanish writers celebrate, as “admirable in lyric poetry, eloquent in heroic, melodious in pastoral, grave in epic, and ingenious and fertile in dramatic poetry,” and whose multifarious writings procured for him the appellation of “the Muse of Spain,” wrote many of his best pieces amid the agreeable landscapes around Villa Franca and Oropeta.—It was in the enjoyment of scenes still more admirable, that Claude Lorrain, while in the service of Augustin Tassi, first roused his genius to the contemplation of Nature. There, roving amid the fields, among the woods, up the mountains, and beside the Tiber, he caught that poetic relish for natural beauty, which enabled him to represent, on canvass, nature in her most lovely and most captivating attire.—And though the biographer of the Abate Metastasio has neglected to notice it, it is not to be questioned, but that the magnificent works of nature and art in the neighbourhood of the city of Naples, contributed, in

* Martial, Lib. x. Ep. 58. In another epigram he bursts out,

O Nemus, O Fontes! solidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, & æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis!

no small degree, to overcome the resolution of that elegant man, when he had bade, as he thought, an eternal adieu to poetry.—He had wasted his fortune at Rome in unprofitable yet uncriminal dissipation, and had put himself under the care of the celebrated advocate Paglietti of Naples, with the firm resolution of resuming a profession he had long neglected.—For some time, he exercised the greatest tyranny over his own inclinations,—till, by the entreaties of the Countess of Althan, he was persuaded to write an epithalamium on the marriage of the Marquis Pignatelli; to this succeeded the drama of Endymion, the Gardens of the Hesperides, and Angelica; till, captivated by this irresistible recal to poetry, and animated by the lovely scenes, which embellish the bay of Naples, he again neglected the law, and gave himself up to his favourite amusement.

LII. It is impossible to describe the pleasure, which Petrarch enjoyed in his hermitage at Vaocluse*.—He was never truly happy when away from it; he was never weary of celebrating its beauties, and never fatigued with describing

* Note 17.

them to his friends.—There, as he informs us in a letter to the Bishop of Cavoillon, he went when a child; there he returned, when he was a youth; in manhood, he passed some of the choicest years of his life, and had he been capable of reflection, at so awful and so sudden a period, he would have lamented, that he was not permitted there to close his mortal existence*.—The manner, in which he passed his time in that elegant retirement, he thus describes in a letter to one of his intimate friends—“ Nothing pleases me so much, as my personal freedom.—I rise at midnight; I go out at break of day; I study in the fields as in my closet; I think, read, and even write there.—I combat idleness; I chase away sleep, indulgence and pleasures.—In the day I run over the craggy mountains, the humid vallies, and shelter myself in the profoundest caves.—Sometimes I walk, attended only by my reflections, along the banks of the Sorgia.—Meeting with no person to distract my mind, I become every day more calm; and send my cares sometimes before;

* Petrarch died of an apoplexy at Argua.—He was found dead in his library, July 18, 1374; with one arm leaning on a book.—Life of Petrarch, v. 2. p. 391.

sometimes I leave them behind me.—I recal the past, and deliberate on the future.—Fond of the place I am in, every situation becomes, in turn, agreeable to me, except Avignon.—I find Athens, Rome and Florence, as my imagination desires; here I enjoy my friends; not only those, with whom I have lived, but those, who have long been dead, and whom I know only by their works.”—The celebrated Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, often declared, that the happiest summer, he ever enjoyed, was in the small island of Inarine, near Naples;—which, in point of landscape, he called the Epitome of the whole earth*.—And what enthusiast of our nation is ignorant of the beauties, elegancies and virtues, that adorned the best and most lovely woman of her age?—Your imagination, my Lelius, immediately wafts you to the tomb of Elizabeth Rowe.—A woman, with whom to compare even Julia herself were the highest measure of panegyric!—There was scarcely a flower, a plant, an insect, or a bird, that grew, crept, or sung in her garden, which did not administer to her happiness†.

LIII. In the retirement of his bishopric,

* Note 18.

† Note 19.

Fenelon wrote his *Telemachus*.—The virtuous Sully, after the assassination of his master, amused himself, at his Chateau de Villebon, during a period of thirty years, in cultivating his estate; and in a delightful retreat at Gentilly, Benserade, the idol of a gay and voluptuous court, engraved upon every tree in his garden, a memorial of his happiness.—Sir Walter Raleigh adorned his seat with gardens and orchards, that were the admiration of the county of Dorset; and Sir Robert Walpole planted, with his own hands, many of those magnificent trees, which are now the pride of Houghton.—In a letter to General Churchill he says;—“This place affords no news, no subject of amusement and entertainment to fine men.—My flatterers are mutes: the oaks, the beeches, the chesnuts, seem to contend, which shall best please the lord of the manor.—They cannot deceive, they will not lie.—I, in return, with sincerity admire them, and have as many beauties about me, as fill up all my hours of dangling, and no disgrace attends me from the age of sixty-seven.”

LIV. Henry the Fourth of France had always a peculiar regard for *Pau*, a small town in the province of Gascoigny, abounding in beauti-

ful prospects; and it is impossible to describe the pleasure, he received, during the siege of Laon, from revisiting the forest of Folambray, where, in his youth, he had been accustomed to regale himself with milk, new cheese, and various kinds of fruit*.

LV. The elegant and unfortunate Earl of Essex, too, was a lover of nature in all her wild varieties, and once, when ordered to take the command of the army in Ireland, a commission, which he would most willingly have foregone, he wrote a letter to his mistress, Queen Elizabeth, in which he complained of the appointment as a species of banishment; and closed his letter with the following lines.—

Happy he could furnish forth his fate,
 In some unhaunted desert most obscure
 From all society, from love and hate
 Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure.—
 Then wake again, and yield God ever praise,
 Content with hips and hawes and bramble-berry;
 In contemplation passing out his days,
 And change of holy thoughts to make him merry,
 Who, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
 Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.

* Vid. Mem. Sully. Vol. ii. 381.

LVI. In the retirement of Biberach, in the circle of Suabia, Wieland imbibed that ardent love of poetry, which afterwards distinguished him in so eminent a manner.—The celebrated Alonzo D'Ercilla, too, was an enthusiastic lover of fine landscape.—During the time, in which he commanded a small force in Chili, he was engaged in a war with the inhabitants of Auracauna, a ferocious tribe of America.—Amid the toils and dangers, which he encountered in this dreadful warfare, he composed a poem, which has been considered as a subject of boast to Spain.—On the midnight watch, stretched on a rock, or reclining near an impetuous torrent, he conceived ideas, which astonished his countrymen and established, for himself, an immortal fame in the annals of Spanish literature.—

LVII. The genius of Gesner was first called into action from reading the works of the now almost forgotten Brockes, who had selected for himself a species of poetry, which exhibited the various beauties of nature in the minutest details.—Warm from the works of that poet, the scenery of Berg acquired new charms, and animated Gesner with new impulses :—the town of Berg being

situated in the most beautiful part of the canton of Zurich*.—To the memory of this enchanting poet his fellow citizens have erected a monument, in which nature and poësy are represented weeping over his urn, in a most lovely spot of a romantic valley, watered by the Limmat and the Sihl.

LVIII. The late unfortunate Mr. Collins, gifted with an amiable disposition and a powerful imagination, was peculiarly susceptible of the grand and beautiful in landscape.—His ode to Liberty testifies his love of freedom; his ode to Evening the delicacy of his feelings and the elegance of his taste; and how desirous he was of beholding the proud and majestic scenery of Scotland, the following stanza will sufficiently demonstrate.—

All hail ye scenes, that o'er my soul prevail!
 Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
 Are by smooth Annan filled, or pastoral Tay,
 Or Don's romantic springs, at distance, hail!—
 The time may come, when I, perhaps, may tread
 Your lowly glens o'erhung with spreading broom;

* Note 20.

Or o'er your stretching heaths, by fancy led,
 Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom.—
 Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
 Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;
 Or crop, from Teviot-dale, each lyric flower,
 Or mourn, on Yarrow's banks, the widow'd maid!—

Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands, St. xiii.

LIX. The love of landscape and the love of literature held divided sway in the mind of the learned and accomplished Gibbon.—In a foreign country, which habit and affection had made his own, he enjoyed the most agreeable society, by which he was highly esteemed, beloved and honoured.—In possession of scenes, of which a parallel can scarcely be found in any quarter of the globe, Gibbon not only possessed them, but had the felicity to be gifted with a mind, capable of enjoying them.—There—at Lausanne—proudly situated on the lake of Geneva, he began and completed that great monument of his fame, his History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.—There is a mixture of sublimity and true pathos in the passage, where he describes the close of his vast undertaking, peculiarly impressive.—“I have presumed to mark,” says he, the moment of conception, (*amid the ruins of*

Rome;) I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance.—It was on the day, or rather night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden.—After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a covered walk of Acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains.—The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected upon the waters, and all nature was silent.—I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame.—But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea, that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my history, the life of the historian might be short and precarious !”—

LX. The pleasure, which Mr. Gray derived from the beauties of landscape and from the productions of nature in general, may be observed in many passages of his poetical works, and more particularly in his letters, describing the

scenery around the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland.—The enjoyment, he received from wandering beneath the shades of Cambridge, and on the banks of its classic river, we may conceive from the following passage in his ode to Music.—

Ye brown o'er-arching groves!—
That contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight,
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft would the gleam of Cynthia's silver bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of folly,
With Freedom by my side and soft-eyed Melancholy.—

Ode to Music, St. iii.

LXI. Dr. Porteus, the late exemplary Bishop of London, was a lover of the more tranquil style of scenery, and being, in the earlier part of his life, presented to the rectory of Hunton by the excellent Archbishop Secker, he embellished his parsonage with all the elegance of a refined taste*.—To this spot he was devotedly attached, and even continued to reside there, for some months in the year, after his promotion to the

* Note 21.

bishoprick of Chester.—Never was there a better man, than Dr. Porteus! and for the honour of the age, in which he lived, let him ever be distinguished by the title of the “GOOD BISHOP OF LONDON.”—To him are the slaves of Africa, in so considerable a degree, indebted for the abolition of that monstrous traffic, which continued so long a disgrace to this proud and happy country:—he assisted in the formation of a society for their conversion to the Christian Faith; he was a warm encourager of Sunday schools; and an early patronizer of Lancaster’s system of public education.—As a master, he was so kind and indulgent, that his servants shed tears over his grave; as a friend, he was, to excess, ardent and sincere; as a preacher, so admirable in point of delivery, in language so elegant, in argument so striking, that a whole court hung with holiest rapture on his lips; and never, in the history of polished society, was a more admiring audience assembled, than at the lectures, which, at the advanced age of sixty-seven, he delivered from the pulpit of St. James’s church, in the city of Westminster.—He was, in truth, the FENELON of England!—

LXII. And here, my Lelius, perhaps you will pardon a few remarks upon the comparative pretensions of those men, who have the power of acquiring for themselves a splendid immortality, —STATESMEN, HEROES AND LITERATI!—of these, the two first are dependant on the last for their eternity;—the last are dependant only on themselves.—For who would have heard of Grecian or of Roman heroes and statesmen had such men as Herodotus and Thucydides never existed, or if there had not been a Livy, a Polybius, or a Tacitus?—When we meditate on the memories of Charles of Spain and Frederic of Prussia, or on the names of Suwarrow and Napoleon, with what disgust do we trace their routes by the stains of purple, which discolour the fields! and with what horror do we recognise their effigies by hearts, cased with mail, eyes prominent with military lust, and ears, fingers and bosoms dropping with blood!—The outcast, who beheaded Mary of Scotland, was not so vile, so worthless and detestable:—even Chartres were a Deity!—

LXIII. STATESMEN! essenced warriors!—Men, who gliding through an avenue of courtiers, palsy the energies of a whole people; and with all the cowardice of security, devote provinces to

destruction with a stroke of the pen, and depopulate whole nations without drawing a sword!—I speak not of such men as Solon, Sully, Bernstoff, or Chatham,—the pride of their respective nations and the glory of the whole earth!—But of Talleyrand and * * and * * and * *.—

LXIV. When we speak or think of such men as these, (for the weakness of nature permits us not to guard our thoughts against sometimes thinking of such men, any more than our eyes are privileged against disgusting objects in the streets,) our thoughts wear the character of disgraceful uniformity.—The same moral disgust affects us, whether we speak of Catherine of Russia, or Catherine de Medicis;—of John of England or Philip of France.—Associating Cesar with Borgia and —— with Sejanus, who would not prefer the eternal silence of the most obscure hamlet of the Hebrides to the ignominious immortality of such creatures as these?—Men and women, towards whom, history operates as a perpetual gallow-tree!—

LXV. Warfare of defence, my Lelius, alone is justifiable:—the rest is infamy:—and the man, who urges it, proclaims it or assists in it,

be he prince, minister or counsellor, is entitled to the united hisses of an injured world.—But why do we thus presume to satirize the age?—Is not Russia, and France, and Germany, and Turkey against our argument?—Does not all Europe too assist these military polemics?—Humanity screams in our favour it is true; but she screams against the wind; she fights against the world in arms!—In this desperate and disgraceful warfare, my Lelius, shelter yourself behind the shields of Plato, Newton and Buffon.—

LXVI. But who are those, niched in the eternal amphitheatre, who live from age to age, and who, to the utmost limits of time, will charm and instruct not only a nation but a world?—Who are those, of whom enlightened men are speaking every hour?—Who are they, who walk with us, accompany us in long journies, who advise us in secrecy, and reprove us without a frown?—Who are they, who dry the tears of the widow, and cheer the bosoms of the wretched?—Whose birth-places do we visit with sympathy and delight?—Over whose tombs do we bend with reverential awe?—Who teach us to derive happiness from ourselves, and thrill us with all those

delicate emotions, of which our nature is susceptible? and to whom,—hear it, ye military vulgar!—to whom do kings and warriors and statesmen look for consolation, when they are foiled, defeated and disgraced?—To whom,—but to those men, who glide through life, unnoticed and unknown, and whose merits are acknowledged only in the grave;—men, whose memories live, not on pillars, on monuments, or on obelisks, but in the bosom of every amiable and enlightened man!—whose images are multiplied in proportion to the extension of the human race, and whose honourable names are echoed, with rapture, even through the universe!—

LXVII. The effect of natural objects upon the imagination of that most energetic and astonishing woman, Madame Roland, may be, in a great degree, conceived from several passages, written during her imprisonment in the St. Pelagie.—In her last thoughts, composed but a short time before her execution, she thus addresses herself to her friends and relatives.—“Farewell, my child, my husband, my servants and my friends: farewell, thou sun! whose resplendent beams used to shed serenity over my soul, while they recalled it to

the skies : farewell, ye solitary fields, which I have so often contemplated with emotion ; and you, ye rustic inhabitants of Thezée, who were wont to bless my presence ; whom I attended in sickness ; whose labours I alleviated, and whose indigence I relieved, farewell ;—farewell, peaceful retirements, where I enriched my mind with moral truths, and learned in the silence of meditation to govern my passions, and to despise the vanity of the world.”—

LXVIII. Madame Helvetius was a woman, in some respects, not inferior to Madame Roland.—Having been the idol of her husband, whom in return she loved with the warmest affection, she became, at his death, the delight of a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances.—Retired at Auteuil, she indulged the native benevolence of her disposition in administering to the wants of animals, and in cultivating of plants.—One day, walking with Napoleon, then first consul of France, she observed to him, in answer to a question, he had proposed to her, “ Ah ! Monsieur grande consul ! you are little conscious, how much happiness a person may enjoy upon three acres of ground ! ”—

LXIX. No one was a more enthusiastic admirer of scenery, than Schiller.—It was his delight to wander upon the banks of the Elbe, near Dresden, at the time, when the sun was setting in all his magnificence; and often has an astonished passenger heard the poet burst into an ecstasy of uncontrollable delight, and call out “Bravo!”—

LXX. But no writer, ancient or modern, ever enjoyed nature with more *gusto*, than the unfortunate Rousseau, who, in many singular instances, resembled the no less unfortunate Tasso.—During his residence at the Hermitage, the beauties of the surrounding country were a continual source of amusement to him.—“Although the weather was cold,” says he, “and the ground covered lightly with snow, when I arrived there, the trees had begun to bud, and the evening of my arrival was distinguished by the song of the nightingale, which was heard almost under my window in a wood adjoining the house.—After a light sleep, forgetting, when I awoke, my change of abode, I still thought myself in the *Rue Grenelle*, when suddenly, this warbling made me give a start, and I exclaimed in my transport, ‘At

length all my wishes are accomplished!—The first thing I did was to abandon myself to the impression of the rural objects, with which I was surrounded.—Instead of beginning to set things in order in my new habitation, I began by doing it for my walks, and there was not a path, a copse, a grove, nor a corner in the environs of my place of residence, that I did not visit the next day.—The more I examined this charming retreat, the more I found it to my wishes.—This solitary, rather than savage, spot, transported me, in idea, to the end of the world.—It had striking beauties, which are but seldom found near cities, and never, if suddenly transported thither, could any one have imagined himself within four leagues of Paris.*—In this retirement Rousseau composed his celebrated romance of the New Heloise.

LXXI. Goldsmith, who bore the same resemblance to Rousseau, that Rousseau bore to Tasso, was so eager to behold whatever was worthy of admiration in Europe, that, almost without money, he travelled over a large portion of France, Switzerland and Germany on foot, and gained, as he went along, a precarious subsistence by playing on the flute to the pea-

* Confessions, Part II. Book 9.

sants, to whom his good-nature endeared him; and to the monasteries, to which he recommended himself by the vivacity of his remarks, and the versatility of his genius.—Had Goldsmith written an account of the scenes he saw, and the adventures he met with, it would have been one of the most entertaining of all books of travel.—To the simplicity of Rousseau and the elegance of Albani would have been joined the spirit and enthusiasm of Dupaty.—

“To walk along the sea-shore,” says this elegant writer, “when the tide is departed, or to sit in the hollow of a rock, when it is come in, attentive to the various sounds, that gather on every side, above and below, may raise the mind to its highest and noblest exertions.—The solemn roar of the waves, swelling into and subsiding from the vast caverns beneath, the piercing note of the gull, the frequent chatter of the guillemot, the loud note of the hawk, and the scream of the heron unite to furnish out the grandeur of the scene, and turn the mind to Him, who is the essence of all sublimity*.”

LXXII. Smollet, whose genius was more

* Hist. Earth. Vol. III. p. 282.

adapted to the ludicrous, than the elegant departments of literature, even Smollet, as we may learn from a fine passage in his Ode to Independence, had a taste for rural scenes and rural contemplation.—

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove or cell;
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And health and peace and contemplation dwell.—

LXXIII. Parnel wished, in early life, for the time, when he should be at leisure to pursue the milder occupations of life, and to dedicate his genius to the observation of nature and all her various and contrasted beauties :—

The sun, that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day;
The moon, that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas, that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood, that spreads its shady leaves;
The field, whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me.—

LXXIV. No one was a more ardent admirer of the bolder features of landscape, than Dr.

Beattie.—His Hermit, his Retirement, and his Minstrel, would have immortalized his name, even if he had never written his Essay on Poetry and Music.—The following passage is a gem, extracted from a jewelled casket.—

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which nature to her vot'ry yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields;
All, that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all, that echoes to the song of even;
All, that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven;
O how can'st thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven! *
Minstrel.

LXXV. The love of scenery, unfortunate that it should be so! was one of the many causes, that ruined one of nature's worthiest sons.—Who, that has beheld Piercefield, does not heave a sigh, at the mention of Valentine Morris?—Who, that sits beneath his beach-trees;—stands on his precipice;—looks down his Lover's Leap;—surveys his grotto, his alcove and his giant's cave, does not shed a tear of regret to the memory of Va-

* Note 22.

lentine Morris?—Noble, liberal and high-minded; hospitable, elegant and munificent; above all, an enthusiastic admirer of the more noble features of nature, this accomplished man first displayed those unrivalled beauties to the eye of taste.—With a discriminative hand, he uplifted, as it were, the veil from the bosom of nature, without discovering the hand, that lifted it.—Embarrassed in these attempts to improve his domain; his hospitalities knowing no bounds; his ambition of representing the county of Monmouth in parliament ungratified, and oppressed by some unforeseen contingencies, he was under the melancholy necessity of parting with his estate, at the time he was appointed governor of the island of St. Vincent.—Before he quitted England, he visited Piercefield, in order to take his last farewell of their transcendent beauties.—Upon his arrival, the poor, who loved him as a father, crowded round him:—the men with looks of sorrow; the women and children with sighs and tears.—While this melancholy scene was passing, and while some of the poor went down upon their knees to implore blessings upon him, Morris stood unmoved:—not a sigh nor a tear escaped him.—When, however, he crossed Chepstow Bridge,

and took a last view of the castle, which, standing on the edge of a high perpendicular rock, overlooks the Wye, and heard the sound of the muffled bells, which announced his departure, he could no longer support the firmness of his character, but leaned back in his carriage and wept like an infant.—In the Isle of St. Vincent he improved the state of the colony, and raised works for its defence:—but the island fell into the hands of the French, and government refused to reimburse the governor!—Thus sinned against, he was thrown into the King's Bench prison by his creditors, on his return to England;—and, during the space of seven years, endured all the hardships of extreme poverty.—Thus reduced, his wife, who was niece to Lord Peterborough, and who had sold her clothes to purchase her husband bread, became insane!—After enduring these multiplied calamities for the space of seven years, he was at length released; and, after long years of suffering, died in comparative ease and comfort, at the house of a relative in Bloomsbury Square*.

LXXVI. So enamoured of Swiss scenery was

* Vid. Archdeacon Coxe's Hist. of Monmouthshire.

the late General Pfiffer, who resided at Lucerne, that, for five-and-twenty years, he made annual visits to the Alps, in order to obtain correct elevations, and a local knowledge of all the most remarkable places in that romantic country.—Upon his return from these excursions, he arranged his materials with such accuracy, that he was at length enabled to form a complete topographical representation of all Switzerland in mastich.—This model contained a perfect picture of the vegetable productions, and of the different strata ; with the relative situations and proportional elevations of every mountain, town, village, and lake in that enchanting country.—

LXXVII. Even Madame de Pompadour, Catherine of Medicis, and the cynic Dennis, were capable of receiving a sensible pleasure from the works of nature.—The first of these discordant characters, bold and voluptuous as she was, took infinite delight in forming the gardens and groves of Menars, which, as an instance of her peculiar friendship, she bequeathed to the Marquis of Marigny.—Catherine of Medicis, upon whose head rested many atrocious murders, prided herself upon having made the noble avenue, which

still bears her name, leading to the Chateau de Blois, situated so exquisitely, as to have reminded many a traveller of the enchanted castles of Tasso, Boyardo and Ariosto.—Dennis, the sour and vindictive Dennis, a critic, powerful yet tasteless, possessing the sting of a wasp, and the industry of a bee, thus describes his pleasure.—“I never in my life,” says he, “left the country without regret, and always returned to it with joy.—The sight of a mountain is more agreeable, than that of the most pompous edifice, and meadows and naturally winding streams please me before the most beautiful gardens, and the most costly canals.—In a journey,” he continues, “which I took lately into the wilds of Sussex, I passed over an hill, which shewed me a more transporting sight, than ever the country had shewn me before, either in England or in Italy.—The prospects, which, in Italy, pleased me most, were, that of the Valdarno, from the Pyrenees; that of Rome, and the Mediterranean, from the mountain of Viterbo:—of Rome at forty, and that of the Mediterranean at fifty miles distance from it; and that of the Campagne of Rome, from Tivoli and Frascati: from which two places you see every foot of that famous Campagne, even from

the bottom of Tivoli and Frascati to the foot of the mountain Viterbo, without any thing to intercept the sight.—But from an hill in Sussex, I had a prospect more extensive, than any of these, and which surpassed them at once in rural charms, in pomp and in magnificence. The hill, which I speak of, is called *Leith Hill*, and is about five miles southward from Dorking, about six from Box-hill, and near twelve from Epsom.—It juts itself out about two miles beyond that range of hills, which terminates the north downs and the south.—When I saw from one of those hills, at two miles distance, that side of Leith Hill, which faces the northern downs, it appeared the most beautiful prospect I had ever seen; but after we conquered the hill itself, I saw a sight, that would transport a stoic; a sight, that looked like enchantment and vision, but vision beatific*.”—These observations derive additional interest, when we consider the source, whence they proceed;—a giant in learning,—a hornet in criticism, and an indignant observer of the dispensations of fortune!—

LXXVIII. The castles of the Highland chiefs

* Familiar, Moral, and Critical Letters, v. i. p. 30.

were situated, for the most part, in the most romantic scenery* :—and the Dutch merchant, dull, cold, and phlegmatic as he is, and whom no one would accuse of being feelingly alive to any of the delights of nature, pleases his imagination, during his youth, with the hope of retiring to a villa, on the banks of a canal, and on the portico inscribing a sentence, indicative of his happiness.—“ *Rest and Pleasure.*”—“ *Shade and Delight.*”—“ *Pleasure and Peace.*”—“ *Rest and extensive Prospect.*”—“ *Peace and Leisure.*”—These and similar inscriptions are frequently observed on the porticoes of the villas on the banks of the canals, near Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and Leyden.—

LXXIX. Herodotus visited Egypt, not only to obtain materials for his History, but to observe the face of the country, as well as the manners of the people.—Plato travelled with the same views.—Many of the more accomplished Greeks thought it a duty, almost imperative, to climb mount Athos, Olympus, and Parnassus, where the famous temple of Apollo was situated; and among whose groves the sublime Pindar, charmed

* Note 23.

with the beauties of the landscapes, fixed his residence, for many of the best years of his life. —The Emperor Adrian traversed, with a correspondent rapture, the three regions of Etna; and confessed, with all the humility of philosophy, that Etna, at the rising of the sun, presented glories, which gave him but a contemptible opinion of his own imperial condition:— And one of the most enlightened Naturalists of the present day, has often confessed to my delighted ear, that he has travelled over so many countries, and has taken such an exquisite pleasure in investigating the several branches of natural philosophy, that there are moments, when he has felt, that if the greatest gifts of fortune were presented to him, he should, with all the stoicism of ingratitude, have accepted them with indifference.—

LXXX. You remember, my Lelius, the effect, which the district of Rhinegau had upon our friend La Fontaine!—This district is situated in the electorate of Mentz, and its beauties are represented as exceeding all description.—Baron Reisbach has given us a most enchanting descrip-

tion of it*.—During one of those intervals of application, which the profession of a barrister renders so necessary and agreeable, Mons. La Fontaine, accompanied by his wife and daughter, left Paris with an intention of taking a tour along the banks of the Rhine.—After some weeks travelling, in which time they visited Dusseldorf, Coblenz, and Welnich, they arrived, at the close of a beautiful evening, at a small village in the district of Rhinegau.—The village was so lovely and sequestered, and so captivated were they with its beauties, that they determined to take up their abode in a small cottage for some weeks.—Weeks lengthened into months; and months into years!—Quitting his profession, our friend erected a mansion on the banks of the Rhine, and there resided, till the fury of political opinion obliged him to quit it for a foreign land!—Upon the settlement of a regular government in France, he returned to Paris—and may the blessings of his family and his friends have awaited him there!—

LXXXI. The influence of scenery, over the

* Note 24.

mind and heart of Drummond of Hawthornden, constituted one of the principal charms of his life, after the death of the accomplished Miss Cunningham.—His retiring to Hawthornden, was the beginning of his happiness.—There, in the middle period of his life, Drummond tasted those hours of enjoyment, which were denied to his youth.—Thither Jonson travelled to enjoy the pleasures of his conversation, and there he perused, with attention, the best Greek, Roman, and Italian authors; charmed away the hours in playing favourite Italian and Scottish airs upon his lute, and devoted many a peaceful hour to the fascinating game or rather science of chess*.—The loss of Miss Cunningham increased, in his youth, that habitual melancholy, to which he was constitutionally disposed, and gave birth to many of those sonnets, the sweetness and tenderness of which, possessing all the Doric delicacies of Comus, for mellowness of feeling and tender elevation of sentiment, may vie with some of the best Grecian epigrams.—How beautiful is the sonnet to his lute, and the one, so well imitated from a passage in Guarini's *Pastor Fido*!—

* Note 25

Sweet spring ! thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
 Thy head in flames, thy mantle bright with flowers,
 The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
 The clouds for joy in pearls weep down the showers.—
 —Sweet spring !—thou com'st—but ah ! my pleasant hours,
 And happy days, with thee come not again ;
 The sad memorials only of my pain,
 Do with thee come, which turn my sweet to sours.
 Thou art the same, which still thou wert before,
 Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair ;
 But she, whose breath imbalmed thy wholesome air,
 Is gone ; nor gold, nor gems can her restore :—
 Neglected virtue, seasons go, and come,
 When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb !—

The passage of Guarini is admirably imitated
 and improved by Lord Lyttleton, in his ode on
 the approach of Spring, which, in melancholy
 moments, my Lelius, you have so often sung, in
 concert with Colonna, while Julia has tuned it on
 her harp to a charming French air, composed by
 the elegant and amiable La Fontaine.—

LXXXII. Milton, alive to every feeling of
 nature and the muse, honoured Guarini by adapt-
 ing his idea to the circumstance of his own mis-
 fortune ; a passage, which feelingly expresses his

regret, that he could no longer enjoy the smiles and graces of all bounteous nature*.—

————— Thus with the year,
Seasons return, but not to me return
Day or the sweet approach of even or morn ;
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.—

How happy Milton was, at those moments, which he was permitted, in early youth, to devote to the pleasures of rural retirement and contemplation, we may sufficiently perceive from the manner, in which he expresses his gratitude to his father for having granted those pure and innocent indulgences.

Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures ;
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.—
Officium chari, &c. &c.

Ad patrem.

Nor did you force me, mid the bar's hoarse throng,
To gather riches from a nation's wrong :

* Note 26.

To higher hopes you bade me lift my mind,
 And leave the town and civic din behind ;
 Mid sweet retreats, where streams Aëonian glide,
 You placed me happy by Apollo's side.—

LXXXIII. He resumes the melancholy subject of his blindness in his fine tragedy of Sampson Agonistes*, where he pathetically laments, in the person of Sampson, the cheerless and dreary void, left in his bosom, by being debarred the common pleasures of a fine day, or the milder influence of a lunar sky.—Ossian too, that sublime and pathetic poet! participating in the same calamity, with genuine feeling, pours out, in the richest strain of poetry, the tender sorrow of his heart.—“ O thou, that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers, whence are thy beams ; O sun, whence thy everlasting light?—Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky! the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave.—But thou thyself movest alone ; who can be the companion of thy course?—The oaks of the mountains fall ; the mountains themselves decay with years ; the ocean sinks and grows again ; the moon itself is lost

* L. 67—591.

in heaven, but thou art for ever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.—When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls and lightning glances through the heavens; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds and laughest at the storm.—But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.—But thou art, perhaps, like me for a season; and thy years will have an end; thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.—Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills, the howling blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller sinks in the midst of his journey!”—

LXXXIV. In distributing rewards, and in conferring honours, nature is most commonly appealed to.—The poets were crowned with bays, and the victor with laurel.—Of the ten kinds of bearings, into which the art of heraldry is divided, seven consist of signs, drawn from the natural

world.—The flower-de-lis of France was a lily, that of England a rose; and while the coronets of earls and marquises are composed of points and flowers, and those of dukes are floral, the principal decorations of the higher descriptions of honour are stars, eagles and crescents.—When we would welcome a hero or a monarch to his home, boughs and flowers are scattered in his path:—and many of our ancient festivals were celebrated under an oak, the young women with nosegays in their hands, and the young men with oak-leaves in their hats.

LXXXV. In Salency, a small village in Picardy, there still remains an interesting and a highly useful and moral custom.—It is called the “Festival of the Rose.”—On a certain day of every year, the young women of the village assemble.—After a solemn trial, before competent judges, that young woman, who has conducted herself the most discreetly, and gives the most affecting proofs of the general innocence and simplicity of her character, is decorated with a crown, which, thenceforward, becomes an object of pride to all her family.—This crown is a hat, covered with roses.—It frequently constitutes the

whole wealth of the wearer, but the instances are far from unfrequent, in which it has been esteemed the most honourable recommendation to a wealthy suitor.—This custom was instituted by St. Medard, in the fifteenth century:—He was sole proprietor of the village, and his sister the fortunate winner of the original prize.—To the time of the revolution this festival was observed with all the circumstances of preparation and solemnity, that marked its primary institution, thirteen centuries before*.—

LXXXVI. The ancient mythologists indicated their love of nature by their transformations.—Hyacinthus was fabled to have been turned into a violet; Phaeton's sisters into poplars, and Daphne into a laurel.—Countries, too, not unfrequently derived their names from the peculiarity of their scenery;—and there is not a single Department in all France, that does not acquire its appellation from rivers and mountains, or from some distinguishing feature of the soil and country.—

The ancient Britons appear to have excelled

* Note 27.

all other nations in the appropriation of spots, on which to build their towns and their villages:—and the names were adapted to their relative situations.—This circumstance, in some degree, serves to corroborate an old tradition amongst them, that they were originally a colony from Phenicia; for it undoubtedly affords a curious indication of the similarity, that once subsisted between the old British customs and those of the ancient Hebrews.—*Bethany* stood at the foot of the Mount of Olives, and derived its name from the dates and palm-trees, which grew there in profusion.—*Luz* was so called from being situated among extensive groves of almonds; and Moses frequently calls *Jericho**, the city of palm-trees, from its plain being fertile in palms and balsams†.—*Saron* derived its name from its vale being abundant in vines; *Naim*, a town of Galilee, from the agreeableness of its situation; and the city of *Allon-Moreh*, in Samaria, from

* Deuter. ch. xxxiv. v. 3. Chronicl. II. ch. xxviii. v. 15. Judges, ch. i. v. 16.—The balm of Mecca, which was formerly so much cultivated in this city, is now totally superseded by a species of balsam called *Zakkoun*.

† Josephus Antiq. Lib. iv. c. 5.

its standing in what St. Jerome calls an “illustrious vale,” in which were large forests of evergreen oaks.—

LXXXVII. In the Welch language, after the same manner, *Dolgelly* denotes a town, situated in a vale of hazels: *Aber* invariably means a *confluence*; thus *Aber-Glasslyn*, the scenery of which is stupendous, means “the confluence of the Bluewater;” *Aber-Conway*, *Aber-Gavenny*, *Aber-Hondy*, and *Aber-Tawe* denote, that the towns so called, are situated at the confluences of the Tawe, the Gavenny, the Hondy, and the Conway.—The name of *Bala*, in the county of Merioneth, proves it to be situated at the outlet of a lake:—*Moel-y-Don*, on the banks of the Menai, means the “Town of the Waters;” the name of *Penmachno*, near the falls of the Conway, proves it to be a village at the head of the Machno; while *Llan-rhaiadr* derives its appellation from being situated near a fountain, in the same manner as *Capernaum* acquired its name from a clear and limpid spring.—

LXXXVIII. Much after the same manner, may we trace the names of men and women.—*Barbara*

from *berberis*, the barberry-tree; *Rosa* from the rose; *Laura** from the laurel; *Lucy*, from *lucus*, a grove; *Rosamond*, from *rosa mundi*, the flower of the world; *Agnes*, from *agnus*, a lamb; *Melissa* from a Greek word, signifying a bee; *Aurelia* means a cotton-weed; *Margaret*, a pearl; *Cecil*, a hartwort; *Chloe*, a green herb; *Deborah* is Hebrew for a bee; *Dorcas*, a roe; *Phyllis*, a leaf; *Rachel*, a sheep; and *Susannah*, a lily.—*Galatea* is milk; *Cynthia*, the moon; *Jacintha*, a hyacinth; *Saccharissa*, a peculiar kind of honey; *Althæa*, a field mallow; and *Jesse*, an engraft of a tree.—

LXXXIX. The names of men have similar derivations:—*Valentine* means a strong bay-tree; *Vincent*, a small willow; *Oliver*, a field of olives; *Otho*, an herb, whose leaves are full of holes; *Rupert*, a rock; *Sylvester*, a forest; *Cyrus*, in Persian, signifies the sun; *Neanthes*, in Greek, a young flower; *Cleanthes*, the glory of flowers; and *Alcibiades* derived his name from the Greek word *alcibion*, an herb, which operates as an antidote to the bite of a serpent.—

* Note 28.

But if men have derived many of their names from the smaller creations of nature, they have returned the obligation, and given to mountains, rivers, and forests, the names of the greatest and wisest of their kings, heroes, and statesmen.—

XC. And here, my Lelius, I request your patience, while I lead you through the deserts of etymology.—You frown!—and yet the subject is not so barren of entertainment, as you may be inclined to suppose; neither can I forget how often I have heard you ridicule, with all the point and poison of your wit, one of the most distinguished orators of the age, for being totally ignorant of the etymology of a single word he uses.—

Thus, rill, valley, ocean, lake and harbour are from the *Latin*; river, cascade, vale, rock, forest, and fountain are from the *French*; lawn from the *Danish*; dale from the *Gothic*; garden from the *Welch*; glen from the *Erse*; alcove from the *Spanish*, and cataract from the *Greek*:—while dingle, hill, field, meadow, orchard, stream, flood, sea, spring, bower, and wood, are

from the *Saxon*.—Of TREES, poplar, peach, osier, cherry, pear, jasmine, and lilac, are *French*: arbut, cedar, juniper, vine, sallow, laurel, myrtle, rose, pine, alder, acacia, larch, and cypress, are from the *Latin*:—the oak, ash, elm, beech, apple, plum, elder, bramble, nut, birch, box, broom, honeysuckle, chesnut, walnut, holly, yew, mulberry, aspen, lime, and ivy, are from the *Saxon*:—thorn, from the *Gothic*; horn-beam, from the *Dutch*; willow and fir, from the *Welch*; while the general name of tree is derived from the *Danish*.—Of those artificial objects, which contribute to embellish scenery, such as bridge, house, cottage, and church, most of them are from the *Saxon*.—Of the colours, which contribute to adorn all those objects, blue, red, white, and yellow, are *Saxon*; purple, *French*; indigo, *Latin*; and green, *German*.—And it is curious to observe with what care the fathers of our language selected from the various tongues, when we perceive, that, of the synonymies of these objects combined, scenery and prospect we trace to the *Latin*, landscape to the *Dutch*, and view to the *French**.—

* Note 29.

Of the days of the week, five are derived from the *Saxon*, one from the *Danish*, and one from the *Greek**.—The several periods of the day, morning, evening, and night, are of *Saxon* origin:—our months are from the *Latin*: and of our seasons, autumn, summer, and winter are *Saxon*, while spring we trace to the *Dutch*. Week is also *Dutch*; day, month, and year are *Saxon*; hour, *Latin*.—Of the natural appearances of the heavens, moon is *Greek*, star *Dutch*, and sun *Saxon*;—as are rain, wind, snow, and hail; frost, lightning, and thunder.—Of the elements, earth and fire are of *Saxon*, air of *Latin*, and water of *Dutch* pedigree.—

XCI. It would have been natural to have supposed, that the above subjects, as well as those objects, which form the component parts of landscape, derived their appellations from one primary root, since they are all primitives, and all the natural products, if we may so express ourselves, of the soil.—And yet, though our organs of sensation are from one source, we borrow the names of

* Monday, *Greek*. Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, *Saxon*. Thursday, *Danish*.

almost every object of nature from discordant tongues!—

XCII. If from individuals we ascend to communities of men, we shall find the natural love of mankind for the pleasures of nature still operating.—It may be traced in hamlets and in villages; in towns and in cities.—There is scarcely a square, in any of the larger cities of Europe, that is not embellished with plots of green; with beds of flowers; with shrubberies, or with rows of chesnut and lime trees, forming agreeable public walks, and shady promenades.—

In gratifying this innate passion of the people consisted one of the numerous merits of the celebrated Kyrle.—There was scarcely a footpath near the town of Ross, so finely situated, as it is, on a cliff above one of the noblest windings of the Wye, that was not, in some way or other, embellished by that benevolent character.—

Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?

From the dry rock, who bade the waters flow?—

Not to the skies in useless columns tost,

Or in proud falls magnificently lost,

But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,

Health to the sick and solace to the swain.—

Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?

Whose seats the weary traveller repose?—

Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?

“The MAN OF ROSS,” each lisping babe replies.—

Cesar, animated by a desire of pleasing the Roman people, bequeathed to them his gardens; a favour, for which they ever after honoured his memory*.—In the present day, they resort in crowds to the green oaks of the Borghese villa.—

XCIH. The walks, around the city of *Smyrna* in Asia Minor, are represented as highly pleasant and agreeable; particularly on the west side of the *Frank*, where there are groves of orange and lemon trees; which, being clothed with leaves, blossoms, and fruit, regale three of the senses at the same time.—The public promenade, on the banks of the Neva, at St. Petersburg, is represented to be as fine as any in the world.—At *Berlin* the squares, which are the most elegant, are those, in which are planted shrubs and trees; the entire city is surrounded by gardens, while

* Note 30.

that of *Vienna*, whose dirty and narrow streets inspire nothing but disgust, is encircled by a wide field, having a singular and beautiful appearance, and such as no other capital can boast.—All the genteeler sort live, for the most part, within the ramparts in winter, but among the suburbs in summer.—

XCIV. Nothing can be more agreeable, than the terrace or Belvidere of the castle of *Beziers* in France, commanding, as we are told, a most enchanting prospect of the fine country, adjacent to the town and the valley, (through which runs the Orbe,) rising gradually on each side, and forming an amphitheatre, enriched with fields, vineyards and olives.—The city of *Dijon*, the ancient capital of the Duke of Burgundy, has most delightful walks, both within and without the town: the streets of *Dantzic* are studded with trees;—and the inhabitants of *Bruges* have planted several stately rows, forming as many agreeable walks, even in the public market-place.—Most of the cities, in France, are embellished with public walks.—Those at *Toulouse*, particularly the Esplanade on the banks of the Garonne; and the promenade at *Aix*, in Provence, called the *Orti-*

belle, are represented as being exceedingly delightful.—The terrace, too, at *Montpellier*, called *La Place de Peyrou*, and the Esplanade, shaded by olive trees, are remarkably fine.—The latter enjoys a noble domestic landscape, while from the former, on a clear day, may be seen to the east the Alps, forming the frontiers of Italy; to the west the Pyrenees; to the south, the magnificent waters of the Mediterranean sea!—

XCV. But of all the public walks in Europe, the Marina of Palermo is said to possess the greatest advantages.—The Parks of Westminster, the Prado at Madrid, the Elysian Fields of Paris, have nothing to compare with it.—“The Marina,” says the Abate Balsamo *, “is the fashionable drive at Palermo from the Porta Felice, towards the Garden of Flora, to which all the nobility, gentry, and carriages resort every evening.—It is a magnificent esplanade, in the centre of which is a band of music, which plays several hours after sun-set.—It extends along the sea-shore, in front of a range of fine palaces and terraces, among which are those of the Prince of

* State of Sicily. Vaughan, p. 11.

Butera, and the English ambassador.—Viewed from thence, the triple row of carriages, the concourse of people, the harbour full of shipping, and several English men of war: on the right, the rich country and mountains of the Bagaria; on the left, the huge and abrupt rock of Monte Pellegrino, fringed at its base with fine woods, and the superb seat of Prince Belmonte, form, altogether, a *coup d'œil* equal, if not superior to any public walk in Europe.”—

XCVI. A love of effect has been, also, evinced by several founders of cities, in the disposition of their several streets.—*Babylon* was an exact square; *Nineveh* a parallelogram; the *City of David*, a circle; while *Cesaria*, celebrated for its port and marble buildings*, was erected in the form of an amphitheatre.—Two of the finest streets in the world were those of ancient *Alexandria*.—Nothing in modern Europe can compare with them.—One of these streets was two thousand feet wide, reaching in length from the gate, called the Canopus, to the sea:—the other, of the same breadth, intersected it.—The place, where they

* Josephus Antiq. Lib. xx. c. 13.

crossed each other, formed a square, from the middle of which were seen the two gates, and ships, sailing and resailing towards the north and the south.—These streets were decorated with mansions, formed of marble and porphyry; with temples, obelisks, and public buildings*.—The city of *Taidu*, rising on a fine river in the province of Kathay, seems in some measure to have resembled Babylon.—It was erected by the great Khan of Tartary, and supplied with inhabitants from the opposite city of Cambalu.—The mode of building, adopted in this city, is not unworthy of European attention†.—*Breda* is built in the form of a triangle; *Bourdeaux* in that of a bow, of which the river Garonne forms the string.—*Constantinople*, standing between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, rises in the form of a trigon:—in the ascent, many of the houses have a view of the one sea, while those, situated on the north, have a view of the other:—but the streets are narrow, filthy and mean, forming a lamentable contrast to the splendour of the mosques, the palaces and caravanseries.—

* Note 31.

† Note 32.

XCVII. Though in the SITES of cities, a regard for beauty or even convenience has not been generally observed, which would almost induce us to imagine that they were the results of accident, rather than of design*, there are some, which reflect considerable credit on the taste and public virtue of their founders.—While, therefore, we admire the fine situation of the city of *Lisbon*, and the magnificent views, which are exhibited from many of its parts, who can reflect, without feelings of indignation and contempt, on the wickedness and wantonness of folly, which could prompt Peter of Russia, so far to outrage nature, as to raise a mighty city upon piles, in fens and swamps, with the loss of innumerable men, in the Isthmus, between the lake Ladoga and the gulph of Finland?—

XCVIII. The Hebrews were remarkably proud of their cities.—*Engeddi*, seated in the deserts, was celebrated by Eusebius for its balm, and by Solomon for its vineyards†.—David calls *Jerusalem* “the City of God;—the mountain of his ho-

* Note 33.

† Song of Solomon, ch. i. v. 14. &c.

liness: beautiful for its situation, and the glory of the whole earth *.”—It was built upon two hills, encompassed by mountains on every side, and the country round it was loudly celebrated, as a land, flowing with milk and honey; which, as the prophet Ezekiel exclaims, is “the glory of all lands†!”—*Tirzah* was situated so finely, that the author of the Canticles compares his mistress to it:—“I am my beloved’s, and my beloved is mine—thou art comely, oh! my love, as Jerusalem; as beautiful as Tirzah ‡.”

XCIX. The town of *Valence*, in the department of the Drome, was chosen by the Romans for the loveliness of its situation, and thence derived its name of Valentia.—It was the Garonne and the luxuriant country, on both sides of its banks, that first induced the Romans to build the city of *Bordeaux*: at the present day, it has finely shaded walks, and, during the vintage, the *Pays de Medoc*, producing the best grapes for claret, presents a picture as beautiful, as it is possible to imagine.—

* Psalm XLVIII. v. 1, 2. † Ezekiel, c. XX. v. 6.

‡ Canticles, ch. VI. v. 4.

C. The ancient *Ptolemais*, now called *Acra*, was very finely situated,—having, on the east and the north, a rich and fertile plain; on the south, a spacious bay extended itself to Mount Carmel; on the west, its walls were watered by the Mediterranean sea.—*Nantes*, standing on the summit and declivity of a hill, commands a view of all the adjacent country for many miles round, while below, the Loire sweeps its graceful course, decorated with small islands, in which are a number of gardens and summer-houses.—The scite of *Calcutta* was fixed upon by an agent of the East India Company, because he was charmed with a large umbrageous grove, that grew upon the spot, on which that great and magnificent city now stands.—The city of *Valencia* stands in one of the most beautiful vales in all Spain*.—*Brussels* rises on the side of a hill, and from the ramparts overlooks a rich and luxuriant country; while the ancient *Palmyra*, the richest and proudest city of the east, stood in a vast desert, totally devoid of trees, and in possession of only one, solitary fountain†.—*Ramah* was built on two high hills, and to the stranger wore the appearance of

* Note 34.

† Note 35.

two cities.—*Seville* is so finely situated, that the Andalusians do not hesitate to say, that those, who have never seen it, have seen nothing remarkable*.—*Genoa*, built upon a rising hill, and wearing so captivating an appearance, when beheld by ships sailing in its gulph, loses, however, much of its beauty on a nearer approach, from the circumstance of its possessing scarcely a single tree.—It has, according to the Italian proverb, “*Men without faith, sea without fish, and land without trees.*”—*Barcelona* has a fine and picturesque effect, in which way soever it is approached, whether by sea or by land.—*Toledo* enjoys a most romantic situation, but the streets are mean and narrow, and so steep, that few carriages are seen in them.—The immediate country round the city of *Bassora* is represented by the Arabs as one of the most delightful in all Asia:—beyond this region of delight, however, stretch the deserts of Irak!—*Nazareth* was erected in a concave valley, on the top of an high hill.—*Ephesus*, seated on a declivity, had a fine prospect of a fertile vale, watered by the river Cayster, rolling

* “*Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla.*”—

in so many graceful and eccentric curves, that the Turks have given it the appellation of the *Lesser Meandres*.—*Alba* was situated between a large lake and a mountain, the borders of the lake being surrounded on three sides by deep forests.—

CI. *Corinth* having two havens, part of the city had as fine a view of the Ionian sea, as the other part had of the Egean.—*Jezreel* stood in a most agreeable valley, and was the favourite retreat of the kings of Israel.—Delightful as the valley once was, it is now totally uncultivated, and used only as an occasional resort for Arabian shepherds!—*Baiæ* was so finely situated, that the Roman nobility vied with each other, in erecting villas upon its cliffs, and, in their emulation, encroached upon the borders of the ocean*.—The present condition of this once celebrated spot is thus described by Thomson.—

There *Baiæ* sees no more the joyous throng,
Her banks all beaming with the pride of Rome:
No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mixt, no villas rise:

* Note 36.

Nor art-sustained amid reluctant waves,
 Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep :
 No spreading ports their sacred arms extend :
 No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
 From the calm station, roll resounding back.—
 An almost total desolation sits,
 A dreary stillness, saddening all the coast.—

Liberty.—*Part 1. l. 291.*

CII. *Avignon*, though standing in an extensive plain, commands, from its more elevated points, a finely variegated country; the Rhone rolling its fertile course through meadows, abounding in olives, while the feet of the hills are studded with vineyards.—*Tibur* “the Proud,” as Virgil calls it, now called *Tivoli*, had so many scenerial accompaniments, that Julius Cesar, Caius Cassius, Augustus, Lepidus, Catullus, Propertius, and many of the Roman nobility had country-houses there.—Adrian erected a beautiful villa, and called it *Tiburtina**; Zenobia, the captive Palmyrean queen, there ended her days; and there Horace was accustomed to reside, for several months in the year.—*Agrigentum* was peculiarly well situated for commerce, for comfort, and for defence.—High rocks, as the Abate Bal-

* Note 37.

samo informs us, “screened it from the north winds, and presented a strong barrier against assailants; pleasant hills sheltered the inhabitants on three sides without impeding the circulation of air; before them a broad plain, watered by the Agragas, gave admittance to the sea breezes, and to a noble prospect of that awful element; the port lay in view of the mouth of the river, and the plain was lined with gay and populous suburbs.”—

CIII. *Morocco* stands in a valley, formed by two ranges of high mountains, and its environs are agreeably diversified by the shade of olives and palms.—The climate, in many parts of the states of *Algiers*, is too good for such a degenerate and rapacious race:—the fields are in constant verdure all the year, the trees always in leaf, and flowers of some sort or other always in blossom.—The city is built on the side of a hill, in the form of an immense amphitheatre, and the houses, rising over each other in regular terraces, almost every house has a full and distinct view of the Mediterranean sea.—*Lille*, on the contrary, in common with almost all the towns in Flanders, is situated in a dead flat:—so also is *Amsterdam*,

built upon piles of wood, like St. Petersburg, with a marshy soil and an unhealthy atmosphere.—The only picturesque view, it exhibits, is from the *Pont Neuf*; but it is a picture of art!—Nature displays nothing.—*Copenhagen* has little of beauty, but the gardens of the palace of Rosenberg; while nothing in the city or neighbourhood of *Elsineur* pleases the eye of the traveller, but those of *Marie Lyst*, (Maria's delight) in which the father of Hamlet is reported to have been murdered:—

——— sleeping in my orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thine uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment.———

Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 5.

CIV. *Madrid* stands in an extensive plain; *Grand Cairo** in a sandy one:—from the top of its castle, however, the finest and most singular view in all Egypt presents itself, the different

* *Cairo*, so disagreeable to those, who have seen London, Paris, and Edinburg, is esteemed by the natives, “the most magnificent spot under the canopy of heaven, the matchless city, and the mother of the world!”

aspects of which, at the two opposite seasons of the year, are such as no other city can boast*.—*Seringapatam*, before the conquest, was, as we are informed by Major Dirom, the most beautiful spot, possessed by any native prince in India.—Upon taking possession of it by the English and Mahratta chiefs, the magnificent gardens of the Sultan, and the island, in which they were situated, became bare and desolate!—

CV. The lovely country, in which *Spa* stands, has contributed, in a great degree, to extend the fame of its mineral waters:—and while *Palermo*, surnamed the *happy*, and frequently called the *Golden Valley*, and the *Garden of Sicily*, is a complete school of landscape in itself, *Aix*, the provincial capital of Provence, stretches itself in a retired and romantic valley, with environs, beautiful beyond imagination!—*Aleppo*, the most commercial city of the west of Asia, and yielding in population only to Smyrna, Cairo and Constantinople, stands in a vast plain, and can be seen from an immense distance.—From one of the domes of this city are observed the snowy summits of the Bailan, the Euphrates, and the moun-

* Vid. Rollin.

tains, rising over the river Orontes.—Those mountains abound in plantations of olives and mulberries, disposed in the order of quincunx, a mode of planting in frequent use among the Syrian Druses*.—*Ancona* rises upon the brow and summit of a hill, in a luxuriant country, enriched with vineyards, having a fine view of the Adriatic on one side, and of the Appenines on the other.—*Bologna* stands in a country, resembling a garden, covered with innumerable vines, hanging in festoons from tree to tree.—From the city of *Geneva*, proudly rising over the Lemman Lake, the eye, at a single glance, sweeps over the *Pays de Vaud*; gardens and vineyards without number; villas, castles, villages, and ruins; the magnificent lake and the lovely vallies of Savoy, sleeping at the feet of the majestic frontiers of Italy!—

CVI. The appearance of *Venice*, from the Adriatic, is inconceivably fine.—A vast city rises out of the ocean.—On approach, it appears like several towns, standing upon as many islands.—It was with justice, that Sannazaro, who generally becomes wanton, when he speaks of Venice, calls it

* Travels in Egypt and Syria, vol. II. p. 131.

“*Lux et Decus Ausoniæ.*”—*Rome* and *Lisbon*, are each erected upon seven adjoining hills.—The former ranges itself along the *Tiber*, about three leagues from the sea of *Tuscany*;—the latter, refreshed by the breezes of the *Tagus* and the *Atlantic*, with an admirable climate, commands one of the finest harbours in all *Europe*.—These two cities, from the natural rising and falling of their streets, present a continual interchange of shade and sunshine.—

CVII. Few cities are more agreeable in their approach, than the entrance into the *Hague*, called, (like *Lydda**), a village, though in population and extent equal to many cities in *Europe*; where, after gliding along dull and uninteresting canals, with a succession of similar objects always before the eye, the woods, leading to the *Maison-de-Bois*, strike every one with as much admiration and pleasure, as *Buena Vista*† affords to the navigator, who has long had nothing but

* *Josephus*, *Antiq. Lib. xx.*—This village was also called *Diospolis*, in the present day *Loudd*.

† One of the *Cape de Verd* islands.—It is so called from the delightful appearance, it wears to ships at sea;—*Buena Vista* meaning a good prospect.

clouds and water to regale his sight.—Who can refrain from lamenting the policy, which directed the destroying all the gardens and villas of the beach, in order to render the city of *Cadiz* still more difficult of approach?—Disagreeable sands now blind the eye, where gardens and shrubberies once delighted the senses; and so extensive was this devastation, that scarcely a tree remains in the whole island!

CVIII. *Lima*, the capital of Peru, stands in one of the finest plains in all the world; abounding in orange trees and citrons, and well watered by rivers and rivulets.—

Florence rises in a plain, covered with trees of every description.—It derives its name from the beauty of its environs.—*Parma*, watered by the Po, lies, as Petrarch describes, between the Alps and the Apennines, below the cascades of the one, and the thunders and torrents of the other:—while the inhabitants of *Sion in the Vallois*, with pardonable vanity, inscribe over their gates a perverted meaning of a passage in scripture, intimating the superior beauty of their city over those of the rest of the world:—“The Lord

loveth the gates of Sion, more than all the tabernacles of Jacob.”—Than *Lausanne*, Europe presents no city, more abounding in delightful landscapes; than *Vevay*, nothing in the Pays de Vaud is so beautiful and so captivating:—and so abounding in every comfort of life, and every charm of scenery is *Heidelberg**, that a celebrated German exclaims, in a vein of enthusiasm, “were some unhappy man to ask, where he ought to live, in order, now and then, to steal an hour from sorrow, I would tell him “*Heidelberg*;”—and were some happy being desirous to learn, which place he ought to choose, in order to crown every joy of life with fresh garlands, I would tell him “*Heidelberg*.”

CIX. *Friburg* is almost entirely concealed by its hills: it bursts unexpectedly on the sight, hanging on precipices, shaded by thickets, and variegated with rocks, woods, and meadows.—The public walks at *Basle* extend along the banks of a river, arched with trees, and command a noble prospect over a long tract of meadows and fields.—At *Berne* is one of the finest prome-

* About four leagues from Manheim.

nades in all the world :—while *Zurich*, the capital of a canton, called *the epitome of Switzerland*, having every species of landscape, for which that fine country is distinguished, rises upon the banks of a noble and expansive lake.—The public walk at Berne is a terrace planted with lime trees, in the neighbourhood of the great church : from beneath the branches is seen a most enchantingly rich and fertile country, backed by enormous masses of the Grison mountains, covered, even in summer, with perpetual snow, and finely contrasted by the vivid colour of the woods and meadows, that lie stretched beneath.—“ The eye, on surveying the enormous masses of the Alps near this canton,” says Mons. Zimmermann, “ piled one upon the other, forming one vast and uninterrupted chain of mountains, and rearing their lofty summits to the skies, conveys to the heart the most rapturous delight ! While the succession of soft and lively shades, which they throw around the scene, tempers the impression, and renders the view as agreeable, as it is sublime.—On the contrary, no feeling heart can, on a close view, behold this prodigious wall of rocks without experiencing involuntary trembling.—The mind contemplates with affright their eternal snows, their steep ascents, their dark caverns, the

torrents, which precipitate themselves with deafening clamours from their summits, the black forests of firs, that overhang their sides, and the enormous fragments of rock, which time and tempests have torn away.—How my heart thrilled,” continues this elegant and feeling writer, “when I first climbed through a steep and narrow track upon these sublime deserts, discovering, every step I made, new mountains rising over my head, while upon the least stumble death menaced me in a thousand shapes below!—But the imagination immediately kindles, when you perceive yourself alone in the midst of this grand scene of nature, and reflect upon these heights on the weakness of human power, and the imbecility of the greatest monarchs!”—Such are the emotions and reflections, excited and experienced, while contemplating the scenery near the city of Berne.—

CX. But of all cities, the most singular one *in itself* is *Moscow*; which, though seated in an extensive plain, affords greater variety for architectural design, than any other city in Europe, or perhaps in the world.—Dr. Clarke’s description of it is highly animated and picturesque.—“Moscow is, in every respect, extraordinary; as

well in disappointing as in surpassing expectation; in causing wonder and derision, pleasure and regret.—Numerous spires, glittering with gold, amidst burnished domes and painted palaces, appear in the midst of an open plain for several versts before you reach the gate, at which we entered.—Having passed, you look about and wonder what is become of the city, or where you are; and are ready to ask, how far is it to Moscow?—They will tell you, “this is Moscow;”—and you behold nothing but a wide and scattered suburb, huts, gardens, pigsties, brick walls, churches, dunghills, palaces, timber yards, warehouses, and a refuse, as it were, of materials, sufficient to stock an empire with miserable towns and miserable villages.—One might imagine all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building by way of representative to Moscow, and, under this impression, the eye is presented with deputies from all countries, holding congress; timber huts from regions beyond the ARCTIC; plastered palaces from SWEDEN and DENMARK, not white-washed since their arrival; painted walls from the TYROL; mosques from CONSTANTINOPLE; Tartar temples from BUCHARIA; pagodas, pavilions, and virandas, from CHINA; cabarets from SPAIN; dungeons, prisons,

and public offices, from FRANCE; architectural ruins from ROME; terraces and trellisses from NAPLES; and warehouses from WAPPING*.”

CXI. LONDON is admirably situated for the purposes of trade.—The most picturesque views of this great city are from the Hampstead and Highgate hills on the north, the Surrey hills on the south, and from Greenwich park on the south-east.—The last of these views is, of its kind, the finest in all the world.—There are other scenes in nature, far more beautiful and sublime, in reference to landscape; but it is impossible to fix upon any spot in the entire globe, where the reflections, excited by a combination of objects, *created by man*, are so varied and profound; and where the emotions, which those reflections create, are so powerful and transporting.—Here—innumerable evidences bear witness to the astonishing powers of MAN, and operate, as so many arguments, to prove the divinity of his origin.—In other scenes, it is the God of Nature, that speaks to us; in this, it is the Genius of Man.—All the wealth, that the industry of nations has gathered together, seems to be extended before us;—and

* Troja fuit! March 24, 1813.

on this spot the east, the west, the south, and the north, appear to concentrate.—From the multitude of objects, presented to our sight, the idea of infinity shoots into the mind.—The first feeling is the feeling of matter; the last feeling is the feeling of spirit.—Tired of this diurnal sphere, the soul acknowledges the divinity of its origin; it gravitates towards its centre; it springs forward, and rests—in the bosom of the Eternal!—

* * * *

We have wandered from city to city, my Lelius, till I am weary of the journey; let us return to our woods and mountains again.

CXII. Among the Jews, the Essenes* appear to have had the greatest relish for a rural and contemplative mode of life:—In the middle ages all taste for the sublime and beautiful was confined to the Monks.—This taste did not originate with the earliest founders of the monastic orders, for Paul, the first hermit, resided in a cave, and St. Anthony on Mount Colzim, a dreary and pathless desert!—Paschomius, among the ruins of a deserted village, on an island formed by the

* Note 38.

Nile, erected the first regular cloister, and soon after founded eight others in the deserts of Thebais :—St. Hilarion lived forty years in a desert* ; while Simeon Stylites, the celebrated Syrian shepherd, on a column, sixty feet in height, unmoved either by the heat of summer, or the cold of winter, lived for a period of thirty years†.—His followers, and those of all the earlier hermits, anchorites, and ascetics, sought, as the seats of retirement, the most uncultivated solitudes, and the most sterile wildernesses.—In process of time, however, the taste for natural beauty improved, and the founders of abbeys, priories, and other religious houses, became remarkable for selecting the most delightful situations for the theatres of their devotion ; and, having once established themselves, they were far from being deficient in the art of improving the natural advantages of the spots, they had chosen.

CXIII. The order of CARMELITES constituted one of the four orders of mendicants.—They debarred themselves from ever possessing property ;

* Vid. St. Jerom. tom. i. 241.

† Vid. Theodoret. in Vit. Patrum. lib. ix. 854.

they never tasted animal food; they habituated themselves to manual labour; were constantly engaged in oral or mental prayer; and continued in religious silence from the hour of vespers to the third portion of the succeeding day.—The law, forbidding the use of meat, was, in some degree, mitigated by the popes Eugenius and Pius; in consequence of which, and a few other regulations, this order divided into two, under the names of the *moderate* and the *bare-footed* Carmelites.—The BENEDICTINES always walked two and two; they never conversed in the refectory; slept singly in the same dormitory; performed their devotions seven times in a day; and in Lent fasted till the hour of six.—They had but a slight covering to their beds; slept in their clothes; and their wardrobe consisted of only two coats, two cowls, and a handkerchief.—The DOMINICANS were the most infamous, as well as the most celebrated and powerful of all the monastic orders.—Attentive, at all times, to their secular interests, there was not a crime, of which they were not guilty, nor a meanness, to which they would not stoop, in order to augment their influence, or enlarge their possessions.—Difference of opinion they stigmatised as heresy; and

fraud, treachery, and hypocrisy, never ceased to persecute, under the assumed motives of zeal for the cause of religion.—The FRANCISCANS professed poverty, yet, by the bounty of the popes, they were amply compensated by papal indulgencies.—These orders, much as they belied the meek spirit of their Master, base as many of their followers became, in common with the Capuchins, the Basilians, and the Cordeliers, seldom failed to fix upon the most beautiful and picturesque spots, on which to erect their monasteries, convents, and hermitages.—In Italy they neglected not to use their privilege of selection.—Almost every religious house, therefore, in that country, was agreeably situated*.

CXIV. The abbey of Vallombrosa was erected by a Florentine enthusiast, (*Giovanni Gualberto*) who, captivated by the solemnity of a vale, in the heart of the Apennines, forsook the world, and gave celebrity to a spot, till that period known only for the profound silence and solitude, that pervaded its woods†.—The town of Salerno, which

* Note 39.

† Vallombrosa means *shady vale*. Milton compares the

stands most delightfully, was full of religious houses.—“To whom,” enquired the president Dupaty, “to whom does that beautiful house, situated on the top of yon hill, belong?”—“To monks.”—“And that on the declivity?”—“To monks.”—“And the one at the foot of yon eminence?”—“To monks.”—“The monks then possess all Salerno?” “There are ten convents; five parishes; one bishoprick, two seminaries, and a chapter.—There are so many convents in the town, that there is not a single ship in the harbour!”—

CXV. To a love of scenery and retirement the Carthusians owe the origin of their order.—Two brothers, natives of Genoa, were early in life, wedded to the naval profession.—After many voyages, which occupied as many years, the one wrote from Genoa to his brother, at Marseilles, to solicit his return to his native town.—Receiving no answer to his affectionate letter, he undertook a journey to enquire into the motives of his brother’s silence.—“I am weary of commerce

number of fallen spirits to the leaves, that fall in Vallombrosa during the autumn.

and navigation," said his brother, "I will no longer trust my safety to the mercy of the elements.—I have fixed upon the borders of Paradise, where I am resolved to spend the remainder of my days in peace, and where I shall wait with tranquillity the period of my death."—Upon his brother's requesting him to explain himself, he led him to Montrieu, situated in a deep valley, embosomed with wood, whence issued a multitude of rivulets.—The charms of the surrounding scenery, and the awful silence of the spot, so calculated for retirement, induced the latter to follow the example of his brother, and having sold their estates, they founded the order of Carthusians, and gave themselves up to meditation and devotion*.

CXVI. To say nothing of the religious houses of Germany, situated on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, who could exhibit a finer taste, than the founders of the Carmelite convent at the Battuécas†, or of the monastery and hermitages of Montserrat?—the one situated in a sequestered valley, and the others on the most picturesque

* Vid. Life of Petrarch, p. 207.

† Note 40.

elevation in all Spain:—than the founders of the Capuchin convents at Scicli and Chiaramonte, in the island of Sicily?—than the convent of Cordeliers at Werstenlein, and the hermitage of *des Croix* in Switzerland?—or of those on the eminences, overlooking the Loire, between Angers and Ancennis?

Than the situation of the monastery, near Albano, nothing can be more admirable.—Walking in the garden, belonging to this religious house, the Baroness Stolberg was so astonished at the beautiful and sublime scene, which there presented itself, that her voice failed in the expression of her admiration, and she continued speechless several days!

CXVII. No spot, in the neighbourhood of Holywell, could have been better selected, than the one, on which stood the abbey of Basingwerk, rising among rich pastures, and having a fine view of the Dee, the city of Chester, and the hills of Lancashire.—Nor, in Hampshire, could be found a site, more suitable for religious contemplation, than that, where now stand the ruins of Netley

Abbey, partially screened by wood, on the shores of the Southampton water.

The priory of Flanesford, once inhabited by a society of black canons of St. Augustine, stands in a fertile vale, beneath the rocks, on which Goodrich proudly elevates its pointed fragments.—The Cistercian abbey of Whitland, bosomed in a sequestered valley, stood near the spot, which was once the favourite summer residence of the greatest, because the best, of all the Cambro-British monarchs,—*Howel Dha*, the Solon and Justinian of Wales.—The abbey of Cym-Hir, near Rhaidr-guy in the county of Radnor, sleeps, as it were, at the foot of a deep, woody valley, watered by the Clewedog, over which high mountains form themselves into a grand and noble amphitheatre.

CXVIII. No spot could have been selected, more abounding in admirable accompaniments, than that, on which stood the small priory, once belonging to a society of Franciscans, at Llanfaes; commanding a magnificent view of the north end of the Snowdon chain, and an admirable prospect

of the bay of Beaumaris;—a bay, not excelled, in all the empire, for its numerous picturesque combinations.—Is there a scene, more wild and romantic, than where the walls of Llanthony rear themselves at the foot of the Black mountains, on the banks of the Honddy, in the sequestered vale of Ewias?—So retired is it, that, at one time, it was scarcely known to the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets.—In this lonely recess, St. David formed a hermitage, and erected a chapel.—

A little lowly hermitage it was

Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,

Far from resort of people, that did pas

In traveil to and fro : a little wyde

There was an holy chapell edifyde,

Wherein the hermit dewly wont to say

His holy things each morn and eventyde ;

Thereby a christall streame did gently play,

Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

Fairy Queen.

Walter de Lacy, one day in pursuit of a deer, discovered those mysterious erections, and being struck with the solemnity of the spot, he was visited by religious enthusiasm;—he disclaimed the world, and erected the abbey of Llanthony for the use of the Cistercian order.

CXIX. As the abbey of Tintern is the most beautiful and picturesque of all our Gothic monuments, so is the situation one of the most sequestered and delightful.—One more abounding in that peculiar kind of scenery, which excites the mingled sensations of content, religion, and enthusiasm, it is impossible to behold.—Colonna has never wandered among the woods, surrounding this venerable ruin, but he has wished himself a landscape painter; he has never sat upon its broken columns, and beheld its mutilated fragments, its waving arches and pillars, decorated with festoons of ivy, but he has formed the wish entirely to forsake the world, and give himself up to the quiet studies of philosophy.—Is there a man, my Lelius, too rich, too great, too powerful, for these emotions?—Is there one too ignorant, too vain, and too presumptuous to indulge them?—Envy him not.—From him the pillars of Palmyra would not draw one sigh; the massacre of Glencoe, or the Sicilian vespers would elicit no tear!—Know you such a man, my friend?—shun him—despise him—have no intercourse with him.—He would squander the blood of the villager, or erect altars of sacrifice to the avaricious god of his idolatry.

CXX. In the year ****, a gentleman of Holland sought permission of the family of the De Corinks, to erect a small hermitage, at Dronningaard, near the city of Copenhagen.—He had fought the battles of his country; he had mingled in the bustle of a court; he was rich, and he was honoured.—One fatal step marred all his happiness.—He married!—But, marrying to gratify his ambition, he became weary and disgusted with life.—Travelling into Denmark, he was captivated with the romantic beauties of Dronningaard, and obtained permission to erect a cell in a small wood, consisting only of a few pines.—It was built of moss and the bark of birch trees.—A few paces from this cell, he dug his dormitory with his own hands, and caused the following epitaph to be engraven on a stone, he designed for his monument.

THE HERMIT'S EPITAPH*.

Here may he rest, who, shunning scenes of strife,

Enjoy'd at Dronningaard a hermit's life.

The faithless splendour of a court he knew,

And all the ardour of the tented field,

Soft passion's idler charm, not less untrue,

And all, that listless luxury can yield.—

* Translated by William Hayley, Esq.

He tasted, tender love! thy chaster sweet;

Thy promised happiness prov'd mere deceit.—

To Hymen's hallow'd fane, by Reason led,

He deem'd the path he trod, the path of bliss;

Oh! ever mourn'd mistake! from interest bred,

Its dupe was plung'd in misery's abyss.—

But Friendship offered him, benignant power,

Her cheering hand, in trouble's darkest hour.—

Beside this shaded stream, her soothing voice

Bade the disconsolate again rejoice:

Peace in his heart revives, serenely sweet;

The calm content so sought for as his choice,

Quits him no more in this beloved retreat.—

In this total seclusion the enthusiast resided for several years.—The Stadholder, however, being upon the eve of a war, wrote him a letter, and desired his assistance.—He did not hesitate to obey the call.—On the evening, previous to his departure, he signalised his gratitude to Dronningaard, by writing a farewell address to the spot, in which he had enjoyed so much repose and content.—The first account, that reached Denmark, after the departure of the unfortunate recluse, was, that he had fallen, covered with glory, at the head of his regiment!—As a testimony to his virtues, his Danish friends erected in a grove, adjoining his hermit-

age, a small tablet of marble, on which was inscribed his farewell address to the landscapes of Dronningaard *.

CXXI. Scenery, among its other beneficial results, never fails to increase the regard, which is entertained by every one for his native country.—Inhabitants of wild and desolate regions, of long extended plains, of heaths, of moors, and of the busy city, can transport themselves into the most distant regions of the globe, and still find fields and plains, and heaths, and moors, and streets, resembling those, they have quitted, to awaken, at intervals, all the agreeable associations, which are connected with their native land.—These associations are ardent, but they never exalt to that wild and ungovernable transport, which animates the mountaineer and the inhabitant of a sequestered valley, at the mention, or even the recollection of their glens, their rocks, their rivers and their mountains.—Hence we find, that the natives of Wales, of Scotland and of Switzerland, have been, in every period of their history, remarkable for an attachment, not only to their native country,

* Vid. *Tour round the Baltic*, p. 248.

but to their native village.—This passion, however, is so general, that no country, even if it were a desert, but is remembered with pleasure, provided it is our own.—The Ethiopian imagines, that God made his sands and deserts, while angels were employed in forming the rest of the globe!—The Maltese, insulated on a rock, distinguish their island by the appellation of “the Flower of the World;” and while the Greenlander, wild and stupid as he is, has a sovereign contempt for a stranger, the Caribbees esteem their country a paradise, and themselves alone entitled to the name of man!—The Mandingoes of Africa consider their province the most delightful, and themselves the happiest people in the world.—The Norwegians, proud of their barren summits, inscribe upon their rix-dollars, “spirit, loyalty, valour, and whatever is honourable, let the whole world learn among the rocks of Norway*.”—Much more pardonable is the pride of a Neapolitan, when he exclaims, “See the Bay of Naples, and die †!”—

CXXII. It is an ingenious remark of a writer

* Note 41.

† Note 42.

upon the Atlantis of Plato, that the golden age is nothing but the remembrance of a country, abandoned, but still the object of fond affection.—The African, torn from his country, from all the endearments of social life, in a clime far over the western ocean, never ceases to sigh for the shore, he has been compelled to quit; and his affection induces him to believe, that, after death, he will return to his native scenes, the delights of his family, and the theatre of his former occupations.—Actuated by the same belief, a Greenland boy on board one of our English ships, after proceeding some way on the voyage, was seized with a violent desire to return to his native snows.—Animated by this hope, he leaped into the sea and was drowned,—fully persuaded, that he should, after death, be conveyed to the haunts of his infancy, and the arms of his parents.—

CXXIII. The Portuguese Jews have an ardent affection for the kingdom of Portugal.—For Lisbon they sigh, when called by business or necessity into other countries, and when settled far from their dear Portugal, they order a quantity of earth to be sent over, that, when they die, they may be buried in their native soil.—The late

Lord Fife entertained a similar regard for Scotland.—The house, in which his Lordship resided, at Westminster, was built by himself.—The earth, the stone, the timber and the shrubs, were all brought from Scotland.—So though his Lordship resided in England, his house stood on Scottish ground!—Equally lively was the love of General Fraser for the country of his nativity.—This officer, who was killed at Saratoga, in the memorable expedition of General Burgoyne, was so warmly attached to his native village, Glendoe, situated two miles from Fort Augustus, in one of the most beautiful parts of the Highlands, that, some little time previous to his fall, he declared to a friend, that he would rather be buried in one of the groves of the mountain, looking towards Loch Ness, than in Westminster Abbey!—

CXXIV. Has any one succeeded in the world of commerce, upon the ocean, or in a distant country?—with what pleasure does he retire to his native village, the landscapes of which have never been forgotten, to spend the remainder of his days in peaceful retirement!—Are we miserable?—with what melancholy delight do we recal to mind the few short and happy moments, we have

spent, by the side of a cataract, on the banks of a torrent, or beneath the shade of a gigantic ruin, in the society of those, we have loved, esteemed, or admired!—How grateful is it, too, in those moments of comparative sorrow, when weariness has superseded curiosity, and travelling become irksome or dangerous, to charm away the hours of disgust by recalling, with pensive enthusiasm, the favourite haunts of our youth, or those scenes, to which we are by association peculiarly attached:—and how delightful is it, when, journeying in a foreign country, we come unexpectedly to a spot, resembling those, which are so indelibly impressed upon the mind, as never to be forgotten!—With what rapture did the army of Agricola behold the plain of Perth, and the Tay, winding through the midst of it!—All those associations, which are so agreeable in a foreign land, instantly rising to their memories, they exclaimed with transport, *Ecce Tyber! Ecce Campus Martius!*—“Behold the Tyber! Behold the Campus Martius!”—

CXXV. That book of the Pharsalia, where Cesar, in the palace of the Ptolemies, inquires of Achoreus, the High Priest, the source, direction, increase and decrease of the Nile, with their re-

spective causes, is, assuredly, one of the most interesting in all Lucan.—Replying to the enquiries of Cesar, Achoreus enumerates the various opinions, which the most enlightened travellers and philosophers had entertained of the source, and causes of the overflow of that great river*.—Some attributed them to the pressure of the planet Mercury upon the fountains; some to the prevalence of the Etesian winds†; others conceived the waters to run from the mountains of Ethiopia; some imagined, that spacious channels of water rolled under the soil; that the sea insinuated its waves through the pores of the earth; or that the river was fed by the exhalations, which were returned to the ocean, through the medium of the Nile.—

CXXVI. These were the causes, assigned for the increase and diminution of a river, to discover the fountains of which, Sesostris and Cambyses sacrificed innumerable men.—What those

* Lib. x.—Vid. Diodorus Siculus, Lib. xi.—Consult also D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*—*Art. Nile*, and Niebuhr *Voyage en Arabie*, tom. i. p. 100.

† Lucretius, Lib. vi. l. 712.—Nothing can be more absurd, than this opinion of Lucretius, if the observations of Pliny on these winds are correct. Vid. Lib. xviii. c. 28. 31.

monarchs, with Alexander* and Cesar and Germanicus, so long and so ardently desired, was at length accomplished by a single man!—After encountering innumerable difficulties and dangers, Mr. Bruce stood upon the spot, which had, for thirty centuries, been considered beyond the reach of enterprize.—At the source of the most celebrated of rivers, the thoughts of the traveller, by virtue of that association, which governs and delights us all, reverted to the landscapes of his native country!—"I was now," says he, "in possession of what had, for many years, been the principal object of my ambition and wishes; indifference, which, from the usual infirmity of human nature, follows, at least for a time, complete enjoyment, had taken place of it.—The marsh and the fountains, upon comparison with the rise of many of our rivers, became a trifling object in my sight.—I remembered that magnificent scene, in my own country, where the Tweed, Clyde, and Annan rise in one hill; three rivers I now thought not inferior to the Nile in beauty; preferable to it in the cultivation of those countries, through

* Vid. Maximus Tyrius, Dissert. xxv.—Arrian and Justin attribute his journey into Africa to other causes. Vid. Arrian, Lib. iii. c. 3.—Justin, Lib. xi. c. 11.

which they flow ; superior, vastly superior to it, in the virtues and qualities of the inhabitants, and in the beauties of its flocks, crowding its pastures in peace, without fear of violence from man or beast.—I had seen the rise of the Rhone and the Rhine, and the more magnificent sources of the Soane;—and I began, in my sorrow, to treat the enquiry about the source of the Nile, as a violent effort of a distempered fancy* !”—Such were the thoughts and feelings of this enterprising traveller ; feelings, the natural consequence of our organization, and exhibiting, in a striking manner, the vanity of all earthly wishes, and the comparative vanity of all earthly pursuits ! And yet was the circumstance of having succeeded in the object of his adventurous journey the pride, the glory and elevation of his life.—

With what felicity has Thomson described the rise and progress of this “ king of floods ! ”—

From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.

There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,

* Note 43.

That with unfading verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks ;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along :
 Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand ; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.—

Summer.

CXXVII. In the bosom of the unfortunate Burns, that splendid but eccentric meteor! the love of country burned with a force, equal to that of a Cicero or a Chatham.—“ The appellation of a Scotch bard,” says he, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, “ is by far my highest pride.—To continue to deserve it my most exalted ambition.—Scottish scenes and Scottish story are the themes I should wish to sing.—I have no dearer wish, than to have it in my power, unplagued by routine of business (for which Heaven knows I am unfit enough), to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia, to sit on the fields of her battles, to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers, and to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins, once the ho-

noured abodes of her heroes.”—This was denied! —Oh! my Lelius, if you have pleasure in shedding tears over the tombs of the good, the brave, or the exalted in intellect, spare a few to the memory of this ill-treated and unfortunate victim to strong, indignant and energetic feeling; to the memory of a genius, resembling the wild and magnificent landscapes of his native land;—a man, as much superior to the common herd of reptiles, that robbed him of his flashes of merriment in a petty country town, as he was to those more dignified associates, who drew him from his native wilds by their applauses, chained him to their tables in an expensive city, and having satisfied their love of notoriety, “cast him, like a loathsome weed, away.”—Oh! Scotland, Scotland! the fate of Burns sits heavy on thy conscience!—

CXXVIII. Equally enamoured of Scottish scenery was the elegant and unfortunate Michael Bruce.—The lake of Loch-Leven will be ever dear to our imagination, as being an object of attachment to that amiable poet.—This lake abounds in the most lovely scenery—on the side next Kinross, it is bounded by a plain, in which are some

open groves ; on the other are mountains ; in the centre of the lake is the island of St. Serfs, in which formerly stood an ancient priory, dedicated to St. Servanus, and another, on which are the ruins of Douglas castle.—“ A spot so beautiful,” as a modern writer elegantly says, “ and rendered still more attractive by the associations of childhood and early youth, would necessarily impress on the susceptible heart of our young poet, the most lively and endearing sensations, and when far distant from his humble shed and tender parents, when suffering under sickness and sorrow, it was a consolation of no vulgar kind to recollect the pleasures of his native vale, to paint in glowing colours its delicious landscapes, and ere the fairy tintings faded from his view, to give them local habitation and a name in strains, which should immortalize his memory and his genius.” —To these impressions are we indebted for the beautifully descriptive poem of Loch-Leven :—a poem, which does equal honour to the heart of the poet, and the muse of Scotland.—

CXXIX. The name of our country, heard in a foreign land, gives rise to feelings and associations of pleasure and regret!—St. Pierre, when

in the Isle of France, often amid the sighs, which issued from the breast of a Frenchman, sitting under the shade of a banana, has heard him exclaim—"If I could but see one violet, I should be happy:"—but in that ill-starred island, there was neither a flower in the meadows, nor a plant of an agreeable odour in the fields.—

CXXX. In the gay, as well as in the gloomy scenes of life, these associations are indulged by elegant and accomplished minds.—The enlightened Akenside, amid the luxury of London, remembered the romantic scenery of Northumberland with the liveliest pleasure.—

O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement, and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wansbeck's limpid stream;
How gladly do I recal your well-known seats,
Beloved of old, and that delightful time,
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wandered through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen.—

But if, in peaceful moments, these associations are indulged with pleasure, in moments of sorrow and despair, they are, not unfrequently, the

only nepenthes to a wounded heart.—Luis de Camöens, that great pride and reproach of Portugal, whose genius was equalled only by his misfortunes, had few other consolations for a long series of years:—for when tortured, in a distant land, by fatigue and discipline, wretched with poverty, and sinking under innumerable misfortunes, the only throbs of rapture, he enjoyed, were, in those moments, when his fancy painted the towers of Lisbon, the groves of Cintra, or the rocks of Coimbra!—

CXXXI. If a native of Switzerland, the inhabitants of which, as Lord Bolingbroke observes, appear to have been made for their mountains, hear the wild and simple notes of the Rans de Vaches, which had charmed him in his infancy, an ardent and ungovernable passion is roused, once more to climb the cliffs and navigate the lakes of his native canton*.—

The intrepid Swiss, that guards a foreign shore,
 Condemned to climb his mountain cliffs no more;
 If chance he hears that song, so sweetly wild,
 Which, on his hills his infant hours beguiled,

* Note 44.

Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.—

Pleasures of Memory.

As, lingering along the battlements of a foreign fortress, the moon, rising from behind a cloud, or a mountain in the east, on which side his beloved Switzerland lies, his eyes are filled with tears, his breast heaves with sighs, and he turns from the impressive landscape in silence and in agony.—He quits the ramparts, and wandering along the fosse, that little stream recalling to his recollection the beautiful lakes of Constance, Zurich, or of Lucerne, he flies to his companions to drown his sorrow in their wild and boisterous revelry.—A fellow countryman, who has heard the same air, and felt the same emotion, meets him.—They know, by each other's looks, the nature of their mutual feelings; they grasp each other's hands and burst into tears.—The air, which had at first thrilled their souls, is again heard at a distance; no word is spoken; they point towards the east; they quit the duties of their post; and the thought of their country alone occupying their hearts, they escape the guard, and the next morning surprises them on the road to Switzerland *!—

* Note 45.

CXXXII. An effect, in some measure similar to that, which a Swiss experiences on hearing the Rans de Vaches, is recorded of an air, sung by the Moors.—In the middle of the fifteenth century, a prohibition was made in Grenada, relative to the fine ballad, written by a Moorish poet, on the conquest of Alhama.—It still exists in Spanish, and begins thus.—

Passèavase el Rey Moro
 Por la ciudad de Grenada
 Desde las puertas de Elvira
 Hasta las de Bivarambla,
 Ay de mi, Alhama.—

When this ballad was sung, as we are told by a French writer, whether in Arabic or in the Moorish language, it caused such immoderate floods of tears, that it seemed, as if each person, who heard it, had lost that, which was the most dear to him in the world.—In consequence of this effect, it was forbidden to be played by any one on pain of death; for the same reason, the Rans de Vaches was interdicted, under the most heavy penalties, in all countries where the Swiss were engaged as auxiliaries in war.—

CXXXIII. In those, who are alive to interesting associations, and who are travelling in a picturesque country, how glowing are the emotions, produced by those reflections, which, in such scenes, naturally arise!—When Dr. Moore beheld the rocks of Meillerie, he was visited by the most agreeable associations.—As he gazed, he fancied he discovered the very spot, on which St. Prieux looked through his telescope to catch a glimpse of the house, which contained his idolized Julia.—In imagination, he traced the route, where he sprung from rock to rock, after one of her letters, which the wind had snatched from his hands.—With the same delight, he observed the point, where they embarked to return to Clarens, when St. Prieux, in a fit of distraction, was tempted to seize the lovely Julia, (then the wife of another,) and precipitate both her and himself into the midst of the lake!—

CXXXIV. Numerous are the resemblances, we mentally draw, between those spots, which fascinate us, as we travel on, and those, that we have heard described, or seen delineated.—In a tour, which La Rochefort made in the summer of ****,

among the most delightful scenes, of which this island can boast, many were the ideal resemblances, he fancied.—This river reminded him of the Arno or the Brenta; this mountain appeared to exhibit all the beauties of the Pyrenees, or the Apennines; and that wood recalled to his memory the groves, which decorate the classic shores of the Po and the Mincio.—This hamlet resembled that, of which Pliny gives so beautiful a description, and that villa, Scipio's seat on the banks of the Tiber.—Thus was it with Mr. Coxe, the celebrated traveller, at the junction of the two Ewys.—The scenery there is wild, beautiful and romantic.—“Leaning on the parapet of the bridge,” says he, in the historical Tour through Monmouthshire, “I remained, a considerable time, absorbed in the contemplation of the picturesque objects before me; objects, which recalled to my recollection the milder cast of mountain scenery, which I formerly so much admired in the Alps of Switzerland, and drew a tear of sympathy and regret, for the fate of that once happy and delightful country.”—These associations are peculiarly awakened on those spots, which have been the theatres of great events, or the abodes of eminent men.—Something analo-

gous to this, Milton has embodied in the language of Adam, when the angel informs him, that the leaving the garden of Eden shall be the penalty of his disobedience:—Adam anticipates, with melancholy feeling, the pleasure he should have enjoyed in pointing out to his children the places, which had been sanctified by the presence of their great Creator.—

This most afflicts me, that, departing hence
As from his face, I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed countenance; here I could frequent
With worship, place by place, where he vouchsafed
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appear'd; under this tree
Stood visible:—among these pines his voice
I heard;—here with him at this fountain talked!—

Paradise Lost, Book XI.

How far more delightful is it, my Lelius, to contemplate the beneficence, than the cruelty of man!—How much more interesting are those scenes, on the banks of the Clyde, and on the Grampian mountains, now that they are the abodes of the shepherd and the husbandman, than when the horn of the huntsman and the trumpet of the warrior were equal heralds of a bloody battle!—

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide

The glaring bale fires blaze no more ;

No longer steel-clad heroes ride

Along thy wild and willowed shore ;

Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,

All—all is peaceful,—all is still.—

CXXXV. The effects of association, awakened by external objects, are well described by Mr. Gibbon.—“ At the distance of five and twenty years,” says he, “ I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions, which agitated my breast, as I first approached the ETERNAL CITY.—After a sleepless night, I trod, with a lofty step, the ruins of the Forum ; each spot where Romulus stood or Tully spoke, was present to my sight.”—Poggio Bracciolini, amid the same ruins, took pleasure in revolving the various occurrences each ruin had seen, or given birth to, and such was his proficiency, that he could trace the history of every palace and of every temple.—Among the ruins of the Tarpeian rock, he contrasted the state of Rome, proud and imperious Rome! when Tully graced the bar, and Cato the senate, with those ruins, which, at the moment he viewed the city, lay scattered on every side around him*.—“ The hill of

* *Consedimus in ipsis Tarpeiae arcis ruinis, pone injens portae cujusdam, ut puto, templi, marmoreum limen, plurimasque passim*

the Capitol, on which we sit," said he to his friend, "was formerly the head of the Roman empire; the citadel of the earth, the terror of kings, illustrated by the footsteps of so many triumphs, enriched by the spoils and tributes of so many nations.—This spectacle of the world, how is it fallen! how changed! how defaced! The path of victory is obliterated by vines, and the benches of the senators are concealed by a dunghill.—Cast your eyes on the Palatine hill, and seek, among the shapeless and enormous fragments, the marble theatre, the obelisks, the colossal statues, the porticoes of Nero's palace.—Survey the other hills of the city; the vacant space is interrupted only by ruins and gardens.—The public and private edifices, that were founded for eternity, lie prostrate, naked and broken, like the limbs of a mighty giant: and the ruin is the more visible from the stupendous relics, that have survived the injuries of time and fortune *."—The melancholy appearance of these ruins was the remote cause of Rienzi's attempt to re-establish the ancient commonwealth of Rome; and with what genuine feeling did Petrarch lament, that the

confractas columnas, unde magnà ex parte prospectus urbis patet:
—&c. &c. &c.

* Gibbon.

marble columns and fragments of antiquity, which had formed the glory of that once mighty city, should be transported from their native soil to adorn the palaces of Naples!—Alas! how much more fallen now has become the city of the world;—raising its melancholy ruins among fields, which appear, by their utterly abandoned state, to have suffered from a conflagration, a famine, or a pestilence!

CXXXVI. Robbed, insulted and ruined by the modern Vandals and the modern Tamerlane, how many an awful event has transformed Italy into barbarism, and left the finest country in the world desolate and weeping!—Violence and rapine have stalked upon her mountains; fire and slaughter depopulated her vallies:—Her palaces have been despoiled of their treasures, and the master-pieces of Caracci, Raphael and Guido, Titian, Angelo, and Corregio, doomed to adorn the galleries of an exotic soil.—Had the Colosseum and St. Peter's been capable of removal, those eternal monuments, also, had contributed to the embellishment of a foreign capital!—Where once stood Nineveh, wandering tribes slake their thirst at a solitary fountain!—

CXXXVII. These reflections are produced by that power of association, which alone produces all our ideas of beauty and sublimity.—The secluded Vaucluse, rich in a grand assemblage of sublime objects, becomes more endeared to the eye of taste, when we reflect, that among those woods, those rocks, upon the banks of those torrents, the elegant and accomplished Petrarch composed his celebrated sonnets:—for, “enamoured of the muses,” as Professor Richardson remarks, in his observations on Shakespeare’s dramatic characters, “we traverse the regions, they frequented, explore every hill, and seek their footsteps in every valley.—The groves of Mantua, the cascades of Anio, are not lovelier than other groves and cascades, yet we view them with peculiar rapture, we tread as on consecrated ground, we regard those objects with veneration, which yielded ideas to the minds of Virgil and Horace; and we seem to enjoy a sort of ineffable intercourse with those elegant and enlightened spirits.”—These ideas are not only awakened by landscapes, but even objects the most simple, will, not unfrequently, give rise to a whole string of recollections*, which occasionally become the

* Note 46.

causes of important consequences.—The sight of an old man, playing upon a harp, recalled to the recollection of Mr. Gray the massacre of the minstrels by Edward the First* :—to this incidental circumstance are we indebted for one of the finest odes in the English language.—The view of a picturesque cottage at Chèneviere, also, by producing many delightful associations in the mind of Marmontel, was the origin of his writing the tale of the Shepherdess of the Alps.—

CXXXVIII. No faculty of the mind produces more delight, than a memory well stored and well regulated.—He, who derives the most enjoyment from its exercise may be said to enjoy the longest life†; since, as Seneca finely observes, he may properly be said to have lived long, who draws all ages into one; and he a short one, who forgets the past, neglects the present, and is only solicitous about the future.—How delightful is it to remember those we esteem, and admire, during

* Mem. of Gray, Sect. iv. Let. 25.

† He lives twice, says Martial:—

Hoc est
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.—

a concert!—how captivating is the thought of them, in the midst of sublime or beautiful scenery!—Enjoying the exquisite landscapes of Tivoli, Dupaty remembered his friends, his wife, and his children with enthusiasm.—“Why,” exclaimed he with all the energy of genius, “why are ye not here?—you, who are so dear to me! It were impossible, my Adela, my Adrian, and my Eleonora, to pluck one half of these beautiful flowers.—Adieu! thou valley, ye waterfalls, and rocks; ye flowers, ye shrubs and moss! in vain do ye strive to detain me.—I am a stranger!—I do not inhabit your beautiful Italy—and when I go hence, I shall see ye no more.—But—perhaps, my children! ye will one day witness these delightful objects; and you, ye objects, do you appear as beautiful to them, as you are now to their father*.”—When in the gardens of the Borghese villa, charmed with their shade and their flowers, he bursts out, “why cannot I see all my children before me at this moment?—see them all running with their amiable mother, beautiful in her virtues and in her children, and filling all my heart with their cheerful shouts of happiness and joy!—How

* Letters on Italy, Let. 56.

delighted should I be to see Emanuel, Augustus, Adrian, Adela, and Eleonora, dispersing themselves among these groves, striving to trample down these grass-plots, hiding themselves in all these shades of the evening, and in their wanton sports, on the moss and flowers, supplying the place of the zephyrs and the butterflies *!"—

CXXXIX. Few can estimate the rapture, with which Rousseau wrote the first part of his *Confessions*, at the castle of Eri.—Every thing, as he acknowledges, he had to recollect was a new source of enjoyment;—the beautiful scenes he had beheld; the mountains he had traversed; the lakes he had navigated; the rivers he had crossed; and the remembrance of the finest portion of his years, passed with so much tranquillity and innocence, left in his heart a thousand charming impressions, which he loved incessantly to recal to his recollection.—The Abbé Olivet always remembered with pleasure the sensations, with which he used, in his infancy, to wander in the gardens of Bense-rade, at Gentilly, where every tree and every spot possessed a relic of his genius.—The recollec-

* Lett. 87.

tions of Marmontel, also, were sources of real comfort and alleviation to him, at the period when the Demon of License passed over the horizon of France: for in the hour of sickness or misfortune, memory, by that magic power, with which it is gifted, suspends, for a time, the acutest torments; while old age, if life has been well spent, receives as great a consolation from its properties, as youth enjoys from the flattering whispers of hope.—

———— credula vitam

Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait.

Tibullus.

CXL. St. Paul styles hope, that dear prerogative of youth! “an early immortality:”—and so delightful are its impressions, that Dante and Milton, when they would give the most vivid idea of the horrors, that surrounded the Fallen Spirits, thought they could do so, in no manner so strongly, as by excluding them totally from all the influence of hope.—Are we laid upon a bed of sickness?—Are not our groans, at intervals, interrupted by the anticipation of the enjoyment, we shall experience, when we shall again rise with

the lark, and imbibe the sweet scent of the fields?—With what rapture does a Swiss soldier, engaged in a dangerous campaign, anticipate the comforts of his cottage, the convulsive joy of his wife, and the smiles of his children!—His garden, which he left so neat; his cottage, mantled with roses; his friends, who lamented his departure, and who will celebrate his return, all pass in mental review before him.—He enjoys, in perspective, the hour, when he shall repose under the vine, he planted when a boy; he already clasps his children to his breast; he beholds, with rapture, his wife, lifting up her eyes to heaven in gratitude for his preservation, and exhorting him with all the eloquence of affection,

To think of nought but rural quiet,
 Rural pleasures, rural ploys,
 Far from battles, blood and riot,
 War and all its murdering joys.—

Macneil.

But what hope, for years, animated thy broken spirit, unfortunate Genevieve!—Formed by the finger of Nature in one of her happiest moments, this elegant and accomplished creature was in-

duced, by a long series of vicissitudes, to bury her emotions in the silent and melancholy cloister.—A convent at Bruges was the theatre of her immolation.—When monasteries and nunneries were suppressed by an order of the French legislature, in company with her adopted sisters, she sought a refuge from the fury of the revolution in the paternal mansion of the Gages, at Hengrave, in the county of Suffolk.—During the peace, in the year 1801, her order returned to Bruges, and in that city she died.—It is probable, my friend, that the history of this truly unfortunate lady may be one day given to the world.—At present, it is sufficient to observe, that she has, more than once, confessed to a common friend of our own, that for five-and-twenty years she never indulged the passion of hope, in reference to any thing, connected with the world!—Secluded from all the natural sympathies of life, and knowing no greater enjoyment, than that of walking in the gardens of her convent, the principal part of her existence was lost in an uninterrupted course of involuntary prayer, a victim to hopeless misery!—Unpitied and unknown to all the world, save the few sisters of her convent, she was debarred from every

earthly bliss, and the grave was the only resource, to which she looked for consolation and freedom :—there at length,

Far, far removed from every earthly ill,
Her woes are buried, and her bosom still!—

CXLI. To association, as we have before observed, may be traced those agreeable emotions, which, when viewing noble and magnificent scenes, are the natural results of recalling and comparing other scenes, equally picturesque, and equally sublime.—Hence a celebrated poet, when directing his course for the abbey of Engelberg (a name signifying the mountain of angels), recalled, with enthusiasm, a portion of the ode, written in the Album of the Grand Chartreuse*; which, as he observes, describes similar scenes with a sublimity and a truth, which every person of taste must feel and admire.—

Per invias rupes, fera perjuga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem.—

* Note 47.

CXLII. From the same source springs the satisfaction, we derive, in reading many of the ancient ballads and legends of the Scottish, Spanish, and Provençal poets.—We assimilate our age with theirs, and by comparing their language and customs, their sentiments and misfortunes with our own, we draw resemblances as we please; collateral emotions of pleasure are elicited from the simplicity of their manners and sentiments; and our misfortunes are tempered by the artificial magnitude of theirs.—It is this divine faculty of association, that enables those, whose natural perception of beauty has been improved by a cultivation of the imagination, to derive so much more pleasure from scenes of nature, than the ignorant or the unfeeling; the man of the world or the pedant; the soldier or the statesman.—Walking in his garden, the man of taste almost fancies he sees Ver-tumnus and Pomona hiding themselves among the fruit trees:—The vale he peoples with flocks and shepherds, resembling those, which have so often delighted him in the *Bucolics* of Virgil, the *Idyllia* of Theocritus, the pastorals of Drayton, or the *Idylls* of Gesner.—If he rise to the mountain, he compares its towering summit to that of

Pelion, Hymettus or Cithæron; and if he wander among rough and misshapen rocks, his imagination renders them more wild and savage by groupes of Salvatorial images.—When he descends to the glen, the dingle or the forest, fawns, dryads*, and hamadryads, peeping from their green vistas, appear to attend him at every step.—If he rove on the banks of a river, near a fountain, or on the shores of a lake, he hears the language of the Naiads in the murmuring of waters;—if he repose on the edge of a fantastic crag, jutting over the sea, his illusion pictures fine-formed Nereids, in their robes of green, floating on the waves, or reclining on the rocks.—

*Cæruleos habet unda Deos; Tritona canorum,
Proteaque ambiguum, balænarumque prementem
Ægeona suis immania terga lacertis,
Doridaque, et natas; quarum pars nare videntur,
Pars in mole sedens virides siccare capillos;
Pisce vehi quædam.—*

CXLIII. Thus the imagination gives to landscape a charm, which converts every thing, it touches, into vegetable gold.—Nature draws the

* Dryades formosissimas, aut nativas fontium nymphas, de quibus fabulatur antiquitas, se vidisse arbitrati sunt.—
P. Martyr. dec. i. Lib. 5.

outline, and arranges the groupes, but it is the imagination, which tints them with those colours, which administer, in so delightful a manner, to our perception.—Nature produces the instruments, but it is the imagination, that touches the chords and produces the euphony.—Nature showers down objects for our selection, and reason combines them, but it is the imagination, which we are justified in styling the synonyma of inspiration*.—

CXLIV. And what is imagination, but the concomitant result of a refined power of association?—For no objects, as we have so often observed, are elegant, beautiful, or grand, (to our eyes), in themselves:—and they partake of those qualities only in proportion, as they create in the mind references and allusions to animate and sentient beings:—when, therefore, objects meet the eye, which do not refer to earthly associations, they point to heavenly ones.—It is impossible for Colonna ever to forget those moments, in which, near a cottage, rising half way up one of the smaller mountains, in the neighbourhood of Capel Curig, he has, for a time, lost all traces of earthly resemblances!—The morning had been

* Note 48.

devoted to the investigation of the admirable specimens of mountain scenery, which present themselves along the road, leading from the picturesque bridge at Rhyland-var to the ivied arches of Pont-y-Pair; from the falls of the Conway to the tremendous cataract of Rhaiadr-y-Wenol.—The grand mountain of Moelshiabod, rearing his enormous head, frowned upon all below, while rocks of every size and every shape, now jutting bleak and bare from the woods, and now decorated with shrubs, here triangular, there ragged and pointed, met him at every step; till, passing the bridge, stretching over the Lugwy, Snowdon burst forth in all the majesty of a Peruvian mountain!—Upon the point of a rock, overlooking two lakes, near Capel Curig, Colonna had leisure to recal to mind the various astonishing scenes, which had elevated his imagination in the early part of the day, and to contemplate the magnificence of nature, in one of the finest scenes in all the globe!—When he had reached the spot, on which he sate, the sun was shooting its last rays upon the peak of Snowdon, while, along his gigantic sides, dark grey clouds were rolling in various sombre columns.—Scarcely had the sun ceased to illumine the west, when

the moon, rising from behind a long line of dark blue clouds, irradiated all the east!—The sun sinks and the moon rises in other countries, and on other mountains;—but on Snowdon!——I desist, my Lelius, for I have neither the pen of Ratcliffe nor the pencil of Lorrain.—Unmindful of the past, every thought was given to the future; and, lost in a delirium of enthusiastic rapture, Colonna wished for no other description of happiness, in a state of immortal existence, than that, arising from an enlarged faculty of receiving delight from whatever may be still more magnificent among the labours of the eternal Architect, in other scenes, on other summits, and on other globes!—

CXLV. By the charm of combination, scenery, in a variety of ways, appears to partake of our delights, or to sympathize in our misfortunes.—As are our feelings, so does all nature seem to accord.—Are we cheerful and gay?—every bird, every field, every flower are objects of delight.—Are our spirits worn down with sorrow?—Melancholy

— round us throws

A death-like silence and a dread repose;

Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades every flower and darkens all the green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods.—

Inanimate objects thus become, as it were, associates in our grief, and, not unfrequently, by the lessons they prefer, administering angels of consolation.—When Cicero lamented the death of his daughter, Tullia, Servius Sulpitius, in order to console his afflicted friend, wrote him a letter.—“Once,” said he, “when I was in distress, I received a sensible alleviation of my sorrow from a circumstance, which, in the hope of its having the same influence upon you, I will take this opportunity of relating.—I was returning from Asia;—and, as I was steering my course, I began to contemplate the surrounding country.—Behind me was Egina; Megara in the front; the Piræus occupied my right hand, and Corinth my left.—These cities, once most flourishing, were now reduced to irretrievable ruin.—‘Alas!’ said I, somewhat indignantly, ‘shall man presume to complain of the shortness and the ills of life, whose being in this world is necessarily short, when I see so many cities, at one view, totally destroyed?’—This reflection, my friend, relieved

my sorrow.”—Such was the influence of scenerial accompaniments on the mind of the elegant Sulpitius, and such, it may be presumed, was the consolation, derived even by the sanguinary Marius, among the ruins of Carthage;—where, as Livy finely observes, Carthage seeing Marius, and Marius Carthage, the one might serve as a consolation to the other*.

CXLVI. The answer of Marius to the prætor of Africa is one of the sublimest indications of a great mind, recorded in history, and is well suited to our argument.—Oppressed with every species of deserved misfortune, Marius, after escaping many dangers, arrived at length in Africa, where he hoped to have received some mark of favour from the governor.—He was scarcely landed, when an officer came to him, and addressed him after the following manner:—“Marius—I am directed by the prætor to inform you, that he forbids your landing in Africa.—Should you persist in doing so, he will treat you as a public enemy.”—Struck with astonishment and indig-

* *Inopemque vitam in tugurio Carthaginensium toleravit, cum Marius inspiciens Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium, alter alteri posset esse solatio.*

nation at this unexpected intelligence, Marius, without making any reply, fixed his eyes in a stern and menacing manner upon the officer.—In this position he stood for some time.—At length the officer desiring to know, whether he chose to return any answer ;—“ Yes,” replied Marius, “ go to the prætor, and tell him, that thou hast seen the exiled Marius, sitting among the ruins of Carthage *.”—

CXLVII. From the sympathy to which we have alluded arises the awe, which pervades every one, while contemplating the ruins of a once great and mighty city, and which renders them more attractive to all the best feelings of our nature, than if, by a magic wand, those ruins could be gathered together, and once more display themselves, in all the method of the Doric rule, the symmetry of Ionic form, or all the splendour of Corinthian architraves.—For, to the eye of taste, the ivied tower, the fragments of an embattled castle and the ruins of a triumphal arch, are more con-

* Plut. in Vit. Mar. The picture of Belisarius, by Salvator Rosa, in the collection of the late Marquis Townshend, is supposed, by some, to be a Marius:—but it has not sufficient ferocity in the character of its expression.—

genial, than all the palaces of Moscow, or all the verandas of Venice.—

CXLVIII. As patience is the greatest of friends to the unfortunate, so is time the greatest of friends to the lover of landscape.—It resolves the noblest works of art into the most affecting ornaments of created things.—

Where mouldering columns mark the lingering wreck
Of Thebes, Palmyra, Babylon, Balbec ;
The prostrate obelisk, or shattered dome,
The unroofed pedestal and yawning tomb,
On loitering steps, reflective taste surveys
With folded arms and sympathetic gaze,
Charm'd with poetic melancholy treads
O'er ruined towns and desolated meads ;
Or rides sublime on time's expanded wings,
And views the face of ever-changing things!—

Darwin, l. 231.

How often, my dear Lelius, have I heard you descant, with melancholy pleasure, on the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and of Cadzow Castle* :—and how often have we surveyed, with kindred rapture, the remnants of what once constituted

* Note 49.

the castles of Carisbrooke, Chepstow and Tenby ; the towers of Ragland, Pembroke and Caerphili ; the picturesque fragments of Gruslyn and Dinevawr, in the vale of Towy ; the walls of Oystermouth, rising over the bay of Swansea ; and those, belonging to the Earl of Bulkeley, near the unequalled bay of Beaumaris !—Equally solemn and affecting have been our emotions, at beholding the sacred walls of Glastonbury and Strata Florida :—ruins, which have so strongly reminded us of Ossian's description of those of Balclutha*.

CXLIX. In contemplating these awful remains of former ages, how much more solemn and affecting are our emotions, when we view them with reference to the events, which they have witnessed !—When we behold the grand towers,

* *Temora*.—The author of that most elegant and classical poem, “*The Pleasures of Memory*,” has an exquisitely graphic simile :—

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning hour,
Than when the shades of time serenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall ;
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace.—

rising over the Conway, is it possible, not to be struck with admiration?—But when we recal to mind the many midnight murders, they have been witness to, how is our admiration tempered with sensations, partaking of terror!

How different are our feelings, when we survey the consecrated ruins of Netley and Llantony, the unrivalled abbey of Tintern, or the Cistercian arches of Valle Crucis!—the first, situated near the Southampton water; the second in a sombre and sequestered valley; the third, surrounded by woods and mountains, on the banks of the Wye; the fourth, in a deep, romantic vale, encompassed, on all sides, by towering rocks and mountains, which render it worthy the pen of Dyer, the harp of Taliesin and the touch of Wouvermanns.—

Reclined upon those scattered fragments, how interesting, how powerful, how captivating are the associations, which arise in the mind, when we reflect upon the storms, each of those ruins has weathered; and on the vast numbers, who, from year to year, have experienced the same emotions, and made the same reflections with

ourselves!—While surveying those awful characters of ruined faith, who does not hear the solemn dirge, the sacred requiem, chaunted over the grave of a lovely, an unfortunate and lamented sister?—

Departed soul, whose poor remains
This hallowed lowly grave contains;
Whose passing storm of life is o'er,
Whose pains and sorrows are no more!—

* * * *

Departed soul, who in this earthly scene
—Hast our lovely sister been—
Swift be thy way to where the blessed dwell;
—Until we meet thee there—farewell!—farewell!—

Bailey.

Musing on this slumber of forgetfulness, with what solemn awe do we contrast its silence and its solitude with the sacred time, when the pealing anthem and the choral hymn have echoed through the woods, and, ascending in symphonious columns, the silent and devout have listened, till the sounds, dying away in undulating murmurs, have appeared, not as if they had ceased to echo, but as if the form of humanity alone prevented the listener from gliding with them, even to the gates of heaven.

CL. Perpetual changes glide on in eternal continuity; valleys rise to mountains; mountains sink to valleys*; the ending of summer is the beginning of autumn, and in the lap of winter are concealed the embryos of spring.—Flowers acquire new colours, as they expand; red changes to blue, blue to yellow, yellow to white, and white to purple.—Shells, from a slimy liquid, harden into pearls; from pearls they crumble into dust.—The chrysalis, as some one has elegantly observed, is the cradle of the butterfly, at the very moment that it becomes the tomb of the caterpillar.—Such is the fate of the animal world, such the fate of vegetables, and such the fortune of towns, cities and empires!—Where is Gazna, once the capital of a mighty empire?—In vain do we search for it in the map of Asia.—Who can trace the power and splendour of ancient Carthage, once, as Strabo informs us, forty miles in circumference, in the small village of Melcha?—Syracuse, at one time manning powerful fleets, and raising large armies within its walls, is little more, than an extensive heap of ruins and rubbish.—Capernaum, in former times the metropolis of Galilee, now consists of only six fishermen's huts; and where now

* Note 50.

flow the waters of the lake Asphaltites once flourished more than thirteen cities*.—Where, too, is the city of Memphis?—*Etiam periere ruinæ*.—No three travellers agree as to the actual place, on which it stood!—Ephesus, in ancient times so famous, has become the habitation of a few herdsmen and shepherds, who find a shelter from the inclemency of the weather, beneath its mighty masses of crumbling walls.—

CLI. The territory of Campania, producing a double spring of flowers†, and once so fruitful, that Pliny called it, “the work of Nature in the height of her felicity,” is now desolate.—The Leontine fields, so highly extolled by Ci-

* Strabo. Lib. xvi.—In the reign of Tiberius, says Suetonius, twelve cities of Asia were destroyed by an earthquake.—Suet. in Vit. Tib. vi. This was the great convulsion of nature, which is recorded in the Gospel of St. Matthew, as occurring at the time of the crucifixion.—Vid. St. Mat. ch. 27. v. 51.—The fact is confirmed by Tacitus.—An. Lib. ii. c. 37, and by Pliny, Lib. ii. cap. 86.

† Thus Lucius Florus:—*Omnium, non modo Italia, sed toto urbe terrarum pulcherrima Campaniæ plaga est: nihil mollius cælo: denique bis floribus vernat: nihil uberius solo: ideo Liberi Cererisque certamen dicitur.*—L. Flor. Lib. i. c. 16.

cero, and now called the plains of Catania, are little frequented, less cultivated, and present a curious and melancholy medley of every description of flowers, growing among miniature forests of weeds and thistles.—

In what condition is the city of Delos, and the island, on which it was situated?—an island, once the richest in all the ancient world:—The city is a confused mass of rubbish, and the island totally destitute and abandoned—without a temple and without a hut!—Babylon and Nineveh* retain not even a stone to tell the melancholy history of their fate;—and the hundred cities of Crete excite a question, whether their existences belong to history, to oblivion, or to fable.

CLII. Where is the island of Chryses, once existing near Lemnos, and where the Atlantis of Plato†?—

* This city, built by Ashur (Genesis, ch. x. v. 11.), was so large, as to be to the extent of three days journey in circumference.—(Vid. Jonah, ch. i. v. 2. ch. iii. v. 4.). For a prophecy of its ruin, see Nahum, ch. iii.—It was taken by Nebuchodonosor and Ahasuerus.—Tobit, ch. xxv. v. 15.—

† Note 51.

Herculaneum and Pompeii, once so populous, now lie concealed beneath beds of lava* :—a multitude of palaces are still to be seen at the bottom of the sea, in the neighbourhood of Baiæ and Puteoli; and Mount Gaurus, once the most fruitful in all Italy, now smokes with sulphur.—Balbec has long been employed, as a miserable receptacle for a few poor, who cultivate maize, water-melons and cotton.—The hundred gates of Thebes?—awful and magnificent are they in their ruins.—Persepolis?—Its majestic pillars attest its pristine splendour; its fragments afford innumerable nests and dens for beasts and birds of prey, for toads and serpents, and other noxious reptiles!—Palmyra, once a paradise in the centre of inhospitable deserts, the pride of Solomon, and the capital of Zenobia, the wonder and admiration of all the east, now lies stretched in one interminable ruin :—History, by its silence, mourns its melancholy destiny, while stupendous columns and immense masses denote the spot, where once the splendid city of the desert reared her proud and matchless towers†.—

* Note 52.

† Note 53.

Of chance or change, oh ! let not man complain,
 Else shall he never, never cease to wail ;
 For from the imperial dome, to where the swain
 Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
 All feel the force of fortune's fickle gale ;
 Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd :
 Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
 And gulphs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
 And where the Atlantic* rolls wide continents have
 bloom'd.—

Beattie's Minstrel.

CLIII. The Pythagoreans derived the greatest consolation from this everchanging aspect of material objects.—There is not a finer passage in all Ovid, than that, wherein he makes his celebrated digression from Numa, to give a history of the natural and moral philosophy of Pythagoras, the founder of the Copernican system of astronomy, and the greatest man, if we except Homer, Aristotle, Newton, Shakspeare, Milton and Plato, that ever graced the annals of the human mind ! —The following passage was, doubtless, Beattie's prototype.—

* Plato's Timæus.

Vidi ego, quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus,
 Esse fretum.—Vidi factas ex æquore terras;
 Et procul à pelago conchæ jacuere marinæ;
 Et vetus inventa est in montibus anchora summis.—
 Quodque fuit campus, vallem decursus aquarum
 Fecit; et eluvie mons est deductus in æquor:
 Eque paludosa siccis humus aret arenis;
 Quæque sitim tulerant, stagnata paludibus hument.

Lib. xv. l. 262.

CLIV. Nature, the soul of the world, which is an animal of the highest class, is not only changing the shapes and properties of objects herself, but she has delegated to man a power of operating in a similar, though in a limited degree. By observing the properties of vegetables, the qualities and affinities of minerals, and, having gained a knowledge of the effects of fire, water and fermentation, he produces, at will, the most curious transformations in bodies; determines the limits of quantities, and decides the nature of qualities, by all the different methods of solution, deliquation and depuration; by precipitating, distilling, and evaporating; by the arts of chrystallization, sublimation, and exsiccation; and by pressure, by pulverizing, by fusion, and calcination.—And though he possesses not the art of dissolving the ruby, the emerald, the hyacinth,

and the amethyst, nor any of the harder crystalline, nor many of the softer earths, he has nevertheless a power of effecting their separation;—while, by the uniting of bodies, he is capable of combining the most volatile of all fluids; and, by the application of acids and salts, of dissolving the most obstinate of all minerals.—

CLV. The Stoics, (who were ignorant of the power which electricity possesses of giving life, as it were, to the four elements of matter,) resolved air, earth, fire and water into each other; and as magnetism is said to have the faculty of suspending gravitation, so they imagined, that there existed, in nature, a quality, which had the power of suspending the progress of events, and which, after a certain era, caused them to revert into their respective original channels.—So that every accident and event is bound perpetually to recur; the same number and description of plants, insects, birds, and animals, again to animate and adorn the earth; and the same beings, feeling their prior passions, again to exercise the same virtues and vices, and to be liable to the same calamities and disorders, to which they were subject in their state of antecedence.—It is certain, that no new

plant, or flower, fish, animal or mineral has been introduced into the world's economy, since its first creation, though it has subsisted for such a multitude of ages.—This is sufficient to prove, that the world is perfect in its *kind*;—and, as the whole system of nature is formed upon the principle of motion, it is not absolutely absurd to suppose (though from such a state of immortality may righteous Heaven defend us!) that there may be a circle for the movement of events and passions, as well as for bodies; and as they are drawn to one end of the circle's diameter by an attractive force, they may be thrown back by a repulsive one;—in the same manner as globes ascend and descend by a centripetal and centrifugal necessity.—

CLVI. But though nature appears to suffer some of her works to decay, she is only varying her attitudes.—Nothing is permitted actually to decay—matter, as well as spirit, existing to eternity; for in the dunghill of putrefaction are secreted the germs of future reproduction.—Ever attentive to her interests, Nature replaces in one spot, what she has displaced in another:—ever attentive to beauty, and desirous of resolving all things into their original dependence on herself,

she permits moss to creep over the fallen column, and ivy to wave upon the useless battlement.—Time, with his gradual but incessant touch, withers the ivy and pulverizes the monument; but nature, who conceives and executes at one and the same moment, whose every thought is a system, operating in an unlimited orbit, jealous of prerogative, and studious of her creations, expands with one hand what she compresses with another.—Always diligent, she loses nothing;—she condenses only what she appears to lose*.—From the beginning of time, no one object, so created, has evaporated—not one atom, in the infinite divisibility of matter, has been lost:—not the minutest particle of what we denominate element, nor one deed, word, or thought of any of his creations have ever once escaped the knowledge, nor will ever escape the memory of the Eternal Mind!—

Quitting the region of metaphysics, my Lelius, let us return to the material world.—

CLVII. Respect for antiquity, without indulging those associations, to which we have re-

* Note 54.

ferred so often, were an unfortunate malady of the mind, since it would appear to have its probable origin in the desire of undervaluing all, that is modern:—but by virtue of that noble quality, which constitutes one of the surest indications of the divinity of mind, even those places and ruins, which, in themselves, present little to excite admiration or sympathy, possess a power of interesting our hearts, provided any remarkable deed has been transacted in their walls, or any illustrious person been connected with their history*.—There was nothing in the promontory of Actium, worthy of any particular observation, yet Germanicus travelled many miles to see it, because the famous battle of Actium was fought in the bay below.—He visited also Anthony's camp, and was, as Tacitus informs us, highly affected at the images, which there presented themselves, of the success of one ancestor, and of the misfortunes of another†.—

CLVIII. The ruins of *Dinas Bran* stand upon a conic mountain.—The eminence, on which they

* Vid. Stewart's *Philosophy of the Mind*, 8vo. p. 279.

† Germanicus was descended from both the families of Octavius and Anthony.—Vid. Tacitus, *Ann. Lib. II. c. 53.*

are situated, is not so high, as to render every object inferior to it, nor so low, as to lose any considerable portion of grandeur.—If it want the sublimity of Arran Fowddy or of Carnedd Llewellyn, it more than compensates the loss, by being far more beautiful than either.—More than fifty mountains rise around it; forming partial screens to each other, and exhibiting a variety of amphitheatres, all increasing in height and in width, till the more distant lose themselves in the clouds.—Below—lies the celebrated Vale of Langollen.—Seated on an eminence, commanding a range so varied, so beautiful, and so magnificent, the small ruins of Dinas would entirely lose their effect, did we not recal to mind, that the castle, of which they are the fragments, was once the residence of the lovely Myfanway Vechan, celebrated and beloved by Hoel ap Eynion.

CLIX. A few mounds of earth and a few solitary walls are all, that remain of the ancient city of Verulam.—Who, that stands upon those earthworks, seeing little immediately around him, but a few inclosures and a few dry ditches, feels the slightest emotion of pleasure or curiosity?—Connect this dull and uninteresting scene with its history:—how

solemn are our reflections!—Near this spot, Boadicea defeated a Roman army, and massacred seventy thousand inhabitants! On this mound of earth St. Alban received the honours of martyrdom; to the north is seen the abbey and monastery of St. Albans, erected by Offa; a little farther, stands the cross built by Edward the First, in honour of Eleonora; on the hills not far distant stood the camp of Ostorius; and in the plain below, Cassibelan was defeated by the irresistible Cesar!—

CLX. What sensation moves us, when we walk in the fields of the small village of Kenchester, in the county of Hereford?—When we visit the foundations of what is supposed to have been a Roman temple, and survey the spot, on which were found a tessellated pavement and a Roman bath, our ideas diverge from the mere circumstance of property and the nature of soil, to contrast its present comparative insignificance, with the more splendid era, when it far exceeded the city of Hereford, in the magnitude of its buildings, and in the number of its inhabitants*.

* Kenchester, anciently called Ariconium, was destroyed by an earthquake, and scarcely a vestige remains of any of

In surveying the noble estuary of Milford Haven, expanding into one of the finest harbours in all Europe, and wearing the appearance of an immense lake, sufficiently large to contain the entire navy of the British crown secure from winds and tempests, and where a fleet might manœuvre with the greatest safety, what ideas of power and magnificence are awakened in the mind!—Then, by a magic glance, we traverse the tempestuous channel to the Irish coast, and call to mind the various crimes and injuries, which that ill-fated country has committed and received.—Returning to the spot, whence we had travelled, beholding the creeks and bays, the woods and various agreeable accompaniments, which embellish this majestic estuary, who is there, that does not derive the highest satisfaction in recalling to memory the beautiful scene in *Cymbeline*, where Imogen, in the character of Fidele, has flowers sprinkled over her grave, and a solemn dirge performed in honour of her memory!—

CLXI. When we arrive at the miserable village of Cerig-Druidian, in the county of Denbigh, its baths, temples or palaces.—This circumstance is finely alluded to, and described in Philips's poem of *Cyder*.

high, standing in the midst of naked and barren mountains, without one object of an agreeable character, on which the eye may repose, what a shivering idea of poverty and desolation presents itself!—an idea, heightened by a recollection of the magnificent scenery of Pont-y-Glyn, where an arch, of considerable span, bestrides a vast and horrific chasm, through which the Glyn rushes with unceasing roar!—After taking a survey of the wide heaths on every side, turn to a neighbouring farm, and view with attention the various fragments, which lie scattered around.—Vaens and cromlechs are before you!—From age to age, those sacred relics have remained, in this wretched village, monuments of the superstition of our Druidical ancestors.—This spot was once the favourite centre for the rendezvous of the British Druids!—Here they sacrificed—to this village the sacred mistletoe was brought—from this mountain the barbarous pontiff delivered his anathemas!—A little way farther on, upon the top of an hill, which commands a view of the surrounding country, bleak, extensive and barren, are a few remains of walls and ramparts.—The scene is altogether wild and desolate.—In the midst of summer the veins of youth are chilled; in the

midst of winter, the nerves of age warm with pity and burn with indignation, when it is recollected, that these walls and ramparts once contained the patriot king, Caractacus ;—here he made his last stand, after the fatal battle of *Caer-Caradoc* ;—from these walls he was betrayed ;—from this spot, ceasing to be a king, he was conveyed prisoner to Rome !—

CLXII. When we visit the sepulchres of the good, or the monuments of the great, the same causes produce the same emotions.—Plutarch, visiting the tombs of Plato and Socrates, celebrated their anniversaries.—Silius Italicus, whom we may style the Drayton of Italy, and who, in his latter years, retired into the country, and devoted himself to the study of philosophy and the cultivation of the muses, and who possessed several villas, one of which had belonged to Virgil and another to Cicero, took a sensible pleasure in annually visiting the tomb of the former*, that Plato of poets ! as Lampridius calls him, and in performing funeral rites in honour of his memory †.—Statius performed the same annual

* Note 55. † Note 56.

ceremony.—At the same tomb, after the expiration of several centuries, Giovanni Boccacio resolved to quit the profession of a merchant, and to dedicate his future life to poetry and literature.—

CLXIII. There is no object in the city of Paris more gratifying to the heart, no institution more conducive to good morals, than the Museum of Monuments.—It is situated on the site of the *ci-devant* convent of Augustine monks, and was established by Mons. Alexander Le Noir, whose name it will immortalize.—Who, that has not lost all the best feelings of his nature, would not take pleasure in musing among the monuments of so many illustrious dead; where, surrounded by cypress, roses and myrtles, stand the cenotaph of Moliere, the busts of Sully, Fenelon and Bossuet; Montesquieu, Fontenelle and Malesherbes; where a sarcophagus contains the ashes of La Fontaine; and a medallion perpetuates the memory of Chevert!—

CLXIV. As I was writing the name of “Chevert,” the letter in which you tell me, that you are become a prey to the profoundest

melancholy was brought to me.—Alas! my friend, the good, wise, and great of every age have been the sport of fortune!

————— so many great,
 Illustrious spirits have conversed with woe,
 Have in her school been taught, as are enough
 To consecrate distress, and make ambition
 E'en wish the frown, beyond the smile of fortune.—

Those are the men, against whom Fortune takes an unerring aim, and sharpens her most fatal arrow—" *Fortuna immeritos auget honoribus,*" says a celebrated writer, "*fortuna innocuos claudibus afficit, justos illa viros pauperie gravat, indignos eadem divitiis beat:—inconstans, fragilis, perfida et lubrica!*"—What more ought to convince you, that Fortune is not of etherial origin?—What argument is required farther, than the knowledge, that, appearing to disdain virtue, she wrings the bosom of wisdom?—To be revenged of her, my Lelius, (for in a case like this, revenge assumes the character of excellence,) let me exhort you to draw solace from her frowns.—Since you cannot woo her to be your *mistress*, exert all the energies of your nature, and resolve to become her *master*.—The enemy, we have not the

power to conciliate, must be subdued.—In the struggle, she will wound you, but the wound will be healed by the touch of resolution; and as the swan subdues the eagle, when he ventures to attack her upon her own element, so will you, my Lelius, master Fortune, since she attacks you undeservedly; and when you have mastered her, from that moment she becomes your friend.—Fortune, wild and fickle and indiscriminate as she is, has still the virtue to admire, when she finds she has no power to conquer.—

CLXV. But has melancholy no resources?—has she no charms?—Had the daughter of genius, as Milton calls her, no captivations, when she wooed Numa and Tully; Petrarch and Ariosto; Dante and Tasso; Milton and Euripides; Gray, Spenser and Collins?—Believe me, my friend, those were men, not to be captivated by meretricious blandishments.—

Melancholy, which implies a disposition for the indulgence of contemplation, softens the heart, tunes every fibre with the nicest touch, and disposes the mind to derive an elevated satis-

faction, from every grand and beautiful feature of nature ; from every virtuous exertion ; and from all the secret sources of association and sympathy.—Indulging in this infatuating propensity, the intrusion of mirth is grating to the feelings and offensive to the soul ; it unhinges, by its turbulence and intoxication, the faculty of thought ; it deranges the charm by which we are bound, and dispels the luxury of meditation.—In wild and uncultivated scenes, Melancholy loves principally to reside.—Magnificent buildings, splendid equipages, and crowded streets, associate but ill with that delicacy of taste, which prompts the mind to seek the shade of some favourite grove, or the cool banks of some murmuring rivulet.—These, and the cloud-capt mountain, the deep and sequestered glen, the ivied ruin, and the setting sun, are objects, which she most delights to contemplate ; and sounds, most grateful to her ear, are the soft and melting accents of the flute, the aerial warblings of an Eolian lyre ; the howling of the midnight storm ; the distant voice of thunder ; the foaming cataract, and an angry ocean.—Milton loved to indulge in scenes, which conspired to awake emotions, arising from philosophic melan-

choly,—a passion, so exquisitely personified in that noblest of all descriptive poems, the Seasons*! —“ I sat me down,” says he in a beautiful passage of Comus,

I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill.—

From the agreeable nature of this elegant feeling arises the paradox, which asserts, that no obligation, a friend can bestow, endears him so much to our memory, as the afflicting circumstance of his death.—While he lives, we feel, as if it were possible, that his station could be occupied by another. He dies!—The thought appears to assume the nature of constructive treason, and we weep the more, because we begin to fear, that we had never estimated his friendship at its proper value.—

CLXVI. In a calm evening of summer, when

* Note 57.

we are seated on the decayed trunk of an oak, or on a rustic monument, how does the mind love to recal the memory of those friends, who are gone to that mysterious country, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!”—At those moments, our memory, like a magic mirror, improves their features to those of manly beauty, their manners to a bland and amiable elegance, and their language to a persuasive and bewitching oratory.—Virtues, which we loved, while exchanging the mutual offices of friendship, are heightened to enthusiasm, and even their foibles give an additional splendour to their portraits.—

CLXVII. In a retired spot of his domain, the survivor raises a column, at once expressive of his grief and friendship.—To this hallowed spot he retires, at close of day, and exemplifies the motto of Shenstone, on the urn of the elegant and beautiful Maria*.—Such was the conduct of Mason.—With what mournful pleasure did he embellish his alcove with an urn and medallion of his friend, the melancholy Gray!—A lyre was suspended

* Note 58.

over the entrance, inscribed with a motto from Pindar, and underneath was written on a tablet the following stanza from his friend's celebrated elegy.—

Here scattered oft, the loveliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found,
The red-breast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Aristotle was accustomed to say, that melancholy was ever attendant on superior genius; and, the more to confirm the truth of his observation, he instances the examples of Hercules, Plato, and Lysander.—It was this gentle affection, that soothed the soul of Drummond among the rocks and cascades of Hawthornden; of Dyer, when wandering among the mountains of Cwm-Dyr; and of Petrarch, when, among the solitudes of Valchiusa, he formed the wish, that there his friends should raise his funeral urn.

CLXVIII. The same emotion soothes us in those appeals to the heart, which a well-written inscription never fails to excite.—“Whatever pleasure a man enjoys in his travels,” says an elegant

French writer *, “in contemplating a statue or a monument of antiquity, I have enjoyed still more in perusing a well-conceived inscription.—It seems to me, as if a human voice issued out of the stone, made itself audible through the mighty void of ages, and addressing itself to man, in the midst of deserts, told him he was not alone; and that other men, in those very places, had felt and thought and suffered like himself!—Should it happen to be the inscription of some ancient nation, which subsists no longer, it conveys the mind into the regions of infinity, by shewing, that a thought had outlived the ruins of an empire.”—Our friend Philotes, to whom we are bound by the strictest ties of friendship, and who has recently succeeded to his paternal estate, in the county of * *——, has erected a monument, in one of the most retired recesses of a glen, to the virtues of Washington and Epaminondas.—It consists of a small pillar of white marble, standing on a pedestal of black granite.—A wide-spreading oak secures it from the sun, and ivy, and moss screen it from the winds.—On the east side of this column is simply inscribed the name

* St. Pierre.

of the Grecian hero; on the west, that of the American; round the pedestal is written “ *The best of men, Man has declared them;—the better of the two let Heaven decide* *.—Some little way farther on, is a tablet, commemorating the friendship of Tacitus and Pliny; Ovid and Propertius†; Rucellai and Trissino; Petrarch and Colonna; Sannazaro and Pietro Bembo; Boileau and Racine.

CLXIX. A temple, erected on a small mountain, which overlooks the vale, and which can be seen from the summits of all the larger ones, has been dedicated to liberty.—In the niches are the busts of Alfred, Edgar, and Howel-Dha; Hambden and Sidney; Somers and Camden; Wallace and Chatham.—The names of a few others are inscribed on the ceiling; they are not

* Note 59.

† Ovid de Tristibus, lib. iv. el. 10.—Valerius Maximus gives several remarkable instances of ancient friendships.—Sempronius Gracchus and Caius Blossius; Lucius Rheimus and Servilius Cæpio; Volumnius and Lucullus; Petronius and Cælius; Servius Terentius and D. Brutus; Lælius and Scipio; Agrippa and Augustus; Damon and Pythias; Alexander and Hephestion; Orestes and Pylades.—Valer. Max. Lib. iv. c. 7.

numerous, for Philotes has long doubted the evidence of historians, and has learnt the art of distinguishing between patriots and demagogues.—In the library are suspended portraits of our best historians, and philosophers:—Bede, the father of English history; Robertson, the Livy of Scotland; Gibbon, who traced the decline and fall, not only of an empire, but of philosophy and taste; and Roscoe, who illumines the annals of mankind by a history of the restoration of literature and the arts.—There also are the busts of Locke, Bacon, Boyle, and Paley.—In the saloon hang, as large as life, whole length portraits of Gainsborough and Wright of Derby; Sir Joshua Reynolds and Barry; Fuseli and West.—In the cloisters, which lead to the chapel, are small marble monuments, commemorating the virtues of Tillotson, Sherlocke, and Hoadley; Blair, Lowth, and Porteus.—Near the fountain, which waters the garden, stands the statue of Hygeia, holding in her hand a tablet, on which are inscribed the names of Harvey, Sydenham, and Hunter.—Health, in the character of a Fawn, supports the bust of Armstrong.

CLXX. On an obelisk, at the farther end of

the shrubbery, hang two medallions; one of Nelson, the other of Moore; these are the only warriors, to whom Philotes has been anxious to pay the homage of admiration and gratitude.— Beneath that of Nelson is inscribed—

STRANGER!

THIS MEDALLION EXHIBITS THE PORTRAIT

OF

THAT GREAT AND GOOD MAN,

WHOSE DEATH,

THE ENEMIES OF HIS COUNTRY,

AFTER SUSTAINING A DECISIVE DEFEAT,

HAILED,

AS THE PROUDEST OF THEIR

VICTORIES!

Under the medallion of General Moore is inscribed the following stanza, written by his countryman, Burns.—

“ Nae could faint-hearted doubtings tease him :

Death comes ; wi’ fearless eye he sees him ;

Wi’ bloody hand a welcome gie’s him ;

And when he fa’s,

His latest draught of breathing leaves him,

In faint huzzaes.”

CLXXI. A column, erected on the highest peak

of the mountains, celebrates the virtues and genius of Newton and Halley, Ferguson and Herschell.—Embosomed in trees, through which are formed four shady vistas, exhibiting so many resemblances of fretted aisles, stands a temple of Gothic architecture.—Eolian harps, concealed among mosses and lilies of the valley, decorate the windows, near which stand the statues of Haydn and Handel, Pleyel and Mozart.—Paintings, by some of our best modern artists, cover the walls and ceilings of the temple.—The subjects of these pictures are represented as indulging in various amusements.—Taliesin is listening, with rapture, to the sounds of his own harp; Chaucer is occupied in writing his Romance of the Rose; Spenser is reading the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto; Shakespeare is dipping his pen in the overflowings of a human heart; Milton appears wrapt in silent ecstasy, contemplating with awful devotion the opening of a cloud, which progressively unfolds to his astonished eye the wonders of the Empyrean.—Otway is represented, as melting into tears, at the sorrows of his own Monimia.—Pope is receiving a crown of laurel from his master, Homer; Akenside is refreshing his intellectual thirst, at the fountain of the Naiads;

Thomson and Dyer, and Beattie and Ossian, are standing in view of the four vistas, appearing to contemplate the beauties of the surrounding scenery; while Burns is wandering among his native mountains, and making their vast solitudes resound with the name of liberty.

CLXXII. Leaving this temple, we walk to the farther end of the western vista, where we come to an alpine bridge; and after making a few turns, we arrive, unexpectedly, at a small lake, shaded by trees of every description, at the north end of which, we observe a portico of the Tuscan order. —On approaching it, we read, on the entablature, the following inscription.

*Ille potens sui
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse, vixi.*

“Ah! he is indeed happy,” has Colonna often repeated, as he has passed this beautiful spot; —“he is, of all men happy, who has the power of saying at the close of every day, ‘I have lived.’—Neither Homer, nor Horace, nor Shakespeare, nor Tasso, ever uttered a greater truth than this!”

In an alcove, immediately behind this portico, stands a statue, leaning over a circular marble basin.—The statue is that of a female, in whose countenance we immediately recognise THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.—At the foot of the pedestal is inscribed an elegant Alcaic fragment, from the pen of Mr. Gray*.

CLXXIII. A few yards farther on, stands an old sycamore, planted by the father of Philotes, when a boy; on a tablet is inscribed the following invitation.

INSCRIPTION.

Oh thou! who hither com'st from far,
 From peaceful vales or fields of war,
 From Wolga's fiercely rolling tide,
 Or Arar's banks, whose mossy side
 With thyme and moss is covered o'er,
 Here rest and try the world no more!
 Here, where flowers, of various hue,
 In modest pride attract thy view;
 Where rills from mountain heights descend,
 In gurgling streams, and wildly bend
 Their murmuring course adown the vale,
 Where peace and love and health prevail;
 And where the birds their notes prolong,
 And charm the woods with warbling song.—

* O Lachrymarum Fons! &c.

—Oh! pilgrim fly from every earthly woe,
 And taste those raptures, which these scenes bestow;
 Fly from the world, beset with passions rude,
 And fix thy home in peaceful solitude.—

CLXXIV. Higher up the mountain, in a dingle, near an opening, which lets in an almost unlimited view of the surrounding country, the following inscription addresses itself to the stranger.

INSCRIPTION.

Dost thou, oh! stranger, from the world's turmoil,
 Seek in these awful scenes, a safe retreat
 From all the ills of life?—Ere thou dost build
 Thine humble cottage on the rocky banks
 Of this wild torrent, read these simple lines,
 Carv'd on this bark by one, who knew the world.—

* * * *

“ Seek'st thou contentment in this lonely spot?—
 “ Examine first the secrets of thine heart.—
 “ Hast thou fulfilled the duties of thy station?—
 “ If not—return thee to the world again,
 “ And in its busy scenes reclaim those hours,
 “ Which vice wrung from thee; for, in solitude,
 “ No happiness awaits that wretched man,
 “ Who leaves the world, because the world leaves him.—
 “ No!—He, who'd find enjoyment when alone,
 “ Must first be wise, be innocent and good.—
 “ —But if, oh! stranger! thou art hither driven,
 “ By wrongs of fortune, or the wrongs of man,
 “ Charmed with the rude and awful character
 “ Of these wild rocks and mountains,—look around—

“ Scan every object with a curious eye,
 “ Let not a spot be lost,—since Solitude
 “ Has built her temple here.—These towering rocks,
 “ These woods and mountains and this winding stream
 “ Welcome thy coming:—every object round
 “ Tells thee, that here, from passing year to year,
 “ No bold intruder will disturb thy rest.—
 “ Contentment reigns within the glen below,
 “ And Freedom dances on the mountain’s top:
 “ At early morn, the hunter’s call is heard,
 “ At close of day the shepherd’s simple pipe
 “ Charms the lone valley with its rustic note.—
 “ —Pause, wanderer, here then—go no farther on.—
 “ And near this spot, which overlooks the glen,
 “ Erect thy home:—for here, in happy hour,
 “ What time the sun had shed his evening ray
 “ O’er all the prospect rude, a gentle maid,
 “ (Form’d in kind nature’s best and happiest mood)
 “ In all the sweet simplicity of heart,
 “ Call’d this, ‘ *the sweetest spot, that she had ever seen!* ’ ”

CLXXV. The following lines were written under an old yew tree in the church-yard of your favourite village.—The church, as you may remember, stands in a valley, down which a rivulet murmurs, unseen, during the summer: in winter it assumes all the importance of a torrent.—Nothing can exceed the beauty of this retired spot, which combines all the wild graces of the valley, with some of the finest specimens of mountain scenery.—“ Were I a bishop,” said Colonna, one day, to

our lovely friend, Juliet, “and resided in this rectory, the only translation, I should wish for, would be to Heaven!”—“And were you buried here,” returned our amiable friend, pointing to the flowers, which adorned the graves, “I would decorate your tomb with flowers, as lovely and as odorous as these.”—“Then,” replied he, “I wish, that I could die to-morrow.”—

OCCASIONAL.

Here let me rest—In this sequestered glen
Far from the tumults of a giddy world,
The joys, the hopes, the energies of life,
Pleas'd I resign._____

Those mountains rude, which rear their heads so high,
And those dark woods, that screen their giant sides,
Should shield my monument from northern snows :
And that wild stream, which rolls unseen below,
Should murmur music near my humble grave.—

As in oblivious silence I repos'd,

Ah ! how delighted, were my peaceful spirit,
Should some sweet maid, at midnight's solemn hour,
(Led by the radiance of th' approving moon,)
Approach that spot, where long, in soft repose,
Pleas'd I have slept, and water with her tears
The rose and woodbine, that around my tomb,
In chaste, in generous, circling clusters grow ;
While from her lap she scattered flowers around,
Cull'd, in the evening, from the cottage door
Of some good peasant :—All around would smile :—

And every wood and every mountain wild
 Would sigh to know, what dear, enchanting maid,
 Could be so chaste, so faithful, and so good;
 While from my tomb, with pleasure and regret,
 My heart would whisper it was Juliet.—

* * * *

CLXXVI. When we have been annoyed by the defects of imbecility, the conceit of ignorance, the dulness of pedantry, the arrogance of unlettered pride, or the offensive impertinence of a fool:—when we observe men, gifted with fine talents, more solicitous to gain a wide, than an honourable reputation, and eager to prostitute their integrity by flattering the vices, and becoming panders to all the base passions of the rich:—when we are disgusted with the malice of man to man, and irritated in beholding the baseness of woman to woman:—when, in our intercourse with the world, we perceive societies, in love with their own deficiencies, forming conspiracies against taste, learning, and genius, and becoming, as it were, scavengers to the very lowest dependents of folly:—when, among the high, the intermediate, or the abject orders of vulgarity, we observe men, (whose information extends no farther, than to the reputed follies of their associates, and whose

industry is exerted only in the propagation of their errors,) when we observe men of this contemptible proportion actively employed in a vain endeavour to reduce the consequence of others to the disgraceful standard of their own littleness,—let us turn to the vale, the valley or the glen, and listen to their echoes!

CLXXVII. When you behold genius and virtue destitute of bread; and ignorance and vice rolling in chariots and honoured by the world;—when you see men sliding into an indecent old age, without having derived one practical maxim from experience, and without enjoying one solid comfort from a retrospect of the past:—when you observe characters, to whom the world has long looked up for consistency of conduct, bartering an honest independence for the meretricious splendour of a dishonourable title:—when men, the greatest libels on whose lives and characters are the ironical mottoes on their escutcheons, catch a fugitive importance from a dignified employment:—when the Rector, filling an honourable and a sacred station, and belonging to that highly respectable order, who are the ministers of that admirable master, who said, “Take my

yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart*;" when the Rector, offensively inflated with imaginary consequence, "plays such pranks before high heaven, that e'en the angels weep:"—when you see envy, inverting the order of nature, by weeping when others rejoice, and rejoicing, when others weep: when you see folly smiling, with rapture, at the occasional weaknesses of genius, or the unconscious misconceptions of excellence:—when men, whose only qualifications arise from wealth, from influence or from rank, usurp the chair of magistracy, and stretching or relaxing the laws, as best accords with passion or convenience, induce you to regret there is no college for magistrates:—In those moments of pity, disgust, and mortification, my Lelius, descend to the margin of the river, which washes your domain, and, catching impressions from the emblem of eternity before you, resign your thoughts to meditation;—and, in the day dreams of your fancy, anticipate exemption from all recollection of the past, and increased enjoyment from a contemplation of the future!—

CLXXVIII. As the soul of taste weeps grate-

* Mat. ch. xi. v. 29.

ful tears at the representation of a well-written tragedy, and thrills in every nerve, when listening to the concertos of Pleyel, Haydn, and Mozart, so when gazing on the transparent azure of autumnal skies, or when reclined upon a rock, which overlooks that element, which has the alternate power of striking us with awe, and of lulling us into mental slumber, our feelings, in some measure, partake of that holy and ambrosial character, which so highly distinguish those more exalted Beings, who, having laboured to reform and to enlighten mankind, rest from their agreeable toils, in order to colour the severity of their judgment, with all the fairy tintings of a brilliant fancy.

CLXXIX. The effect is the same, only different in degree, with the most uninformed, as with the most accomplished minds.—In the former, it is the rude simplicity of nature only; in the latter, the natural impulse is chastened and improved by a cultivated imagination.—When the Bedouin Arabs arrive at any of the Syrian ports, they never fail to express their rapture and astonishment, at beholding the sea for the first time; and, with all the eagerness of admiration, they enquire, what that *desert of water*, as they call it, *means*:

—And never will Colonna forget the ecstasy, subsiding into an agreeable melancholy, with which the beautiful Juliet beheld, for the first time, the broad expanse of waters, opening into the Atlantic ocean, from the top of a mountain, which commanded a long and almost unlimited prospect of the coasts of Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall; the isles of Holmes, Caldy, and of Lundy, with the bays of Oxwich and Inon, Carmarthen and Rosilly:—where, with a single glance of the eye, could be observed the whole line of coast, stretching from the point near Aberthaw, along the shores of Glamorgan and Carmarthen, even to St. Gowen's, in the county of Pembroke: and while, from east to west, innumerable mountains, of various heights, presented themselves, in the northern extremity of the horizon, the black mountains of Brecknockshire appeared to mingle themselves with the clouds.—After observing this prospect, till the eye, rather than the mind, was wearied, Colonna requested his companion to describe her sensations.—“I cannot define them,” she replied, after a pause, “but I feel astonishment and awe, partaking of fear;—a rapture, which I cannot express, but which, in some measure, resembles

what I felt, when I first heard an anthem, chaunted in Hereford cathedral.—This sensation I cannot describe, but it appears, as if it emanated from a mind superior to my own; while a soft, pensive stillness steals over my senses and inclines me to sleep.”—After indulging the luxury of meditation for some time, the fair Enthusiast enquired of Colonna, whether the following lines were original, for she had never felt a poetical inclination so strongly as that moment.—

As from this rock, at evening's purple time,
I view yon waves majestically roll,
What awful wonder, and what dread sublime
Steals on the pensive stillness of my soul!—

“The lines are so good, my dear Juliet,” said Colonna, “that I will not enquire, whether they are strictly original or not: I know you think that they are so, and it is sufficient.—He does not steal, who is unconscious of a theft*.”

* Florus, in describing the effect, which the sea, and the sun, sinking into it, had upon the minds of the soldiers of Decimus Brutus, aiming at the sublime, degenerates into bombast.—Decimus Brutus aliquanto latius Gallæcos, atque omnes Gallæciæ populos, formidatumque militibus flumen oblivionis peragratoque victor oceani littore non prius si qua convertit quam cadentem in maria solem, obrutumque aquis ignem non sine quodam sacrilegii metu et horrore deprehen-

CLXXX. Recurring, my Lelius, to the circumstance of your melancholy, let me recal to your recollection, that, as Melancholy is the daughter of Genius, and Sorrow the offspring of Misfortune, both the one and the other may be productive of long and lasting happiness.—No one will venture to assert, that vicissitude is an object of desire, but few will be hardy enough to deny, that vicissitude may be productive of essential good:—

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head.—

Plato gives it as his decided opinion, that all misfortunes, which befall a virtuous man, will ultimately redound to his advantage, either in the present or in a future state of existence:—and so assured am I of the truth and justice of this consolatory doctrine, that I esteem it a duty, imperative on polemics, to wave every disputed point dit.—Quintus Curtius gives an account of the awe and apprehension of Alexander's soldiers at the sight of the ocean, near the opening of the Indus:—they were surprised and alarmed, when they observed the tide to rise so high, as thirty feet in height!—They, who had only been accustomed to the tranquil waters of the Mediterranean!—

in theology, in order to unite all men in the persuasion, that every misfortune, occurring to the just, is a root, which will produce a harvest, far more than a thousand times commensurate with the evil previously inflicted.—

Explorant adversa viros, perque aspera duro

Nittitur ad laudem virtus interrita clivo.—

Silius Italicus.

CLXXXI. As conscience, sooner or later, revenges herself upon those, who have had the folly to wound her, so does happiness revenge herself upon all those, who have presumed to confound her name and her qualities with the name and the qualities of pleasure.—Pleasure and happiness, my Lelius, are as distinct from each other, as pedantry is from learning, and oratory from logic; between all of which, though by the vulgar they are so often confounded, there is as wide a difference, as between earths and plants, insects and animals.—Pleasure consists in the indulgence of the senses; happiness in the cultivation of the mind, and in the right direction of our passions.—While the one soothes us into content, the other, as was finely observed by Tertullian, stings us to death.—Philosophy, teaching the know-

ledge of things, as Language teaches the knowledge of words, like an argument ending in a just corollary, never fails to reward her followers with a commensurate measure of happiness:—and as one philosopher, as the Duke de la Rochefoucault truly remarks, is worth a thousand grammarians, so one moment of real happiness is to be preferred to a thousand of pleasure.—

CLXXXII. He can never be esteemed an honest well-wisher of society, who would take fear from the eyes of the base, or rob unmerited misfortune of its best and cheapest consolation.—Who robs us of our purse, steals that, which is of little value;—who robs us of our reputation, steals that, which may be again recovered; but he, who weakens and undermines our faith for the justice and the love of Heaven, takes from us all consolation for the past, all happiness for the present, and all hope for the future.—Were I a Mahometan, I should wish to believe in Mahomet, till the man, who told me he was an impostor, gave me a better and a nobler creed than his.—Why will our sceptics rob us of our diamonds, and give us pebbles in return?—

CLXXXIII. True philosophy, despising those

dogmas, which would undermine the happiness of millions, without leaving an adequate value in return, is as grateful to the soul, as it is one of the highest enjoyments of life to meet with objects, worthy of our esteem, and capable of exciting an honourable admiration.—In the cultivation of it, my Lelius, you will find enjoyments, which no wealth can purchase ; of which neither treachery nor envy can deprive you ; and which has this peculiar excellence, that the more the world seeks to render you miserable, the more will she struggle to render you happy.—It was a knowledge of this, that enabled Colonna to reply to a waspish kind of neighbour, who was frequently annoying him, “ Nature has endowed me, sir, with such a disposition for happiness, that I should be in danger of losing all appetite for enjoyment, had she not kindly blest me with such an enemy as you, to act as an occasional pungent to my palate.”—Philosophy, my friend, like other great and good characters, has been highly mistaken by the weak and wantonly injured by the subtle.—As the wolf was fabled to have borrowed the fleece of the sheep, so have the artful and designing, of every age, assumed the robe of philosophy, and sparkling with factitious splendour,

imposed upon the credulity and insulted the faith of the ignorant and imbecile;—and to such an extent has this imposture been carried, and with such success has the empiricism been attended, that Philosophy herself, pure and immaculate as she is, having so long been associated with such dishonourable companions, has been in urgent danger of a total dissolution.—

CLXXXIV. But, proudly elevating herself above every difficulty, she rises like the phoenix from her own ashes.—Deceived by the gravity of the Pedant, the world, undervaluing precision of thought, and a consequent perspicuity of style, conceives philosophy to be dull, obscure and mysterious.—Totally ignorant, that real science is simplicity personified, they mistake mystery for depth, and an affectation of knowledge for the quintessence of learning; not being sufficiently advanced in the grand school of nature to know, that mystery and pedantry are nothing but despicable hiding-cloaks for the concealment of ignorance and nonsense.—Hence arises the spurious association of real with fictitious philosophy.—The latter, always at war with truth, like an inverted pyramid stands upon a slender basis, and

must, of necessity, be difficult of comprehension ; while the former never becomes obscure, till, ceasing to be solid, it degenerates into the latter, which, in all ages, has been active in the propagation of error, and in the composition of fools.—

CLXXXV. There is no one, who has not heard of the clown, that was lost in astonishment, when he discovered his sovereign to be a man like himself:—in the same manner, those, who conceive philosophy to be abstruse, would be equally astonished to find how elegantly simple she is.—To find her so, however, it is, of course, necessary to seek her in the proper road, and after a proper manner.—The man, desirous of learning Greek, consults his grammar, before he turns the pages of his lexicon; and a mechanic, before he presumes to erect a steam engine, thoroughly acquaints himself with the nature and properties of heat.—No one must aspire to enter the temple of philosophy by the cupola; there is but one entrance, and that entrance is the vestibule.—

CLXXXVI. Well was it observed by Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, (whose practice was an emblem of his motto, *ita regas Imperator, ut privatus regi velis*;) “ that though a man may not

be a logician, or a naturalist, yet is he not the less so, for being either liberal, modest, or charitable :”—For his mind is not the less philosophic, who, making allowances for the natural imbecility of human nature, and knowing the influence of opinion, cultivates the respect and the admiration of the world at large.—In this experiment, however, never will he be anxiously solicitous.—An over-weening desire of obtaining the esteem of every man, we meet, is a sure indication of mental imbecility.—He is not, at all times, the best of men, of whom the generality of the world speaks well :—for, in its estimate of character, the world too often overlooks motive, and too frequently, associating fortune with virtue, mistakes ostentation for charity, in the same manner, as it mistakes license for liberty, and freedom of morals for liberality of sentiment.

CLXXXVII. Neither is he to be esteemed the worst of men, of whom a certain description of persons speak ill.—Vice and virtue, being opposites, will no more associate with each other, than exotics will naturalize in Egypt.—The votaries of the one, therefore, are, of necessity, enemies to the other,—with this remarkable distinction,—that virtue (from the excellence of its own nature,) is

not capable of hating vice to the excess, that vice is capable of hating virtue.—To minds of a common stamp, talents and genius are unpardonable provocations;—for, speaking by a synecdoche, the world makes war upon excellence, and almost induces us to call those unfortunate, who dare be eminent in any thing.—Reputation, therefore, which is sometimes gained without merit, is as frequently lost by the exercise of our virtues as of our vices; our good qualities, as one of the first moralists of the age has truly observed, often exposing us to more hatred and persecution, than all the ills we do.—To be universally well spoken of, we must either possess a vast fund of good nature, be inordinately weak, or inordinately vicious:—for, as Sir Roger L'Estrange was accustomed to say, “an universal applause is seldom less than two-thirds of a scandal.”—We must crawl to the great, stoop to the rich, flatter the weak, and listen to the calumnies, which every unworthy knave, if he has not the baseness to invent, has the constructive baseness to circulate, without a look of abhorrence, or a smile of contempt!—We must be rich!—and, above all, we must not aspire to independence of character!—

CLXXXVIII. Three of the principal reasons,

why men of enlarged and liberal minds are beloved so little by the world in general, arise from a certain degree of fear, with which they are regarded by the vulgar; an unacknowledged sensation of awe, with which the great observe them; and from the circumstance of their being so difficult to be played upon by ordinary minds.—They require a master's hand to draw from them either harmony, melody, or even euphony.—The touch of vulgar fingers elicits nothing but the discord of sincerity: for, measuring every object by its proper standard, it is with difficulty they conceal their utter contempt of pride and vanity, vulgarity and ignorance.—Independence of character is a quality, therefore, which few have the magnanimity to forgive, though few are so base, but they are capable of admiring.—In this wilderness, whither shall men of such superior order turn for comfort?—For they have virtues, which prompt them to love mankind; sympathies, which need only to be awakened, to draw most exquisite music; and though they respect, admire and love but few, those they do respect, admire and love, may play upon their nerves just what stop they please.—

CLXXXIX. In this wilderness of selfishness and error, where all the homage of a general

respect is usurped by the rich and the dignified, whither shall they turn for comfort?—Is any comfort to be found, my Lelius?—you pause!—Yes!—Even in this world comfort,—excellent comfort can be found:—for though, for the most part, men of limited capacities hate genius with as much cordiality as the ugly and deformed hate beauty*, there are, nevertheless, a few, a noble and discriminating few, scattered through the world, to cultivate whose esteem, to deserve whose love, and to excite whose admiration, who would not climb Mount Etna, even in the midst of winter, or toil through all the sands of Ethiopia even in the midst of summer?—The esteem of such men as these—one friend—one mistress—and one God!—Oh! this world, this vain and anxious world, my Lelius, is a paradise after all!—

CXC. Riches and rank, grandeur and power,

* We may compare the conduct of persons of this description to that of an Ourang Outang, a species of beings, who shew no mercy, when they unfortunately get a MAN into their power.—While they are kept in awe and subjection, they are tame and submissive; but the moment an opportunity arrives, their malice is inveterate, and their vengeance is complete.—

it is true, command the gaze and admiration of the vulgar, be that vulgar clothed in rags or in lawn, in ermine or in purple:—but what gives their possessors a goût to enjoyment?—what, but that “*felix infelicitas*,” which is mingled with our fate, and which operates as a bitter on a weary palate.—Does any one recline upon the bosom of love, and finds not his delight heightened, when he recalls to mind the difficulties of his early passion?—Thus sings the elegant and accomplished Sadi:—

How oft, when far from her I lov'd,
 I've wept my sleepless night away!—
 The anguish, Sadi, thou hast prov'd,
 Augments the raptures of to-day!—

As well may we expect to gather the fruit of the vine before the tree has blossomed, as to expect happiness without first tasting of vicissitude.—It is a cavern, my Lelius, through which all must pass before they enter the Elysian fields.—Had Flavius Boethius never been imprisoned by Theodoric, he had never written his *Consolation of Philosophy*; had Grotius never visited the Hague, he had never composed his *Treatise on the Truth*

of the Christian Religion.—In the plenitude of absolute authority the haughtiest despot, that ever disgraced a throne, has no power to imprison or enthrall the mind.—The captive, dead to all the world but himself, if possessed of virtue and a cultivated imagination, if once delighting in the noble and more beautiful scenes in the material world, or gratified in gathering food for meditation in the intellectual, still is free.—His mind, which is a quarry, in which he gathers riches, far more valuable, than either silver or gold, roves round the frontiers of the creation, while memory paints to his mental eye fields, rocks, mountains and forests.—Those objects, ever beheld with lively pleasure, and now remembered with melancholy satisfaction, charm and lull his anguish to repose.—From nature he looks up to nature's God:—breathes with a low and solemn voice the history of his wrongs, and rests securely satisfied, that no prayer, springing from a source so pure, is ever frowned upon.—All his powers of association are brought into action; passages of his favourite poets are recited with energy; the principles of those sciences, to which he had been attached in his youth, are analysed and confirmed; he hears those airs in music, which once had

power to charm him, again titillate his ear; those domestic landscapes, which once delighted him, are drawn with strict fidelity on his mental canvass; while the paintings of Corregio, of Claude, of Poussin, and of Bassano appear to decorate the walls and niches of his prison.—Again, in fancy, he treads the abode of the great and the good; he beholds the marble columns of the rich, and the woodbine cottage of the indigent; he sighs at the music of the torrent; treads, with solemn footsteps, the mansions of the dead; or, with happy transition, reclines beneath the oak, that shelters his paternal dwelling.—Now he becomes sensible of what he has lost by imprudence, or gained by experience; truth is seen in all its sober hue; prejudice is dissolved; every motive of human action is observed through the medium of a clear and faithful mirror, and the mind is purged of errors, by which it has been long abused.—

CXCI. Such are the advantages of a brilliant imagination and corrected judgment under circumstances, which would almost annihilate the faculties of inferior minds;—circumstances, which begin by deadening, but finish in stimulating an exalted and heroic spirit.—

Those evils, which, for a time, may have cast a sombre hue on all our prospects, when beheld in a retrospective mirror, not only lose half of their keenness, but are converted into sources of present comfort.—How soothing is it to the mind to reflect upon a danger escaped, or on the miseries we have endured! and when undergoing those miseries, or escaping those dangers, let us, my friend, remember, how near a companion pleasure is to pain; let us recollect that roses bloom in profusion on the banks of the Tenglio*; that one of the most beautifully coloured flowers and one of the most splendid of vegetables grow near Mount Hecla†; that coral, ambergrise, agates, and crystals are found upon a northern coast; that the most beautiful verdure adorns the bottom and sides of the burning mountain of Guadaloupe; that porphyry hardens the more it is exposed to the elements; that the most bitter of all vegetables has a sweet and aromatic root‡;

* A river in Lapland.

Terra salutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes,
Nutrit; et urticæ proxima sæpe rosa est.—

Ovid.

† Andromeda Hypnoides, and the Chamaenerium halimifolium.

‡ Absinthium.

that vipers, so hideous and so noxious to our sight, act as restoratives to an emaciated habit, while mercury, so ineffective in its primitive state, when separated into particles and combined with mineral acids, becomes, as it is administered, the most violent of poisons or the most admirable of remedies* ;—and while we recal all this to our recollection, let us not forget the fine moral, inculcated on a chimney-piece of an inn at Brisack, in the canton of Friburg :—

Antidotum vitæ patientia ; sola malorum

Victrix.—Si bene vis vincere, disce pati.—

CXCII. Do we ever taste the pleasures of our fire-side so highly, as when we have been exposed, for the greater part of the day, to the frost and snow without?—With what joy does an old pilot, whose youth has been spent upon a rough and boisterous element, retire to the place of his nativity, to enjoy the rewards of a meritorious industry!—What comfort does he derive in his little hut, reared upon one of the cliffs, that overlook the ocean! Seated by his cheerful fire, and surrounded by his family, how does he delight, as

* Vid. Art. *Argentum vivum*.

he feels a few remaining impulses of a once adventurous spirit, to recount the numerous hardships, he has endured upon a distant main!—Those winds and storms, that howl at midnight, and which once were accustomed to fill his mind with apprehension, now lull him to repose!—Even a shipwreck is not unattended by a sympathetic pleasure*!—

CXCIII. Have we been tost upon a bed of sickness?—how is our frame re-animated, when, escaping from our chamber, we inhale the breath of morning!—All nature, at that period, renders us satisfaction; the song of birds, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, the bubbling of waters, are music to our ears.—Nature, dispensing as it were for us, the most agreeable perfumes, expands all her beauties, while every object we see, and every sound we hear, are so many inspirers of that ardent gratitude, which distends our breast.—

When the mind has been weakened by severe application; when the heart, lacerated by acute sorrow, refuses even to be charmed by a changing

* Note 60.

fortune*; and when we would not hesitate to give the price of a village for that vegetable†, which has the power of healing debilities, arising from those powerful causes, what can more ameliorate the influence of the one, or give a decided tone to the other, than the view of fields and meadows, peopled with rural animals, or adorned with the assemblages of rural industry?—The effects of all these are equal to that of the Lydian or Eolian modes of music: they pacify the storms of ill fortune, and soothe the sallies of passion.—

CXCIV. Have we lost a dear and affectionate friend?—When shall our grief allow us a respite for consolation?—Has the world neglected our

* *Pectora, longis habetata malis,
Non sollicitas ponunt curas;
Proprium hoc miseros sequitur vitium,
Nunquam rebus credere lætis.—
Redeat felix Fortuna licet,
Tamen afflictos gaudere piget.—
Nulla surgens dolor ex causâ
Hos flere jubet, sed vagus intro—
Terror oberrat, subitos fundunt
Oculi fletus; nec causa subest,
Imber vultu nolente cadit.—*

Seneca. Thyestis.

† Note 61.

merits, or insulted our virtues?—What sight shall delight our eyes, what sounds enchant our ears, and what odours charm our senses, like the perfumes of the fields, the music of torrents, and the gay and animated visions of nature?—For, in the hour of despair, no scenes, like those, can alleviate our melancholy.—Rising from the couch of disease, nothing re-animates our frame, like the sunshine of a vernal morning: corroded by disappointed affection, or at those times, when the world presumes too much upon our misfortunes, and anticipates too little from our courage, where shall we look for consolation, but in the cultivation of our better feelings; in the conscious integrity of our hearts, and in those awful and sublime scenes of nature, which, in so powerful a manner, elevate the fancy?—while nothing points by stronger or more undeceptive association to ETERNAL GLORY, than the tranquil splendour of an evening sun,—blushing in purple!—

CXCV. If at any time, my friend, the distress of the moment makes days of past affliction appear days of comparative happiness, and the sorrow of the present is too much for human infirmity to bear with resolution and with con-

stancy, range with me among the rocks of St. Catherine, the groves of Dynevaux, or the towers of Careg-cannon, while the one echo with the dashing of the waves, the other sigh with responsive whisperings, and the last ring with portentous sounds.—Climb to the summit of the mountain; rove on the banks of wild and rapid rivers, or among the solitudes of a wild and sequestered glen, and let their melancholy consonance whisper peace to your heart.—One hour, so past, is worth an age of common existence! and every step, so taken, is one step towards heaven.—Ah! my friend, how much are the feelings of sorrow subdued, and those of admiration excited in scenes so grand and so impressive!—Scenes in which, while indulging, we lose in meditative silence all sense of the past, while the most serious causes of sorrow melt into insignificance.—The mind, elevated above those little cares, which agitate the ambitious, the malignant and the proud, looks up with awe, while the breast heaves with conscious gratitude, as we reflect, that the God, we contemplate in those magnificent monuments of eternity, is a father to the fatherless, and a friend to the unfortunate.—

CXCVI. But from the beauties of a fine country, he will be found to derive the most perfect consolation, whose soul, not poisoned by meretricious refinements, is untainted by promiscuous intercourse with common society.—For in the same manner, as a poet is more estimated by those, who can boast a kindred spirit, and whose minds are capable of rising or falling in unison with his*, so does he derive the most enjoyment from scenery, who possesses an elevated fancy, and a corrected judgment.

In youth, the love of scenery, which ever attends a cultivated imagination, is attended by the most beneficial results.—It contributes to inspire delicacy, and to encourage a taste for whatever is beautiful in nature, amiable in morals or captivating in art.—In manhood, when realities too much occupy the mind, were it not for the exquisite enjoyments, which the palate of a polite taste is enabled to relish, the journey of life would appear a weary pilgrimage.—When the ignorant and unfeeling, the avaricious and the envious

* Quorum omnium interpretes, ut grammatici poetarum, proxime ad eorum, quos interpretantur, divinationem videntur accedere.—*Cicero de Divin.*

possess so many opportunities to display their passions, and so much inclination to palsy the exertions of industry, tortured by anxiety, we should be ready to exclaim with the highly qualified Cicero, that were the Gods to offer to repose us once more in the cradle of infancy, we would renounce the boon.—But, captivated by the sweet allurements of the imagination, the misfortunes of the world are counterbalanced by the enjoyments of taste.—When active life is superseded by the imbecilities of age, and the old are no longer flattered by the credulities of hope; if they no longer derive health and comfort from exercise, nor perceive the brilliancies of colour; if they extract no satisfaction from novelty, nor melt with the tendernesses of love, conscious that the storms of ill-fortune have subsided, and being unreprieved by conscience, they enjoy a rich consolation in the approving whispers of an honest heart.—The fairy visions of hope are succeeded by agreeable recollections, sympathy diffuses its spells, and anticipations of a better world lull them to profound repose.

CXCVII. Gifted with an exalted fancy, the admirer of landscape feels all the raptures of a

poet, even though ungifted with his inspiration, and without the talent for poetry, possesses at intervals something of the *vaticinatio furentis animi*, which, in all moments, elevated the genius of Plato and of Cicero.—Those elegant men were lovers of the sublime and beautiful to an unlimited extent.—But Cicero, though he combined the most refined taste with the noblest genius, and though he was one, who, as Quintilian observes, received not the waters of heaven, but whose waters flowed from himself, as from a living fountain, was ungifted with poetic fire*.—Plato, whose writings formed two of the finest of poets, arrived at no eminence as a poet himself; and Burke, that splendid but eccentric genius, who, in many of his works, displayed a mind superlatively gifted, and who joined to the nicest sensibility an imagination at once grand, vigorous, and creative, confessed his inability to aspire to the soft and delicate touches of the muse.—

CXCVIII. But though all admirers of scenery

* *Virgilium illa felicitas ingenii in oratione solutâ reliquit: Ciceronem eloquentia sua in carminibus destituit.—Seneca, Controv. lib. 3.*

are not poets, all poets are admirers of scenery. They people every grove, deck every object, whether animate or inanimate, in glowing colours; and, having formed a captivating picture, become like Pigmalion, the sculptor, enamoured of their own creations.—For this faculty, they are indebted to the powers of a brilliant imagination, that noble quality of the mind, which exalts its possessor far above the common standard of humanity!—In personifying the imagination, the powers and pleasures of which, as Plato said of the soul, are like the harmony of a harp, invisible, immaterial, and divine, Apelles would have selected Urania for his model; in describing her, Ariosto and Spenser would have employed the utmost power of their genius; and Palladio, in erecting to her a temple, would have laid the foundations on a rock, commanding, on one side, the Ionian islands, while the shades of Athens, the ruins of Corinth, and the plains of Argolis decorated the other.—In delineating her character, Maximus Tyrius would have dwelt with enthusiasm on the brilliancy of her fancy, the intensity of her feelings, the beauty of her sentiments, and the nobleness of her designs.

CXCIX. As a foil to these beauties, and to these virtues, Locke would sometimes have doubted her representations, suspected that her charms were meretricious, her plans visionary, and her brilliant promises so many harbingers of disappointment.—Not insensible to the objections, which may be raised to the cultivation of the fancy, the deference, which we pay to the judgment of Locke, we will not extend to his taste; and since the imagination, well-governed, ameliorates inquietude, enlivens retirement, and expands the affections; since it mellows love, dignifies friendship, and sublimes virtue, who would not be proud of possessing so admirable a quality?—"The high enjoyments, which the heart feels in retirement," as is justly and beautifully observed by a celebrated Swiss philosopher, are "derived from the imagination.—The touching aspect of nature, the variegated verdure of the forests, the resounding echoes of an impetuous torrent, the soft agitation of the foliage, the melodious warblings of the tenants of the groves, the scenery of a rich and extensive country, and all those objects, which compose an agreeable landscape, take such complete possession of the soul, and so entirely absorb our faculties, that the sentiments of the mind are by

the charms of the IMAGINATION instantly converted into sensations of the heart, and the softest emotions give birth to the most virtuous and worthy sentiments."—In youth the imagination arrays hope in fairy forms and brilliant colours. At that period, when every joy is in perspective, no bound is fixed to our projects or our wishes.—One height, climbed, presents others, yet more high, to overcome; and one desire, gratified, becomes a means, by which youth expects to indulge another more expanded and more promising.—Present difficulties fly before the resolution of an ardent mind; it rushes boldly on; it climbs the mountain, nor stops to enjoy the landscape, it has left behind:—the horse of Statius is not more eager and impetuous*.

CC. Such are the aspirations of those youth, in whom the God of Nature has implanted a faculty of perceptive elegance, or an innate sense of harmonic feeling; for, in the same manner, as the wind, fluttering upon the wires of an Eolian harp†, produces the most tender and bewitching

* *Stare loco nescit, pereunt vestigia mille*

Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis angula campum.

† Note 62.

music, so has nature's hand

To certain species of external things,
Attun'd the finer organs of the mind.—

When youth has lost somewhat of its elasticity, the effects of joy and of sorrow, upon minds so tuned, are far different from those, which affect men of ordinary feeling and of common capacity.—Joy produces a soft, mellow, pathetic solemnity of thought; sorrow a chastened dignity of manner, which raises man to the rank of a Petrarch and woman to the elevation of a Madonna.—With nature for their friend, her flowers, her perfumes, her real and aerial landscapes have power to charm, when the world has wounded their feelings, and fortune divested them of her favours.—Stretched upon a rock, lulled to reveries beside the fall of a fountain, beholding nature, here rough and untutored, wild and majestic, there soft or gay, elegant or enchanting; feeling her separate and contrasted charms whisper peace to their hearts, they resemble travellers, who, having for a long time wandered over dreary and pathless deserts, find themselves, on a sudden, in a narrow, winding defile, where the perfumes of aromatics, wholesome fruits and clear

springs invite to enjoyment, to admiration and repose.

CCI. But, I think, I hear you, my Lelius, whisper in my ear, that the imagination must be chastised by the sober dictates of judgment, and that those pleasures, which it undoubtedly affords, lead only to disappointment, if, in giving unlimited sway to our fancy, we indulge in all the wild varieties of its nature, and wanton, free and unfettered, in all the enjoyments it promises.—Doubtless, my friend, your argument is correct.—I promise you in the cultivation of the imagination no solid satisfaction, unless it be corrected by reason, good sense, order, and propriety.—So corrected, the imagination is ever pointing to something beyond the limits of our present state of imperfection.—“Nature,” as Longinus admirably observes, “never designed man to be a grovelling and ungenerous animal, but brought him into life, and placed him in the world, as in a crowded theatre, not to be an idle spectator, but spurred on by an eager thirst of excelling, ardently to contend in the prize of glory.—For this purpose she implanted in his soul an invincible love of grandeur, and a constant emulation of

whatever seems to approach nearer to divinity than himself.—Hence it is, that the whole universe is not sufficient for the extensive reach and piercing speculation of the human understanding.—It passes the bounds of the material world, and launches forth at pleasure into endless space.—Let any one take an exact survey of a life, which in its every scene is conspicuous on account of excellence, grandeur, and beauty, and he will soon discern for what noble ends we were born.—Thus the impulse of nature inclines us to admire, not a little, clear and transparent rivulet, that ministers to our necessities, but the Nile, the Isther, the Rhine, and still more the ocean*.”—

CCII. It is this love of grandeur, which prompts the mind to the contemplation of those objects, which raise our thoughts in gratitude and admiration; and which, even from the beginning of time, are supposed to have had the love of the Deity himself.—For, as the philosophic Akenside observes in the true spirit of Plato, and with all the sublimity of Milton and Lucretius, /

Ere the radiant sun
Sprung from the east, or midst the vault of night

* Longinus, sect. 35. —*Smith.*

The moon suspended her serener lamp;
 Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorned the globe,
 Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore,
 Then lived the ALMIGHTY ONE; then deep, retired
 In his unfathomed essence, view'd the forms,
 The forms external of created things;
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
 The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
 And wisdom's mien celestial.—From the first
 Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
 His admiration; till in time complete,
 What he admired and loved, his vital smile
 Unfolded into being.—Hence the breath
 Of life, informing each organic frame;
 Hence the green earth and wild resounding waves;
 Hence light and shade, alternate; warmth and cold;
 And clear autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
 And all the fair varieties of things.*—

Pleasures of Imagination.

CCIII. And yet, agreeable as are the visions of nature, the imagination has the power of forming scenes more captivating to our fancy, than

* There is a singular coincidence of thought between this fine passage and a beautiful one in an Hindoo hymn to *Narayana*, “The spirit of God,” translated by Sir William Jones.—It is curious and delightful to remark resemblances in poets so far removed in age, and climate, and of such wide difference in manners and education.—

any she unfolds to us.—Not that scenes, so drawn, are in reality more beautiful, but they are more adapted to our peculiar ideas :—Every person having the power of comparing and associating for himself, in a manner, most conformable to the justness or viciousness of his taste, and in a measure proportioned to the width and compass of his own mind.—“ A man of imagination,” as Mr. Addison observes, “ is not obliged to attend nature in the slow advances, which she makes from one season to another, or to observe her conduct in the successive production of plants and flowers.—He may draw into his description all the beauties of the spring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute something to render it the more agreeable.—His rose-trees, woodbines and jessamines may flower together, and his beds be covered, at the same time, with lilies, violets and amaranths.—His soil is not restrained to any particular set of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itself to the products of every climate.—Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of spices, he can quickly command sun enough to raise it.—If all this will not furnish out

an agreeable scene, he can make several new species of flowers, with richer scents and higher colours, than any, that grow in the gardens of nature.—His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy as he pleases.—He is at no more expense in a long vista, than in a short one, and can as easily throw his cascades from a precipice of half a mile high, as from one of twenty yards.—In a word, he has the modelling of nature in his own hands, and may give her what charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into absurdities, by endeavouring to excel *.”—

CCIV. From this argument we might be tempted, after the manner of men, as St. Paul expresses it, to infer, that the pictures of the poets, the more substantial creations of the painter, and the more splendid visions of the imagination, are, in reality, more beautiful, than the productions of Nature herself.—But, though this arises from the circumstance of man's not being able to view nature in detail and in combination too, we will admit of the argument for

* Pleasures of the Imagination.—Paper VIII.

the sake of the corollary.—A proof, a decisive, as well as an argumentative proof, of the ETERNITY OF THE MIND is established by it!—For, as Man can never be supposed to have arrived at his proper sphere in the universe, while he is capable of conceiving objects more grand or beautiful, than those, which nature has thought proper to set before him, the very circumstance of his ability to conceive a combination of objects superior, is, in itself, a sufficient ground for conviction, that the ETERNAL ARCHITECT HAS OTHER SCENES TO EXHIBIT TO HIS ADMIRATION.—Michael Angelo would never permit any of his pupils to exceed himself; neither will the author of nature permit himself to be outdone by any of his own creations.—The proper sphere for immortality is that, in which no objects or combination of objects can be imagined, superior to those presented.—If, when our friend Harmonica has arrived at the third heaven, she is capable of imagining something superior, I would instantly declare, in the face of all the sceptics in the world, that there was a FOURTH HEAVEN.—The state of absolute perfection is that, in which the mind, having lost the faculty of imagination, finds sufficient exercise in the contemplation of its own beatitude.—

CCV. Shall nature, my Lelius, present her most beautiful objects to our sight, and we refuse to look upon them? shall the solitary wanderer, when roving amid the grand and terrific scenery of Switzerland, his soul fraught with stupendous ideas, called forth into their farthest latitude by the objects around him, shall he, I enquire, refuse to partake of those sublime emotions, because the scene before him reminds, in strong and energetic language, of his own comparative insignificance?—No! small as he appears in the general scale of nature, he wanders along the sides of the mountains, fissured into abrupt precipices, with astonished rapture, and as from a cragged rock, the most beautiful and enchanting scenes burst full and unexpected on his sight, his soul, raised before to the utmost limits of awful wonder, bursts into an ecstasy of wild and uncontrollable delight.—

Never can I cease to be grateful for the sublime emotions, I have experienced on the summit of the immortal Snowdon!—I will give you an account of the journey I once made to that monarch of the British Alps.—

CCVI. After paying a visit to the picturesque

waterfall of Nant-Mill, we set out from a small cottage, beautifully situated on the side of the lake Cwellin.—The morning was a morning of August ;—not a breath of air relieved the heat of the atmosphere, and not a tree offered us a momentary shelter.—In all the times, the guide had travelled up this great mountain, he confessed, that he had never before been so oppressed with the intensity of the heat.—Climbing, for the space of an hour, sometimes over bogs, and sometimes over heaths, we arrived at what, we had earnestly hoped, was the apex of the mountain, but alas ! it was merely the top of what is called the *first station*.—Who could fail to remember the fine passage in Pope, imitated from Drummond of Hawthornden, where he compares the progress of man, in the attainment of science, to the enlarged views, that are spread progressively before the eye, in climbing lofty mountains?—The whole passage is eminently beautiful.—

Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth, we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
 But more advanc'd, behold, with strange surprise,
 New distant scenes of endless science rise !—

So pleased, at first, the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vale and seem to tread the sky ;
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last ;
 But those attained, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthened way,
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise *.—

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

CCVII. As we ascended, those mountains, which from below bore the character of sublimity, shrunk into mere eminences : others, more noble, rose in the perspective, and proceeding higher, they appeared, as it were, to approach us, and to be no longer at a distance.—The road now lay over a smooth, mossy heath, where we sat down, entirely overcome with heat and fatigue.—After resting ourselves, for some time, the guide led us to the edge of a precipice, nearly fifteen hundred feet in depth, at the bottom of which appeared the dark green lake of Llyn-y-Glas, and that of Llyn Llydaw.—I never saw a precipice so decidedly dreadful as this, and never experienced such aching sensations of imaginary terror.—My feet and hands seemed to creep, and I felt as if I

* Note 63.

were, at that instant, falling from the point, on which I stood, into the horrible gulph below!—

We had not much time to contemplate this scene, as a cloud suddenly appeared to rise out of the rocks beneath, and rolling into a globular form, seemed like an immense balloon, balanced in the air; and which, rising gradually up to the place, where we stood, shut out the whole of this tremendous scene.—Viewed from *below* this precipice excites emotions of sublimity, unmixt with fear; from its edge, terror is predominant.—In the latter instance, our thoughts are, for a short time, concentrated in our fears; in the former, the mind, upon the instant, wings away its course to heaven!—

CCVIII. The difference between looking up and looking down a precipice is well marked by Mr. Jefferson, in the account he furnished the Marquis de Chastellux of the Virginian bridge of rocks.—“Though the sides of the bridge,” says he, “are provided, in some parts, with a parapet of fixed rocks, yet few men have resolution to walk to them and look over into the abyss.—You voluntarily fall on your hands and feet, creep to the

parapet and look over it.—Looking down from this height, about a minute, gave me a violent head-ache.—If the view from the top be painful and intolerable, that from below is delightful in the extreme.—It is impossible for the emotions, arising from the sublime, to be felt beyond what they are here, on the sight of so beautiful an arch, so elevated and so light, springing up, as it were, to heaven.—The rapture of the spectator is indescribable.”—These emotions are felt, with equal force, at the celebrated bridge of Pont-y-Monach, near Havod, *that paradise, blooming in the midst of a wilderness!* belonging to the accomplished Mr. Johnes.

CCIX. The feelings, with which we view objects of the above description, sufficiently oppose the theory of Mr. Burke, who confines sublimity to objects of terror.—Those of Lord Kaimes and Dr. Gerard, who make it to consist in magnitude, and Dr. Blair, who places it in “force,” are equally erroneous.—Than the idea of Longinus, were we to associate sublimity in poetry with that of the material world, (which we are, however, by no means authorised to do), nothing could be wider from the truth.—He defines it, “a proud eleva-

tion of mind.”—When applied to material objects, this is neither cause nor consequence; for the experience of every man, from the proudest of princes to the humblest of peasants, will loudly proclaim, that the effect of all sublimity is astonishment, blended with awe; and when, at one moment, did pride and awe ever unite in the same bosom?—No objects are beautiful or sublime, but by virtue of association:—If it were otherwise, the vale of Aylesbury would be beautiful to him, who had long resided in the vale of Clwyd; and the cliffs of Dover and the peaks of Scotland would be equally sublime to the native of Crim Tartary and the peasant of the Tyrol.—Actual final causes we have no power to define, though we frequently presume to do so*.—Man, indeed, has the faculty of judging, limitedly, of effects; but, vain, proud, arrogant as we are, we can only reason hypothetically, when we would treat of final causes and of final consequence.—

CCX. After ascending above half a mile we again paused to take a look around us.—A nobler view can only be seen from the elevated point

* Lord Bacon truly remarks, “*Investigatio causarum finalium sterilis est, et veluti virgo Deo dicata nil parit.*”—

of Cader Idris.—Below—appeared those innumerable mountains, by which Snowdon is, on all sides, surrounded.—These are sometimes studded with lakes, which appear like large mirrors placed there for the purpose of reflecting the shapes of the various clouds, which are seen in three different directions.—They glide over our heads—their shadows are depicted on the mountains—they are reflected in the lakes below!—Some of the mountains round upon their summits; others wear a triangular appearance; while some rise like pyramids.—Now they seem like backs of immense whales or couchant lions, and while the apex of some resemble the craters of volcanoes, the more elevated lift their pointed spires above the clouds, which roll in fantastic columns along their gigantic sides.—

CCXI. Near the place, where we paused to observe this noble prospect, we stopped to quench our almost ungovernable thirst at a cold spring, which wells out of the side of the mountain.—No traveller over the deserts of Ethiopia was ever more rejoiced at coming to an unexpected fountain, than we were at this delightful spring.—“O Fons,” we were ready to exclaim,

O Fons *Snowdoniæ*, splendidior vitro,
 Dulcidique mero, non sine floribus,
 Crâs donaberis hædo.—

Well may the nations of the East consecrate their wells and fountains!—Ere we departed, we took large libations, consecrated it with our praises and our blessings, and called it *HYGEIA's* Fountain.

Upon our departure, after clambering over masses of crags and rocks, we ascended the highest peak of *Snowdon*, the height of which is 3571 feet above the level of the sea*.—Arrived at its

* *Relative height of the British Alps.*

Snowdon, *Carnarvonshire*, only 100 feet lower than

<i>Vesuvius</i> ,	3571
<i>Carnedd David</i> , <i>Carnarvonshire</i> ,	3427
<i>Carnedd Llewellyn</i> , do.	3409
<i>Moel Shiabod</i> , do.	3390
<i>Arran Fowddy</i> , <i>Merionethshire</i> ,	2955
<i>Cader Idris</i> ,	2944
<i>Arraneg</i> ,	2809
<i>Beacons</i> , <i>Breconshire</i> ,	—
<i>Trecastle</i> , <i>Carmarthenshire</i> ,	2598
<i>Plinlimmon</i> , <i>Montgomeryshire</i> ,	2463
<i>Rivel</i> , <i>Carnarvonshire</i> ,	1866
<i>Gadyr</i> , <i>Breconshire</i> ,	1858
<i>Pen-y-Voel</i> , <i>Monmouthshire</i> ,	1852

summit, a scene presented itself, magnificent beyond the powers of language! Indeed language is poor and weak and impotent, when it would presume to sketch scenes, on which the great Eternal has placed his matchless finger.—Faint are thy broad and deep delineations, immortal Savior Rosa!—Powerless and feeble are your inspirations, genius of Virgil, Thomson, and Lucretius!—

CCXII. From this point are seen more than five and twenty lakes.—Seated on one of the crags, it was long ere the eye, unaccustomed to measure such elevations, could accommodate itself to behold scenes so admirable:—the whole appearing, as if there had been an universal war of the elements, and that we were the only inhabitants of the globe, permitted to contemplate the ruins of the world.—Woods, rocks, and mountains, which, when observed from below, bear all

Crickhowel, Breconshire,	1840
Prescelly, Pembrokeshire,	1754
Blorengel, Monmouthshire,	1720
Penmaenmawr, Carnarvonshire,	1540
Skirrid-vawr, Monmouthshire,	1498
Margam Down, Glamorganshire,	1099

the evidences of sublimity, when viewed from the summit of Snowdon, are blended with others, as dark, as rugged, and as elevated as themselves; the whole resembling the tumultuous swellings of an agitated ocean.—

CCXIII. The extent of the prospect, from this point, appears unlimited.—The four kingdoms are seen at once; Wales, England, Scotland, and Ireland!—forming the finest panorama the empire can boast.—The circle begins with the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland; those of Ingleborough and Penygent in the county of York, and the hills of Lancashire, follow; then are observed the counties of Chester, Flint and Denbigh, and a portion of the county of Montgomery.—Nearly the whole of Merioneth succeeds; and, drawing a line with the eye along the diameter of the circle, we take in those mountainous regions, stretching from the triple-crown of Cader Idris to the enormous and sterile crags of Carnedds David and Llewellyn. Snowdon, rising in the centre, appears, as if he could touch the south with his right hand, and the north with his left.—“Surely,” thought Colonna, “Cesar

sat upon these crags, when he formed the daring conception of governing the world!"—

CCXIV. From Cader Idris, the eye, pursuing the orbit, glances over the bay of Cardigan, and reposes, for a while, upon the summit of the Rivel.—After observing the indented shores of Carnarvonshire, it travels over a long line of ocean, till in the utmost extremity of the horizon the Blue Mountains of Wicklow terminate the perspective.—Those mountains gradually sink along the coast, till they are lost to the eye, which ranging along the wide expanse, at length, as weary of the boundless journey, reposes on the island of Man, and the still more distant mountains of Scotland.—The intermediate space is occupied by the sides and summits of mountains, hollow crags, masses of rocks, the towers of Carnarvon, the fields of Anglesea, with woods, lakes, and glens, scattered in magnificent confusion.—The thrill of astonishment and the transport of admiration contend for the mastery; and nerves are touched, that never thrilled before!—We seem, as if our former existence were annihilated, and as if a new epoch were commenced.—

Another world opens upon us, and an unlimited orbit appears to display itself, as a theatre for our ambition.—

In viewing scenes, so decidedly magnificent, to which neither the pen nor the pencil can ever do justice, and the contemplation of which has the power of making ample atonement for having studied mankind, the soul, expanding and sublimed, quickens with a spirit of divinity, and appears, as it were, associated with the Deity himself.—For, in the same manner, as a shepherd feels himself ennobled while sitting with his prince, so, and in a far more unlimited degree, the beholder feels himself advanced to a higher scale in the creation, by being thus permitted to see and to admire the grandest of the works of nature.—No one ever mounted this towering eminence, but he became a wiser and a better man—Here the proud learn humility; the unfortunate acquire confidence:—and the man, who climbs Snowdon as an atheist, feels, ere he descends, an ardent desire to fall down and worship the sun!—

CCXV. Before our guide could induce us to leave this spot, the clouds began to form around

us, and at the moment we passed over the *Red Ridge*, a peal of thunder murmured among the mountains.—He, who has passed this tremendous rampire, will conceive the effect of the explosion and the danger of our situation.—The Red Ridge, or as it is called by the mountaineers, *Clawdd Coch*, is a long, narrow pass, elevated above two thousand feet above the vale below; the top of it, in some places, is not more than twelve feet across, and by a slight inclination of the eye, a rocky valley is seen on one side, as deep and nearly as perpendicular, as the one on the other.—The lightning now flashed over our heads, and the thunder, as we might have expected from the intensity of the day, rolled in sonorous volumes around us.—If the prospect from the summit of Snowdon was the finest we had ever seen, so were these the most tremendous sounds, that we had ever heard!—

Upon returning to Bethgelart, a sequestered village, rendered famous in history by being the retirement of Vortigern, who insulated himself upon a lofty rock, since called the fort of Ambrosius, the moon, rising from behind the mountains, threw a matchless glory over all the heavens.

—A transition more delightful to the imagination it is impossible to conceive!—It was like turning from the masterpiece of Salvator Rosa to that of Claude; from the *Inferno* of Dante to the *Aminta* of Tasso!—

CCXVI. Is it possible, my Lelius, to travel where nature does not speak to us?—If we coast the shores of the Mediterranean, or behold the sun, setting in unclouded majesty in the Adriatic; if we inhale the temperate breezes of the Levant, or drink the odours, wafted by the winds over an Arabian sea; if we measure the vastness of the Pacific, or encounter the snows of the Northern, and the ices of the Antarctic Ocean, still do we behold Nature operating on her usual plan, her laws still fixed, her bounty still munificent.—What an idea of a long, unbroken, universal slumber fastens on the mind, when, as we muse along the sea-shore, the waters touch the beach without a murmur, and our spirit seems, as if it were capable of gliding to eternity, unhurt, upon the tranquil surface of the deep.—In the east, the moon, rising like an immense exhalation, tinges the edges of the clouds with golden fringe, and reflects her serene countenance on the bosom of

the waters.—All is still.—To the north, a distant cloud appears in the horizon! its blue tints gradually shade into a deep sable;—thunder murmurs in remote volumes;—the sea appears, for a while, to listen;—its waves at length insensibly agitate;—its bosom swells—the waves break—the cliffs are whitened by the surf, while the caves and rocks re-echo with the roar!—It is a scene, which WILBERFORCE would contemplate with awful pleasure;—the conqueror with a mixture of awe and terror; the atheist with fear, with horror and dismay.—

CCXVII. Scenes, like these, observed in whatever part of the globe, in common with ample solitudes, create the most enlarged ideas of that infinity, in which the Eternal centres, in whom it originates, and to whom it is alone reserved to calculate its boundless measure.—Extension being one source of the sublime, that science, which most expands our faculties of comprehension, is undoubtedly that, which is, in itself, the most noble and the most transporting.—Nothing, therefore, can more indicate the vastness of those powers, which Nature has implanted in man, than the faculty of investigating the several branches

of natural philosophy, and above all, in cultivating that most wonderful of all the sciences, ASTRONOMY.—

CCXVIII. What were the awful raptures of a Galileo, a Descartes, a Copernicus or a Newton, no one, but those, who are conscious of a flight as soaring, are capable of conceiving; but from the smaller impulse of an humbler mind, I am persuaded, my Lelius, that they assimilated, in a much higher degree, than ourselves, with those of the Eternal himself.—The pleasure that Caius Gallus, the friend of Scipio, enjoyed in the study of astronomy, is well described by Cicero.—“ I saw him expire,” says he; “ I had almost said in measuring the distances of the heavenly orbs, and determining the dimensions of this our earth.—How often has the sun risen upon his astronomical meditations!—how frequently has the night overtaken him in the same elevated studies!—and with what delight, did he amuse himself in predicting to us, long before they happened, the several eclipses of the moon!”—

CCXIX. You, my friend, have also a high delight, as I have often heard you declare, in the

cultivation of astronomical science.—For my own part, I am ready to confess, that, after venturing a little out to sea, I desisted out of pure cowardice.—Globes and planets, hanging on their centres in the arched void of heaven by a single law, and systems, connected to each other by the revolution of comets, were far too vast for my mental ray.—Passing the bounds of place and time, (*flammantia mœnia mundi*,) I could glance from earth to heaven, and give to the various orbs their various appellations and calculate their courses;—but when I began to perceive, that the work of creation was always going on; that the alteration of one system produced the germination of another*; that, though light travels with almost incredible swiftness, there exist bodies, which, from their immensity of distance, have not yet visited the eye of the astronomer; when I began to perceive, that even if it were possible for me to transport myself to the most distant of those orbs, which are suns to other systems, I should then be only standing in the vestibule of nature, and on the frontiers of the creation, imagination ceased to have the power to

* Note 64.

soar:—feeling became painful, and the faculty of thought, by being too much extended, wasted into nothing.—By seeking to know too much we voyage out to sea without a compass, and become bewildered and confounded!—Like the peasant of the Alps*, we gain nothing by our search:—

“Where ignorance is bliss, it’s folly to be wise.”—

CCXX. I have searched the depths of caverns; I have thrilled beneath high and impending rocks; I have contemplated the vastness of the ocean, and climbed one mountain, while the sun has risen from behind another, and all around has been one continued scene of wonder and glory:—In those moments I have been lost in admiration and astonishment at the power of that tremendous Being, who alone was capable of forming such gigantic works as those; but what are high and impending rocks, what are the giant heavings of an angry ocean, and what the proudest summit of the Andes, when placed in the scale of such interminable vastness, as the creating, balancing, and peopling of innumerable globes?—In contemplating systems so infinite, who can

* Note 65.

forbear exclaiming, “ what a mole-hill is our earth, and how insignificant are we, who creep so proudly on her surface * ! ” — But we have ventured far beyond our reach ; let us descend to the earth and contemplate its seasons. —

How many are the enjoyments, which their progress afford us ! — What can be more delightful, than that season of the year, when Nature, weary and exhausted by her own efforts, clothes every object in renovated gladness ; when the snows are melted away, the trees are bursting with leaves, the flowers painting themselves with every variation of colour, the rivers rolling with temperance, and when every hill and every thicket ring with the modulation of various notes † ? —

CCXXI. If spring is the most delightful season to the poet, because it affords him a greater multitude of images, SUMMER is no less so to the Contemplatist, than the season of autumn is to the Enthusiast. — What can be more transporting, than the splendour of the rising sun at this season of the year, with all the scene of rural industry it unfolds ; when subjects for the poet and the

* Mons. Lambert. † Note 66.

painter are as infinite as they are transcendant?—Sensible of these glories of early day, the disciples of Pythagoras, after the manner of their master, prostrated themselves as soon as the disk of the sun was seen above the horizon*;—and Caniz, one of the German poets, upon the bed of death, requested to be raised from his couch, in order to take a last look of that glorious luminary.—“Oh,” said he, with sublimity of enthusiasm, “if a small part of the Eternal’s creation can be so exquisitely beautiful as this, how much more so, must be the Eternal himself!”—Actuated by the same awful admiration, Aristippus, when at the point of death, directed his friends to carry him to the city gates, and to place his couch opposite the lattice, that he might, even to the last of life, enjoy the verdure of the fields and the splendour of the setting sun.—

* The Persians, who performed the same ceremony, did not, for several ages, permit themselves to form images of the Deity.—Vid. Herodot. Lib. i. s. 131.—Such was the creed of the first Zoroaster;—the second decreed the erection of temples and the institution of the sacred fire.—Plutarch says that the Romans erected no statues to their gods till about U. C. 170.—This is, however, contrary to the evidence of Dionysius of Halicarnassus.—Vid. Lib. i. ii. c. 15.

CCXXII. When the sun has quitted the world with reluctance, how tranquil and serene are all the surrounding objects ! while the soul, partaking of the general hush of nature, and awed by its solemn imagery, sinks into one of those affecting contemplations, which appear, by the sacredness of its character, to assimilate our feelings with those of etherial spirits.—When the evening star sinks gradually behind the hill, and when, rising from among the clouds, the moon has thrown her solemn mantle over all nature, who is there, with soul so abject and depraved, that does not lift his soul to God and bless him ?—An evening like this is described by Homer in a passage, which for its solemnity, pathos and picturesque imagery, can never be sufficiently admired!

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
 O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light ;
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene ;
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole ;
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head ;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 And floods of glory burst from all the skies !—

Iliad, b. VIII.—v. 555.

CCXXIII. AUTUMN, the most solemn and affecting season of the year, succeeds.—Nature, as it were, puts on a more sober mantle; the mountains assume a deeper hue; the torrent a bolder swell; the woods become varied with every tint*, and the clouds roll themselves into a thousand grand and magnificent forms.—This season, so sacred to the enthusiast, has been in all ages selected by the poet and the moralist, as a theme for poetic description, and moral reflection:—since now all nature, verging towards old age, reminds the young as well as the old of the shortness of life, and the certainty of its decay.—This reflection gave occasion to many of the ancient poets to draw a comparison between the regular march of the seasons and the progress of the life of man; and since they were unenlightened on the argument of futurity, the subject in their hands became pensive and sorrowful.—Melancholy allusions to the renovation of natural objects and the eternal sleep of man, are, therefore, but too frequent among the ancient poets†.—To us, whose hopes of immortality rest upon a firmer basis, autumn, presenting nothing, that ought to excite our fears or to weaken our attachments,

* Note 67.

† Note 68.

affords additional ground for comparison, and re-animates our hopes by promising perpetual spring.—

CCXXIV. Awed by the progress of time, WINTER, ushered into existence by the howling of storms and the rushing of impetuous torrents, and contemplating, with the satisfaction of a giant, the ruins of the year, still affords ample food for pleasure and content, if sympathy and association diffuse their attractive spells around us!—When, seated by the cheerful fire, among friends, loving and beloved, our hopes, our wishes, and our pleasures are concentrated, and the world, vain, idle, and offensive, as it is, presents nothing to the judgment, and little to the imagination, that can induce the elegant, the enlightened, or the good to regret, that the knowledge, they possess of it, is chiefly from the evil report of others, or from the tumultuous murmur, which, from a distance, invades the tranquillity of their retreat, and operates, as a discord in a soft sonata.—

With the close of winter, permit me, my Lelius, to resume the subject of those hopes, which revelation has taught us, and which are so finely ex-

emplified in the rise and decay of the year, and which so loudly proclaim the truth of that system, which would teach us, in strong and undoubtful language, the certainty of future life, in the renovation and immortality of the pious and the just.—This great truth is caught us in language, impossible to be misconstrued.—The generation of animals; the propagation of vegetables; the formation of shells; the reproduction of insects and fishes; the gradation of bodies, the effects resulting from the laws of motion and attraction, elasticity and repulsion; the vastness of space; the infinite divisibility of matter; the constant connection between cause and consequence; these and a thousand other wonders teach the grand, the useful, the consolatory truth, that not only spirit is immortal, but that matter is eternal also.—

CCXXV. But admirable, as are all the works of nature, in combination or in detail; beautiful as are the woods, the streams, the vales and the valleys; sublime as are the rocks, the mountains and the ocean, and wonderful as are all their respective inhabitants, how far inferior are they, individually or collectively, to that grand masterpiece of the creation, **MAN!**

**GOD CREATED MAN IN HIS OWN IMAGE ; IN THE IMAGE OF
GOD CREATED HE HIM.—MALE AND FEMALE CREATED
HE THEM.—**

“ How graceful his body ! How sublime the glance
“ of his eye ! How vast his reasoning, his inventive,
“ and his ruling faculties ! Yes ! it is the visible
“ image of the Deity*.—Contemplate his ex-
“ terior :—erect, towering, and beauteous.—How
“ does the present, but concealed Deity, speak in
“ his countenance with a thousand tongues* !—
“ God of perfection ! how supremely, how be-
“ nevolently hast thou displayed thyself in man* !
“ —Survey his soul-beaming, his divine coun-
“ tenance ; the thoughtful brow, the penetrating
“ eye, the spirit-breathing lips, the deep intelli-
“ gence of the assembled features !—How they
“ all conspiring speak ! what harmony ! a single
“ ray, including all possible colours ! the picture
“ of the fair, immeasurable mind within* !”—

And shall a being like this be mortal ?—shall
the merest lump of uninformed clay exist from
the beginning, and continue to exist to eternity,
and MAN, the powerful agent in the hands of the

* Herders *Alteste Urkunde des Menschen Geschlechts* J.
Theil.—Holcroft's *Lavater*. Introduction.—

Eternal, and in whom are contracted and concentrated all the perfections of the world, shall he cease to live at the moment, in which he begins to know the value of existence?—Is it possible, I say, that a Being, so infinite in power and intelligence, should make man the most incomplete of all his labours?—Horrible, indeed, were it, if such were the prospect of human destiny!—The mountains, which separate Hindostan from Thibet, present not a prospect so decidedly dreadful *!—Can the Creator of intellect be a countenancer of injustice?—Yet, if there be no future existence, when the lamp of life glimmers on the grave, where shall KOSCIUSKO look for consolation?—No reparation has he received for the many misfortunes, and the many injuries, he has endured, for the crime of fighting in his country's cause!—Where,

* The mountains of Thibet come nearer to Milton's description of the habitation of the Fallen Spirits, than any other, with which travellers are acquainted.—

————— o'er many a dark and dreary vale
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous;
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp;
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, and shades of death:—
 A universe of death!—

Paradise Lost, Book II.

then, would be the justice of Heaven, were the soul of so great a man as this to die with his body? For it is the idea of immortality, which apologizes for our sorrows, and renders the present condition of humanity in the smallest degree intelligible.—Being a subject, over which the soul never desires to slumber, to doubt it were to possess the credulity of an atheist:—to disbelieve in the eternity of the soul were almost equivalent to the acknowledgment, that we were afraid to meet it; as much as the denial of a God is the frequent result of having previously wished it:—for it is the plague and pleasure of our nature to believe the thing we wish.—

CCXXVI. That spirit may exist without matter is as certain, as that matter may exist without spirit.—We may lose our legs and our arms, and yet the mind be as perfect as before.—Thus is it with our intelligence:—we may lose our memory, our powers of discrimination, and in fact labour under the most abject mental imbecility, yet the vigour of the body remain firm and unimpaired.—That body can exist without mind, the result of every day's experience teaches us; that the soul can exist without matter, the soul, by its own pro-

perties, has the power to convince us, in the same manner, as the eye has the power of informing the mind of the height, the width, and colour of the body.—The soul tells this great secret by its dread of annihilation, and by that restlessness, which is continually pointing at something beyond the limits of its fortune; and as planets gravitate by a secret impulse to each other, so, reasoning by analogy, which in a case like this is a sure and unerring guide, so does the soul gravitate towards an union with something, partaking of a divine quality: for, as Mons. Hemsterhuis would say, a single aspiration of the soul towards something nobler and far better than itself, forms greater ground for conviction of its immortality, and of the existence of a Deity, than the clearest mathematical demonstration.—We see nothing in nature superior to man; nothing in man superior to the soul:—is it not natural, therefore, to conclude, that that, which is the most excellent in quality, and which is the longest in arriving at maturity, should, also, when it has arrived at perfection, be of the longest continuance?—Is it consistent with common sense, that matter should have a longer life than spirit, which gives life to matter?—If we possess two substances, one of which gives us

more pleasure in the possession than the other, do we not prefer the one, which is the more excellent, to that, which is less so?—And shall not the Deity reward himself by preserving that portion of his works, which most partakes of his own essence?—would he not, were he to act contrary to this rule, be committing a kind of suicide on his own excellence?—Shall St. Peter's live, and Angelo, its architect, cease to live?—As well may we suppose, there are no natural causes for attraction, or that the universe would be capable of organic harmony, if the architect, who created it, and who alone is capable of turning space into infinity, and time into eternity, no longer consented to exist.—Yes, my friend, St. Peter's still remains unmoved, it is true, while Angelo is reported to be dead:—BUT TO THE WORLD ONLY IS HE DEAD:—Angelo, the great, the sublime Angelo, will continue to exist, when St. Peter's has mouldered away, like the dust of its own monuments.—In prosperity, my Lelius, let this reflection chide the spirit of presumption;—in adversity, permit it to check every feeling of impatience, by acting as a nepenthe to a wounded spirit.—

CCXXVII. Thus far had I written, when, by

a singular coincidence, your letter, informing me of the death of your friend, Agrippa, was brought to me.—It is impossible to lose so extraordinary a man without devoting some moments of regret to his memory!—But can it be true, that he should experience such cruel moments, when nature was about to remove him from the cares and anxieties of life, and at an age, too, far beyond that, in which most men have numbered their days, and are in possession of secrets, which never can be known, till the same mysterious bourn is passed?—Fortune, I remember, called him to accept some of her choicest favours.—He listened to her call—answered her offers with grateful acceptance—mounted an eminence, which few have been able to climb—and having done so, perceiving the unsubstantial nature of all worldly matters, sunk into listless apathy, and at length became melancholy and weary of life!—Alas! alas! well may the humble and obscure take pride in their humility!—and yet this man, to whom the world long looked up, as an instance of prosperous and happy fortune, after being, for a series of years, tired and weary, could not without a pang, which he had not the fortitude to repress, sink to repose!—

CCXXVIII. Why, my friend, do we consider death an evil of such gigantic magnitude?—Is it indeed a feeling implanted in our bosoms by the powerful and unconquerable hand of nature,—or is it the more probable effect of early association and vitiated education?—I am inclined to believe, that were we, when children, taught to consider death only as a cavern, through which the old and the young must necessarily pass, in their road to a happier region: did we, in our manhood, consider death as the sister of sleep and the mother of rest; were the unfortunate to hail it, as a sliding from tumult, and the old, as a translation to another country, where their youth would be renewed and rendered eternal: were we, I say, in the different stages of our existence, thus to consider it, should we not hail this creator of terrors as a friend, rather than as an enemy?

CCXXIX. This is a species of philosophy, however, of which we know but little:—in the present state of opinion,

The weariest and most loathsome life,
That ache, age, penury and imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, were a paradise
To what we fear of death.—

Measure for Measure, Act III. sc. I.

It would be well, my Lelius, if we were to endeavour to divest ourselves of this popular error, and, by endeavouring to throw off the trammels of association, to accustom ourselves to regard death, as an instrument of emancipation from a frail and anxious being, as the only means of renovating our youth, and as a translation to perpetual joy.—

This consolatory doctrine is taught us by a variety of evidences, which speak, with undeceptive organ, of the goodness of Providence, of the divinity of mind, and of the immortality of spirit.—

On these imposing subjects I was about to multiply remarks, and to adduce still more decisive evidences, when Harmonica, stepping into the library, warned me to desist.—“You have written sufficiently to-day,” said she, “the sun has set, the rain is gone, and the moon, now at the full, is rising over the mountains.”—

“And whither would you lead me?” enquired I.—

“I would lead you to the hermitage,” she re-

turned: "the waterfall will murmur in the most agreeable manner after the rain; the moon will shine most beautifully through the trees; in the bower, which we call the '*wood-pigeon's nest*,' there are roses, and lilacs, and jessamine in abundance; let us walk thither, and, seating ourselves upon the moss, sometimes we will listen to the nightingale, and sometimes the nightingale shall listen to us."—

END.

NOTES.

NOTE 1, PAGE 5.

ALBANI, in his admirable picture of the Loves and the Graces, represents them as enjoying themselves on a beautiful evening, in a valley, reclining on the banks of a rivulet.—One of them is stretched upon the grass; several are beckoning him to quit his rural couch—but he will not!—Vid. Dupaty. Lett. **XXXVI.**

NOTE 2, PAGE 10.

Of all the writings of Pope, the following letter confers upon him the most honour.—

Dear Mr. Gay.

Welcome to your native soil! welcome to your friends! welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blest with court interest, the love and fami-

liarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes, or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future: whether returned a triumphant whig, or a desponding tory, all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me!—If happy, I am to share in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service.—If you are a tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people, who endeavoured to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern.—If you are a whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man, and an inoffensive one.—Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party, as to be good for nothing.—Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are,—all hail!—*Binfield, Sept. 23, 1714.*

NOTE 3, PAGE 11.

The character of the Swiss is by no means a recently acquired one.—The inhabitants of the Rhætian Alps were equally signalized for their ardent love of liberty in ancient times.—*Barbaros, qui libertatem tueri vitâ et sanguine gestiebant.—Qui se morti*

devovisse videbantur, modò essent liberi et servitute expertes: qui mori non recusabant, si liberi morerentur: qui quasi concepto voto mortem honestam in libertate oppetere, quàm in servitute turpiter vivere malebant.—Who can refrain from regretting the loss this noble country sustained, in losing Mr. Gibbon as an historian?—"I should have embraced," says he in his Memoirs, "a period of two hundred years; from the association of the three peasants of the Alps to the plenitude and prosperity of the Helvetic body in the sixteenth century.—I should have described the delivery and victory of the Swiss, who have never shed the blood of their tyrants but in the field of battle:—The laws and manners of the confederate states:—The splendid trophies of the Austrian, Burgundian and Italian wars, and the wisdom of a nation, who, after the sallies of martial adventure, has been content to guard the blessings of peace, with the sword of freedom."—It is to be hoped, that some one, animated with an ardent love of liberty, and gifted with the rare qualities of an historian, may yet rescue the heroic deeds of that celebrated people from the hands of the annalist.

NOTE 4, PAGE 13.

Dion Cassius expressively marks the comparative characters of despotism and anarchy.—"The times,"

says he, "are certainly bad, when men are not permitted to do what they please, but they are much worse, when they are permitted to do every thing they please."—

NOTE 5, PAGE 15.

Iona is a small island, in the Atlantic ocean, separated from the west point of the island of Mull by a narrow channel, called the "*Sound of I.*"—It is about three miles in length, and from half a mile to a mile in breadth.—"The view of Iona," says Mr. Pennant, "as we approached it, was very picturesque; the east side, or that, which bounds the Sound, exhibited a beautiful variety; an extent of plain, a little elevated above the water, and almost covered with the ruins of the sacred buildings, and with the remains of the old town, still uninhabited—beyond these the island rises into rocky hills, with narrow verdant hollows between, and numerous enough for every recluse to take his solitary walk."—*Pennant's Voyage to the Hebrides*, p. 277; *Historical Account of the ancient Culdees*, p. 22.

NOTE 6, PAGE 20.

"The halcyon," says St. Ambrose, "lays her eggs on the sand by the shore in winter.—From

that moment the winds are hushed, the sea becomes smooth, and the calm continues for fourteen days.—This is the time she requires; seven days to hatch, and seven to foster her young.—Their Creator has taught them to make their nests in the stormy season, only to manifest his kindness by granting them a lasting calm.—The seamen are not ignorant of this blessing; they call this their halcyon days, and they are particularly careful to seize the opportunity, as then they fear no interruption.”
—Cicero and Gordian wrote poems in praise of the halcyon.—The emperor’s is entirely lost; of Cicero’s only two lines remain.—Vid. *Goldsm. Hist. Earth, &c.* vol. III. p. 315.—

NOTE 7, PAGE 21.

“That sensibility to nature,” says Dr. Percival in his *Moral and Literary Dissertations*, “which, when cultivated and improved, we term *taste*, is universally diffused through the human species; and it is most uniform with respect to those objects, which being out of our power are not liable to variation from accident, caprice, or fashion.—The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the boundless ocean, and the starry firmament, are contemplated with pleasure by every attentive beholder.—But the emotions of different spectators, though

similar in their kind, differ widely in degree, and to relish, with full delight, the enchanting scenes of nature, the mind must be uncorrupted by avarice, sensuality or ambition:—quick in her sensibilities; elevated in her sentiments; and devout in her affections.—He, who possesses such exalted powers of perception and enjoyment, may almost say, with the poet,

I care not, fortune, what you me deny;
 You cannot rob me of sweet Nature's grace,
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which Aurora shews her brightening face;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods, the lawns, by living streams at eve:
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great children leave;
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.”—

Thomson.

NOTE 8, PAGE 32.

Cowper has versified this idea.

I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd,
 How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
 But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
 Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet.—

The poet probably alludes to an observation of Balzac:—

“La solitude est veritablement une belle chose; mais il y auroit plaisir d’avoir un ami fait comme vous, à qui on pût dire quelque-fois, que c’est une belle chose.”—*Let. chois. Liv. II. 24.*

NOTE 9, PAGE 38.

Colonna, once travelling through * * * * shire, called upon a gentleman, residing near one of the finest waterfalls in that country.—As time was of some value to him, he could only partake of a slight repast, which his host prolonged by giving him a history of the progress he had lately made in draining some meadows.—An opportunity at length occurring, Colonna ventured to hint, that he should wish to be directed to the waterfall.—“Oh! the waterfall! ah! true—there is a waterfall,—but my dear sir, it is almost at the bottom of the valley!—surely you would not attempt to go there, among the long grass and the briars!—Never mind the waterfall—take a walk with me, and I will shew you something, that is really worth seeing,—and where you will be in no danger of falling over a precipice.”—With that he led Colonna into—his garden!—“There,” said he, “there is a garden, I planted and gravelled myself.—There you may rove about, as much as you please.”—“But, sir!—I have travelled several miles to see the waterfall, and unless”—

—“ Oh, the waterfall!—any body can see the waterfall!—The commonest fellow in the country can do that,—but,” (pausing with all the solemnity of dignified anger), “ I do assure you, sir, very few can have an opportunity of seeing my garden!”—

Oh! quit those mountains, bid those vales adieu!—

Those lovely landscapes were not made for you!—

Men of this order may well be ludicrously content, for they have already reached the *ne plus ultra* of ambition.—Living in a fool’s paradise of their own creating, there is not a nightingale more captivated with its own singing, nor a peacock more delighted with its own plumage.—Men of this stamp, it is true, are to be seen in all countries, but when observed to reside among scenes, which they have neither the feelings to admire, nor the ability to estimate, they become infinitely more ridiculous.—

NOTE 10, PAGE 40.

—It was well observed by Cowley, that a first minister of state has not so much business in public, as a wise man in private.—How beautiful is that passage, in this neglected poet, where he compares and contrasts the ease and comfort of retirement

with a slavish attendance on courts, and on the misery of depending on the great.—The character, drawn of this amiable man by Dr. Sprat, is one of the most excellent in the whole range of poetical biography:—His opinions, in regard to the indulgences of life, may be estimated by the following lines:—

————— Nor e'er by me shall you,
You of all names the sweetest and the best,
You muses, books, and liberty and rest,
You fountains, fields and floods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.—

NOTE 11, PAGE 45.

This Cornelia was the daughter of Scipio Africanus and the mother of the Gracchi.—Her letters were published and in general circulation at Rome.—They are said to have been perfect models for epistolary writing.—It is to be lamented, that the prediction of Quintilian, respecting them, has not been verified.—*Nam Gracchorum eloquentiæ multum contulisse accepimus Corneliam matrem, cujus doctissimus sermo in posteros quoque est epistolis traditus. Quinctil. Lib. I. c. 1.*—See also Cicero *de claris orat. s. 211—104.*—*Plin. Lib. III. s. 14.*

NOTE 12, PAGE 47.

“Cur,” says he in a letter to Atticus, “cur

ocellos Italiæ, villulas meas non video?—They were all distinguished by the names of his works.—Pliny, the Naturalist, calls Ephesus one of the *eyes* of Asia.—*Alterum Asiæ lumen.*—Nat. Hist. Lib. v. c. 29.—The term appears sufficiently incongruous in the present day.

NOTE 13, PAGE 48.

Quæ tibi mandavi, et quæ cures: nos ex omnibus molestiis et laboribus uno illo in loco conquiescimus.—Epist. ad Att. 5.—One of the finest pictures ever produced in England is a painting by Wilson;—its subject, “Cicero at his villa.”

NOTE—PAGE 50, line 18.

Cicero draws a delightful picture of the almost infantine amusements of Scipio and Lælius, at Caieta and Laurentum, when fatigued with business, and happy in being allowed the indulgence of a quiet conscience in a retired spot in the country, they endeavoured to grow boys again in their amusements, and received a sensible pleasure in gathering shells upon the sea shore.—*Non audeo dicere de talibus viris, sed tamen ita solet narrare Scævola, conchas eos et umbilicos ad Caietam et ad Laurentum legere*

consuesse, et ad omnem animi remissionem ludumque descendere:—&c. &c. De oratore. Valer. Maximus, Lib. VIII. c. 8.

NOTE 14, PAGE 52.

It is with much propriety, that the poets compare a slanderer to a viper, since the poison of that loathsome reptile is confined to its mouth.—It is curious, that the poison of serpents also should not be dangerous, when taken inwardly, and only so, when it insinuates itself into the blood.—This was not unknown to Lucan.—

Noxia serpentum est admixto sanguine pestis ;
Morsu virus habent, et fatum in dente minantur:
Pocula morte carent.—

This secret was well known to the Psylli, who excited so much surprise, and gained such considerable emoluments at Rome by their art of extracting poison from wounds, caused by the bite of serpents.—Vid. *Plut.* in vit. Cato.—The Ammonians believed, that vipers and serpents were the produce of old dunghills ; and it was the opinion of Ovid, that wasps were generated by the putrefaction of horses :—

Pressus humo bellator equus carbonis origo.—

Pythagoras was accustomed to say, that a calumniator was in his state of pre-existence a snake, and would, in a future one, animate the degraded body of a scorpion :—For my own part, I never see or hear of a slanderer, male or female, but I fancy, I see a snake's head, peeping out of their bosoms.—Howel, whose Letters are silently sinking into undeserved oblivion, relates, that when a young man, whose name was Pennant, was dissected, something in the form of a serpent, with divers tails, was found in the left ventricle of his heart.—Vid. *Howel's Letters*. Book I. sect. 6. let. 43.

In the garden, belonging to the convent of Cordeliers, near Barcelona, grows a species of mimosa :—If the seed is chewed and expectorated in a room, it will immediately fill it with a nauseous stench, and turn all the white paint black.—*Swinburne*, p. 40.—Permit me to recommend to naturalists a new name for this odious and detestable tree—“the scandal tree.”

Having said so much of vipers, I cannot refrain from quoting one of the most beautiful passages, in the whole range of Greek philosophical literature :—It is from Epictetus.—“As when you see a viper or an asp, or a scorpion, in an ivory or gold box, you do not love it, or think it happy, on account of the

magnificence of the materials, in which it is inclosed;—but shun and detest it, because it is of a pernicious nature;—so, likewise, when you see vice, lodged in the midst of wealth, and the swelling pride of fortune, be not struck with the splendour of the materials, with which it is surrounded, but despise the base alloy of its manners.—Fragment, xvii. *Carter*.—

Calumniators may be divided into three classes.—

1. The inventor: 2. The propagator from malice: 3. The propagator from wantonness, idleness, or a love of talking.—The first is as base as an Italian bravo, who uses his stiletto in the dark; the second bears the same relation to the first, that a receiver of stolen goods does to a thief; the last sleeps upon calumny with the same ease and satisfaction, as he would upon truth:—he eats venom as naturally as a horse eats hemlock.

NOTE 15, PAGE 53.

“When I visited Upsal,” says Mr. Wraxall, “I found those persons, who were intimately conversant with the life and actions of Linnéus, more inclined to dwell on his personal imperfections, his foibles and his weaknesses, than to expatiate on his astonishing talents and extended fame.—Thus it always is,

where we view the object at too inconsiderable a distance, and through the medium of those littlenesses, which are inseparable from humanity.—Time only can hold up to view preeminent merit, and assign it the due rank in the temple of fame.”—

—Linnéus, in describing the pastoral manners of the Laplanders, has an eloquent passage:—

“*O felix Lappo ! qui in ultimo angulo mundi sic bene lates contentus et innocens.—Tu nec times annonæ caritatem, nec Martis prælia, quæ ad oras tuas pervenire nequeunt, sed florentissimas Europæ provincias et urbes, unico momento, sæpe dejiciunt, delent.—Tu dormis hic sub tua pelle ab omnibus curis, contentionibus, rixis liber, IGNORANS QUID SIT INVIDIA.*”—

Grandeur is not to be observed even in the noble arch of Trajan over the Danube, if the spectator stands immediately under the buttresses ; neither can we form any adequate idea of St. Paul’s in London, Notre Dame at Paris, or St. Peter’s at Rome, if we approach too near those magnificent buildings.—The analogy applies equally to men.—Great men cannot be seen to advantage, if they are too closely approached.—Men of a common stamp, however,

cannot be seen at all, unless they are directly under our eyes, and then, indeed, they are visible enough!—

Pliny the younger, in a letter to Maximus, which may not inaptly be called an epistle in praise of sickness, after observing, that the sick man is insensible to love, to avarice, and to honours, remarks that the passions of contempt and envy die within him.—He closes the period by observing, “*ac ne sermonibus quidem malignis aut attendit, aut alitur.*”—Vid. *Plin. Ep. Lib. vii. Ep. 26.*—It ought not, however, to be concealed, that every good writer loses by being personally known to his reader.—On this subject Johnson has a fine simile.—“A transition, from an author’s book to his conversation, is, too often, like an entrance into a large city, after a distant prospect.—Remotely, we see nothing but spires of temples, and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the residence of splendour, grandeur, and magnificence;—but when we have passed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow passages, disgraced with despicable cottages, embarrassed with obstructions, and clouded with smoke.”—*Rambler, No. 14.*—

NOTE 16, PAGE 56.

This poet lies buried in the Benedictine church

at Ferrara.—Dr. Moore visited his tomb—and there made the following reflections.—“The degree of importance, in which men are held by their cotemporaries and by posterity is very different.—This fine fanciful bard has done more honour to modern Italy, than one in fifty of the popes and princes to which she has given birth ;—and while those, who were the gaze of the multitude during their lives, are now entirely forgotten, his fame increases with the lapse of time.—In his life-time, he probably derived importance, in the eyes of his countrymen, from the patronage of the house of Este ; now he reflects a lustre, in the eyes of all Europe, on the illustrious names of his patrons, and the country where he was born.”—

NOTE 17, PAGE 60.

Vaucluse was a small valley, bounded by an amphitheatre of rocks, which were bold and romantic. The river Sorgue divided the valley.—To the south was the Mediterranean—while at the foot of the rocks was an immense cavern.—Vid, *De Lille, Poem des Jardins*, Cant. III. *et des Mois*, Cant. VII.—The present state of this celebrated spot is well described by Mr. Whalley.—See *Letters of Miss Seward*.—The arguments of Lord Woodhouslee, proving, that

Laura lived and died *unmarried*, are strictly conclusive ;—the memoirs of Petrarch, written by de Sade, being little more than a romance.—“ Petrarch,” his lordship observes, “ composed 318 sonnets, 59 canzoni or songs, and 6 trionfi ; a large volume of poetry, entirely on the subject of his passion for Laura ; not to mention a variety of passages in his prose works, where that favourite topic is occasionally treated and even discussed at very great length.—In the whole of these works, there is not to be found *a single passage*, which intimates, that Laura was a married woman.—Is it to be conceived, that the poet who has exhausted language itself in saying every thing possible of his mistress ; who mentions not only her looks, her dress, her gestures, her conversations, but her companions, her favourite walks, and her domestic occupations, would have omitted such capital facts, as her being married, and the mother of many children ; married too, as the author of the memoirs asserts, to a man, who was jealous of her, and who used her with harshness and unkindness on Petrarch’s account ?”—Laura died in 1348, and was buried at Avignon.—Her grave was opened by Francis the First of France.—A small box was found, containing a medal, and a few verses, written by Petrarch.—On the medal were impressed the figure of a woman ; on the reverse the letters

M. L. M. J. signifying *Madona Laura morta jace*.—The elegant and enthusiastic monarch returned every thing into the tomb, and wrote an epitaph in honour of her memory.—

NOTE 18, PAGE 62.

“This island,” says the bishop in a letter to Mr. Pope, (dated October 22, 1717, N. S.) “contains within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in romantic confusion.—The air is, in the hottest season, constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea.—The vales produce excellent wheat, and Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards, intermixed with fruit-trees.—Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water melons, and many other fruits, unknown to our climates, which lie every where open to the passenger.—The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields on the northern side are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle.—Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots, and naked rocks.—But that, which crowns the scene, is a large

mountain, rising out of the middle of the island, (once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called *Mons Epomeus*;) its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits, the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep, and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands, lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus.—The greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes.—The islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the inhabitants of Circe, the Syrens, and the Lestrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagnia Felice, make but a part of this noble landscape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own to describe it.”—

NOTE 19, PAGE 62.

“I have been just taking a solitary walk,” says this admirable woman in a letter to her sister, “and entertaining myself with all the innocent pleasures, that verdant shades, painted flowers, fragrant breezes,

and warbling birds can yield.—If I could communicate my pleasure by description, I would call the muses to assist me ; but I am afraid it would be insipid to you, that are but moderately fond of the country.—Yet I am sure you would relish any pleasure, that heightened your devotion ; and what can more effectually raise it, than viewing the beauties of nature ? I have been pulling a thousand flowers in pieces, to view their elegance and variety, and have a thousand times with rapture repeated Milton's lines :

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ! thyself how wondrous then !
Speak, ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ;—for ye behold him.—

They indeed behold the great original ; but it is not denied me to trace his footsteps in the flowery fields, and hear some faint echoes of his voice in the harmony of birds, or meet his gentle whispers in the softness of the evening breezes ; yet this only raises my impatience to be admitted to the blissful vision of uncreated beauty.”—Let. XIV. p. 198.—

NOTE 20, PAGE 66.

“ Nature there unfolded to the eyes of the de-

lighted youth," says M. Shobert, "those charms, which are concealed in cities, or which are at least rarely observed by their dissipated inhabitants.—There his senses drank copious draughts of that pleasure, which the enjoyment of a pure air, the serene sky, the meads, the streams, the verdure of the fields, and the dark shades of the forest, impart to every virtuous mind.—There his heart, susceptible of every soft impression, conceived the first ideas of that imaginary world, which he soon afterwards peopled with the amiable offspring of his magic fancy."—"The effect of landscape, when viewed from the top of an eminence, on the mind and heart, is by no one delineated with such truth, delicacy, and simplicity as by Gessner.—The style and sentiments assimilate, in a high degree, with the simplicity of scriptural poetry.—See *Idylls. Aristus.*—

NOTE 21, PAGE 69.

The bishop and Dr. Beattie, who possessed a kindred spirit, had a strong regard for each other: and, while residing at Hunton, the latter honoured Dr. Porteus with a visit.—"I wish," said Dr. Beattie in a letter to Sir William Forbes, "I wish I had time and capacity to give you a description of this

parsonage.—It is delightfully situated about half way down a hill, fronting the south, about a mile from Coxheath.—The windows command a prospect extending southward, about twelve miles, and from east to west not less than forty.—In this whole space, I do not perceive a single speck of ground, that is not cultivated.—The lawns in the neighbourhood, the hop-grounds, the rich verdure of the trees, and their endless variety, form a scenery so picturesque and so luxuriant, that it is not easy to fancy any thing finer ; add to this, the cottages, churches, and villages rising here and there among the trees disposed in ten thousand different forms, and some of them visible in the horizon at the distance of more than ten miles, and you will have some idea of Hunton.—The only thing wanting is the murmur of running water, but we have some ponds and clear pools, that glitter through the trees and have a pleasing effect ; with abundance of shade, we have no damp nor fenny ground ; and though the country looks at a distance, like one continued grove, the trees do not press upon us.—There is no road within sight, the hedges that overhang the highways being very high ; so that we see neither travellers, nor carriages, and indeed hardly any thing in motion ; which conveys such an idea of peace and quiet, as I think I never was conscious of before.”—

NOTE 22, PAGE 80.

To a cultivated mind, says this accomplished and elegantly minded man, no part of the creation is indifferent.—In the crowded city, and howling wilderness; in the cultivated province, and solitary isle; in the flowery lawn, and craggy mountain; in the murmur of the rivulet, and in the uproar of the ocean; in the radiance of summer, and gloom of winter; in the thunder of heaven, and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to raise or to soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding.—And from every mental energy, that is not attended with pain, and even from some of those, that are, as moderate terror and pity, a sound mind derives satisfaction; exercise being equally necessary to the body and the soul, and to both equally productive of health and pleasure.—*Essays on Poetry and Music*, Part I. ch. II. p. 33.

NOTE 23, PAGE 86.

Ossian has described the general style of scenery, in which the Highland chiefs fixed their usual residence.—“A green field, in the bosom of hills, winds silent with its own blue stream.—Here, amid the

waving of oaks, were the dwellings of the kings of old."—

“The seats of the Highland chiefs,” says an eminent critic, “were neither disagreeable nor inconvenient.—Surrounded with mountains and hanging woods, they were covered from the inclemency of the weather.—Near them generally ran a large river, which discharging itself not far off, into an arm of the sea, or extensive lake, swarmed with a variety of fish.—The woods were stocked with wild-fowl; and the heaths and mountains behind them were the natural seat of the red-deer and roe.—If we make allowance for the backward state of agriculture, the valleys were not unfertile; affording, if not all the conveniences, at least the necessaries of life.—Here the chief lived, the supreme judge and lawgiver of his own people; but his sway was neither severe nor unjust.—As the populace regarded him as the chief of their blood, so he, in return, considered them as members of his family.—His commands, therefore, though absolute and decisive, partook more of the authority of a father, than the rigour of a judge.—Though the whole territory of the tribe was considered as the property of the chief, yet his vassals made him no other consideration, than services, neither burthensome nor frequent.—His table was

supplied by his own herds, and what his numerous attendants killed in hunting.—In this rural kind of magnificence, the Highland chiefs lived, for many ages.—At a distance from the seat of government, and secured by the inaccessibleness of their country, they were free and independent.—*Blair's Dissertation concerning the Poems of Ossian.*

NOTE 24, PAGE 88.

The Rhine here grows very wide and forms a kind of sea, near a mile broad, in which are several well-wooded islands.—The Rhinegau forms an amphitheatre.—The banks of the river, the hills which form the circles and the slopes of the great mountains, are thickly sown with villages and hamlets.—The white appearance of the buildings, and the fine slated roofs of the houses, playing amidst the various green of the landscape, have an admirable effect.—In the space of every mile, as you sail down the river, you meet with a village, which, in any other place, would pass for a town.—Many of the villages contain from three to four hundred families; and there are thirty-six of them in the space of fifteen miles long, and six broad, which is the width of this beautiful amphitheatre.—The declivities of all the hills and mountains are planted thick with vineyards and fruit-trees; and the thick wooded tops of the

hills cast a gloomy horror over the otherwise cheerful landscape.—Every now and then a row of ragged hills run directly down to the shore, and domineer majestically over the lesser hills under them.—The bank of the Rhine, opposite to the Rhinegau, is exceedingly barren, and heightens the beauty of the prospect, on the other side, by the contrast it exhibits; on this side, you hardly meet above three or four villages, and these are far distant from each other.—The great interval between them is occupied by heaths and meadows, only here and there a thick bush affords some shade, and a few corn-fields among the villages enliven the gloomy landscape.—The back-ground of this country is the most picturesque part of it.—It is formed by a narrow gullet of mountains, which diminish in perspective between Rudesheim and Bingen.—Perpendicular rocks and mountains hang over the Rhine, at this place, and seem to make it the dominion of eternal night.—At a distance, the Rhine seems to come out of this landscape through a hole under ground; and it appears to run tediously in order to enjoy its course through a pleasant country the longer.—In a word, there is not any thing in this whole tract, that does not contribute something to the beauty and magnificence of the whole.—*Baron Riesbach's Travels through Germany*, Vol. III. p. 236-7.

NOTE 25, PAGE 89.

Montaigne says, the game of chess exercises the passions in the highest degree.—*Ess.* b. 1. ch. 50.—This is, undoubtedly, an error.—Had he said, that it exercises the *mental faculties*, and tends to the *correction* of the passions, he would have been much nearer the truth.—A highly interesting work might be written on the *morality of chess*.—

NOTE 26, PAGE 91.

It is said that Mr. Blacklock, who was blind from his infancy, could describe visual objects with astonishing accuracy: and Mr. Saunderson, who was professor of mathematics at Cambridge, actually gave lectures on the theory of colours!—As Mr. Saunderson made no discoveries in the science, perhaps the phenomenon may be accounted for, on the principle, that he had no *true* ideas of colour, but taught the theory of others, as Milton's daughters read Hebrew without understanding either the points or the language.—Vid. *Mr. Burke's Essay*, Part v. sect. 5.

NOTE 27, PAGE 95.

Madame de Genlis has written a comedy, in two acts, upon this elegant subject:—"The Queen of the Rose of Salençy."—Louis 13th dispatched the

Marquis de Gordes from Varennes to Salency, with presents of a blue ribbon and a silver ring, for the Queen of the Rose: and in 1766 Mons. Morfontaine made a settlement of 120 livres upon the annual winner of the roses.—

The following account of a garland, presented by a lover to his mistress, is taken from *Curiosities of Literature*, Vol. II. p. 514: it is a translation from Huet.—

The beautiful Julia d'Angennes was in the flower of her youth and fame, when the celebrated Gustavus, king of Sweden, was making war in Germany with the most splendid success.—Julia expressed her warm admiration of this hero.—She had his portrait placed on her toilette, and took pleasure in declaring, that she would have no other lover than Gustavus.—The Duke de Montausier was, however, her avowed and ardent admirer.—A short time after the death of Gustavus, he sent her, as a new year's gift, a POETICAL GARLAND, of which the following is a description.

He had painted, in miniature, the most beautiful flowers, by an eminent artist, on pieces of vellum, all of one size.—Under every flower a sufficient space was left open for the admission of a madrigal on the

subject of that flower, which was there painted.—He solicited the wits of the time, with most of whom he was well acquainted, to assist in the composition of those little poems, reserving a considerable number for the effusions of his own amorous muse.—Under every flower he had its madrigal, written by a penman, who was celebrated for beautiful writing.—He had them afterwards magnificently bound, and inclosed the whole in a bag of rich Spanish leather.—This gift, when Julia awoke on New-year's day, she found lying on her toilette.—

NOTE 28, PAGE 98.

Petrarch, in one of his raptures, imagined that the soul of Daphne, (who was transformed into a laurel,) after a succession of transmigrations, had at length animated the body of his mistress, Laura!—

NOTE 29, PAGE 100.

In fact, our language is a curious compound!—It is an olio (an olio, however, of the most admirable flavour,) of Greek and Latin, of Saxon, French, and Dutch ingredients.—With this admixture, it would be impossible to reduce etymology to any regular system:—yet we may remark generally, that our scientific words are from the Greek; our terms of art from the French, Latin, and Italian; while most of our domestic words, words expressive of objects, which

daily attract our attention, are from the Saxon.—Our derivatives are, of course, deduced from primitives, while our primitives are derived from other languages, much after the ratio of the following scale of obligation.—Mathematical accuracy, in a case of this sort, is not to be fairly expected, particularly as etymologists are so frequently at war with each other.—It ought, however, to be observed, that the obligations, here stated, are far, very far from being overcharged.

Latin	. . .	6621	German	. . .	117
French	. . .	4361	Welch	. . .	111
Saxon	. . .	2060	Spanish	. . .	83
Greek	. . .	1288	Danish	. . .	81
Dutch	. . .	660	Arabic	. . .	18
Italian	. . .	229			

— With several words from the

Tentonic.

Gothic.

Hebrew.

Swedish.

Portugueze.

Flemish.

Runic.

Egyptian.

Persic.

Cimbric.

Chinese.

Nothing is more singular in the history of English etymology, than the circumstance of our having borrowed so little from the Welch; which we may esteem the most uncorrupted of all the fourteen vernacular languages in Europe:—and for which

reason it is the worst ;—being exceedingly harsh and guttural, and, if we may judge from its dictionary, of a very limited range.—This language had four dialects:—The Cornish ; the Armorican ; the Northern, and the Southern.—The Cornish is extinct: but the Armorican may be still traced in Britany.

NOTE 30, PAGE 103.

Anthony, in his celebrated oration over the dead body of Cesar, expatiates upon this instance of munificence ; and, as a proof of his estimation of the gift, he does not inform the populace, that Cesar had bequeathed to them his garden, till he has said, that he had left them a legacy in money ; as if he intended, that the former should operate as a climax to his eloquence.—

Anthony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new planted orchards,
On that side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.—

Julius Cesar, Act III. sc. 3.

Upon hearing this, the people immediately resolve upon burning the houses of all the conspirators!—

NOTE 31, PAGE 107.

Alexander, says Pocock, admiring the situation of

the ancient Rhacotis, ordered a city to be built there, which was called after his own name.—This new city became the capital of the kingdom; and the Arabian historians say, that, when it was taken by the Saracens, it was so magnificent and extensive, that it contained four thousand palaces, as many baths, four hundred squares, and forty thousand tributary Jews.—*Pococke's Travels through Egypt*.—

NOTE 32, PAGE 107.

The walls, as we are informed by Marco Polo, are formed of earth, ten paces thick at the bottom, and gradually tapering to three paces thick at top, with white battlements.—Each side of the square has three principal gates, having sumptuous palaces, built over each other; and there are pavilions in the angles of the walls, where the arms of the garrison are kept.—The whole buildings of this city are exactly squared, and all the streets are laid out in straight lines; so that a free prospect is preserved, from gate to gate, through the whole city; and the houses are built, on each side, like palaces with courts and gardens.—*Travels of Marco Polo in Tartary*, Sect. XI.

NOTE 33, PAGE 108.

Accident was undoubtedly the origin of the city of Stockholm.—“The viceroy, who,” as we are

informed by Mr. Wraxall, “governed Sweden under Christian II. of Denmark, determined upon founding a city: and instead of fixing on a proper spot for the execution of his plan, he very whimsically set a large piece of wood afloat down the Meler Lake, and resolved at whatever place it should stop, there to build his projected town.—A small island arrested the stick in its progress, and the name of Stockholm was given to it from the circumstance.”—Vid. *Wraxall's Tour in the North of Europe*.—*Stock* in the Swedish language, as well as in the Dutch, Saxon, and English, means the body of a plant;—*Holme* a river island.—There are two islands in the Bristol Channel called the Holmes.—

NOTE 34, PAGE 110.

I am now in Valentia, situated in a large vega or valley, about sixty miles in compass:—here are the strongest silks, the sweetest almonds, the best oils, and most beautiful females in all Spain.—The very brute animals make themselves beds of rosemary, and other fragrant flowers; and when we are at sea, if the wind blow from the shore, we may smell this soil, before we come in sight of it, many leagues off, by the strong odoriferous scent it casts.—The Moors, when they were banished to Barbary, thought, that paradise was in that part of the heavens, which

hung over this city.—*Howel's Letters*, book i. sect. 1. lett. xxv.

NOTE 35, PAGE 110.

It is difficult to reconcile the accounts of writers on the ancient situation and climate of Palmyra.—Mr. Gibbon says, that Palmyra had several fountains; that the air was pure, and the soil capable of producing fruit and corn.—Its name undoubtedly denotes, that it was once surrounded by palm trees, yet Josephus says it had only one fountain, and that it was situated in a literal desert.

NOTE 36, PAGE 112.

Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges

summovere litora,

Parum locuples continente ripâ, &c. &c.

Hor. Lib. II. Od. 18.

Cicero had a villa at Baia.—The character of this place was of that nature, that "Propertius esteemed Cynthia no longer faithful, since she had entered Baia; and Seneca considered himself contaminated for having only once slept there."—*Dupaty*, Let. cxvi. Permit me to refer you, also, to *Statius*, *Sylv.* v. Lib. III. v. 95. *Silius Italicus*, Lib. iv.

NOTE 37, PAGE 113.

The splendour of this villa may be, in some de-

gree, ascertained by the numerous remains of antiquity discovered among its ruins during the last century.—In 1771 several valuable fragments of sculpture were discovered by Signor Rolli, who sold them to Cardinal Polignac ; at whose decease they were bought by the King of Prussia.—In 1790 Mr. Gavin Hamilton, a painter of some eminence, residing at Rome, discovered the following inestimable treasures.

IN THE MUSEO PIO-CLEMENTINO.

Head of Menelaus.	Vase with peacocks, fishes, &c.
Bust of a philosopher.	Head of a ram.
Head of Plato.	Statue of Nemesis.
Do. in red marble.	A stork of rosso antico.
Do. of a Mauritanian.	A greyhound.
Bust of Hadrian.	Column with ornaments.
Antoninus Pius.	

AT THE VILLA ALBANI.

A sphynx: green basaltes.	Head of Caracalla.
Head of Antinous.	Bust of Lucius Verus.
Bust of Caracalla.	

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWN.

Statue of Cincinnatus.	Cupid and Psyche.
Do. of Paris.	Pudicia, a fragment.
Antinous.	Head of a muse.
Do. as an Egyptian deity.	Two Egyptian idols in black
Bust of a victor in the Olympic games.	marble.
	Bas-relief in do.

MANSEL TALBOT, ESQ. MARGAM ABBEY.

Statue of Ptolemy.

Bust of Sabina.

Bust of Hadrian.

CAVALLIERE PIRANESI.

A great number of fragments of vases, animals of different sorts, some elegant ornaments, and a colossal head of Hercules, in the Townley collection.

GENERAL SCHWALLOFF.

Antinous, head.

Bust of a young man, as large
as life.

Sabina, do.

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Statue of Cupid.

Head of Antinous.

Head of Juno.

Do. of Pompey.

Bust of L. Verus, now at St. Petersburg.
Duke of Dorset.

MR. JENKINS.

Lucilla.

Jupiter,

Juno.

Faustina Junior, &c. &c.

Athleta.

MR. TOWNLEY.

Greek hero, head.

to different parts of Ger-
many.

A dozen busts and heads, sent

At Stowe, there is a sarcophagus, representing a sacrifice, in a groupe of six figures; and Lord Cawdor had a vase (nearly equal in size and sculpture to the celebrated Portland vase) which was found among the ruins of Hadrian's villa, now called Pantanello.—This vase was sold for seven

hundred guineas.—See *Dallaway's Anecdotes of the Arts in England*, page 364, 7.—383.—391.

NOTE 38, PAGE 125.

Omitted.

NOTE 39, PAGE 128.

“There are several very delightful prospects about Naples,” (says Addison,) “especially from some of the religious houses;—for one seldom finds in Italy a spot of ground more agreeable than ordinary, that is not covered with a convent.”—*Addison's Travels through Italy and Switzerland*, page 87.

NOTE 40, PAGE 130.

The Battuécas are two uncultivated valleys, scarcely a league in length, and so narrow, so hermetically closed on all sides, that the sun scarcely ever shines there in winter.—This small district is remarkable for its groupes of rocks, curiously shaped, for the variety of the trees, the winding of the small river, which waters the valleys, for the excavations of the mountains, and the number of animals of all kinds, for which they serve as an asylum.—The only human habitation, which deserves to be remarked, is a convent of barefooted Carmelites, whose cells are almost buried beneath the overhanging rocks, and by the trees, which shade them.—We may make the tour of Europe

without finding a place so well adapted for the asylum of silence and peace.—*Bourganne*, p. 335.—What an effect would the following elegant little morceau have upon the stranger, wandering in these regions, were it inscribed upon the simple portico of an hermitage !—

INSCRIPTION.

O thou, who to this wild retreat
 Shalt lead, by choice, thy pilgrim feet,
 To trace the dark wood waving o'er
 This rocky cell and sainted floor;
 If here thou bring a gentle mind,
 That shuns by fits, yet loves mankind,
 That leaves the schools, and in this wood
 Learns the best science—to be good;
 Then soft, as on the dews below
 Yon oaks their silent umbrage throw,
 Peace, to thy prayers by virtue brought,
 Pilgrim, shall bless thy hallow'd thought.

Steevens.

NOTE 41, PAGE 138.

The Swedes were so charmed, at having a native of their own country, for a king, an indulgence, which, before the accession of Gustavus III. they had not, for a long time, enjoyed, that they struck a medal in commemoration of the happy event, on the reverse of which was this inscription—*Fadern's land et*, “It is my native land.”—Vid. *Wraxall's Tour through the North of Europe*, p. 287.—The

Japanese have a law, which forbids every subject to sail out of the sight of land, under penalty of death.—Those, therefore, who are driven by a storm to a foreign shore, are obliged to renounce every idea of returning to their native soil.—*De Page*. Thus does a law, the most amiable in its origin, operate, in its application, in a manner, the most gigantically oppressive, on one of the best feelings of the human heart!—

NOTE 42, PAGE 138.

The bay of Naples is thus described by Dr. Moore.—“ Naples was founded by the Greeks.—The charming, situation, they have chosen, is one proof, among thousands, of the fine taste of that ingenious people.—The bay is about thirty miles in circumference, and twelve in diameter—it has been named *crater* from its supposed resemblance to a bowl.—This bowl is ornamented with the most beautiful foliage; with vines; with olive, mulberry, and orange trees; with hills, dales, towns, villas and villages.—At the bottom of the bay of Naples, the town is built in the form of a vast amphitheatre, sloping from the hills towards the sea.—If from the town you turn your eyes to the east, you see the rich plains, leading to Mount Vesuvius and Portici.—If you look to the west, you have the grotto of Pausilippo, the mountain on which Virgil's tomb is

placed, and the fields leading to Puzzoli and the coast of Baia.—On the north are the fertile hills, gradually rising from the shore to the Campagna Felice.—On the south is the bay, confined by the two promontories of Misenum and Minerva, the view being terminated by the islands Procida, Ischia, and Caprea; and as you ascend to the castle of St. Elmo, you have all these objects under your eye at once, with the addition of a great part of the Campagna.”—*Moore's View of Society and Manners in Italy*, Vol. II. p. 123.

It was at Naples Virgil wrote his *Georgics*; it was compared to a beautiful virgin, and called Parthenope;—the birthplace of idleness and the mother of all effeminate pleasures:—and yet Silius Italicus and Statius add circumstances, which would have endeared it even to the most austere, as well as the most elegantly virtuous.—

———— exemptum curis gravioribus ævum.—

Silius Italic. Lib. XII.

Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti.—

Statius. Sylv. Lib. III.

NOTE 43, PAGE 144.

Omitted.

NOTE 44, PAGE 149.

This passion is called by the French *la maladie du pays*.—To foreign ears, this air is far from possessing any attractive powers.—It is as wild and as barren, (if I may be allowed the comparison), as the most bleak of the Swiss mountains.—Its influence over the hearts of the Swiss arises from the associations, which it produces, and not from any intrinsic merit of its own.—*Cet air si chéri des Suisses qu'il fut défendu, sous peine de mort de le jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu'il faisoit fondre en larmes, désertier ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent désir de revoir leur pays.*—Rousseau. Dictionnaire de Musique, art. Rance des Vaches.—“This tune,” as Dr. Beattie beautifully observes, “having been the attendant of their childhood and early youth, recalls to their memory those regions of wild beauty and rude magnificence, those days of liberty and peace, those nights of festivity, those happy assemblies, those tender passions, which formerly endeared to them their country, their homes, and their employments; and which, when compared with the scenes of uproar they are now engaged in, and the servitude they now undergo, awaken such regret as entirely overpowers them.”—*Beattie's Essays on Poetry and Music*, Part 1. ch. VI. 2.

NOTE 45, PAGE 150.

The joy of a Swiss, on returning to his native country, is beautifully described by Rousseau.—“The nearer I drew to Switzerland the more I was agitated.—That instant, in which I discovered the lake of Geneva, from the heights of Jura, was a moment of rapture and ecstasy.—The sight of my country, that beloved country, where a deluge of pleasures had overflowed my heart; the pure and wholesome air of the Alps; the gentle breeze of the country, more sweet than the perfumes of the east; that rich and fertile spot, that unrivalled landscape, the most beautiful, that ever struck the eye of man; that delightful abode, to which I found nothing comparable in the vast tour of the globe: the aspect of a free and happy people; the mildness of the season; the serenity of the climate; a thousand pleasing recollections, which recalled to my mind the pleasures I had enjoyed: all these circumstances together threw me into a kind of transport, which I cannot describe, and seemed to collect the enjoyments of my whole life into one happy moment.”—

Dear is that shed, to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill, which lifts him to the storms;
And, as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,

So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Traveller.

NOTE 46, PAGE 158.

“The days of my captivity,” says Helen Maria Williams, “are brought back by circumstances, which seem sufficiently remote from sorrows, by that connection of the past with the present, which Akenside describes so beautifully.—And you will, perhaps, think my imagination somewhat disordered, when I tell you, that the lake, from the luxuriant banks of which I send you this letter, recalls to my mind, my apartment in the Luxembourg prison.—The walls of that apartment were hung with tapestry, which described a landscape of romantic beauty; on that landscape I have gazed, till I almost persuaded myself, that the scenery was alive around me;—how often, when my eyes were fixed upon that canvass, which led my wounded spirit from the cruelty of man to the benignity of God;—how often did I wish to be seated at the foot of those sheltering hills, which embosomed some mimic habitations, or beneath a mighty elm, which rose majestically in the foreground of the piece, and spread its thick foliage over a green slope, appeared to me the summit of all earthly felicity!—Those hills, the torrent stream, which rolled down their steep sides,

the shady elm, and all the objects of the tapestry are indelibly impressed on my memory; and often, when I am wandering through the charming scenes of Switzerland, a country, where nature has spread over every landscape those lavish graces, which, in other regions, belong only to a few favoured spots, I have felt my eyes bathed in tears, when, amid views of overwhelming greatness, some minute object, unobserved by others, had led my imagination to the tapestry and the prison.—A few days since, I passed along the falls of Tessino, rolling through narrow clefts, under rocks of the most terrific form, in a succession of torrents, sweeping after each other down the abrupt descent, and broken in their course by enormous fragments torn from the cliffs, sometimes raising their scattered surges in the air, and sometimes displaying the prismatic colours of the foam: when I was standing on one of those daring bridges, that are thrown across the gulf, and that tradition calls the work of supernatural agency; after the first transport of admiration, in which the mind loses all traces of the past, or thought of the future, had subsided, the torrent rill, which rushed down the Luxembourg tapestry, presented itself to my memory, while, amid the pendant groves of pine and fir, bending along the cliffs, and above the sweeping birch, which dipped its drooping branches in the surf, I discovered a

towering elm, the form of which resembled the friend of my captivity.”—*Miss Williams's Third Letter from Switzerland.*

NOTE 47, PAGE 165.

The romantic mountain of the Grande Chartreuse is one of the most celebrated in all Savoy.—The following account of it is derived from an eminent traveller.—“From Echelles, a little village in the mountains of Savoy, to the top of the Chartreuse, the distance is six miles.—Along this course, the road winds up, for the most part, not six feet broad.—On one hand is the rock, with woods of pine trees hanging over head: on the other, a prodigious precipice, almost perpendicular; at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone, which have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise, like thunder, rendered yet more tremendous by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic and most astonishing scenes in nature.—To this description may be added the strange views, made by the crags and cliffs, and the numerous cascades, which throw themselves from the very summits down into the vale.—On the top of the mountain is the convent of St. Bruno.”—

NOTE 48, PAGE 168.

“Even the thoughtless and the dissipated,” beautifully observes Mr. Alison, “yield unconsciously to the beneficent instincts of nature; and in the pursuit of pleasure, return without knowing it to the first and noblest sentiments of their nature.—They leave the society of cities and all the artificial pleasures, which they feel have occupied, without satiating their imagination.—They hasten into those solitary and those uncultivated scenes, where they seem to breathe a purer air, and to experience some more profound delight.—They leave behind them all the arts and all the labours of man, to meet nature in her primæval magnificence and beauty.—Amid the slumber of their natural thoughts, they love to feel themselves awakened to those deep and majestic emotions, which give a new and a nobler expansion to their hearts, and amid the tumult and astonishment of their imagination,

Præsentioŕem conſpicêre Deum

Per invias rupes, fera perjuga,

Clirosque præruptos, ſonantes

Inter aquas; nemorunq; noctem.—

It is on this account, that it is of ſo much conſequence in the education of the young, to encourage their inſtinctive taſte for the beauty and ſublimity of nature.—While it opens to the years of infancy

or youth a source of pure and permanent enjoyment, it has consequences on the character and happiness of future life, which they are unable to foresee.—It is to provide them, amid all the agitations and trials of society, with one gentle, unrepining friend, whose voice is ever in alliance with goodness and virtue, and which when once understood, is able both to soothe misfortune and to reclaim from folly.—It is to identify them with the happiness of that nature, to which they belong; and to give them an interest in every species of being, which surrounds them; and amid the hours of curiosity and delight, to awaken those latent feelings of benevolence and of sympathy, from which all the moral or intellectual greatness of man finally arises.—It is to lay the foundation of an early and manly piety;—amid the magnificent system of material signs, in which they reside, to give them the mighty key, which can interpret them; and to make them look upon the universe, which they inhabit, not as the abode only of human cares or human joys, but as the temple of the living God, in which praise is due and service to be performed.”—*Essay on the Beauty and Sublimity of the material World*, page 445.

NOTE 49, PAGE 174.

The ruins of Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial

residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde.—It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the civil wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and very nearly their total ruin.—The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree.—In the immediate vicinity of Cadzow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the Eastern to the Atlantic ocean.—Some of these trees are so ancient, that they might have witnessed the rites of the Druids.—The whole of this scenery is included, in the magnificent park of the Duke of Hamilton.—*Minstrelsy of the Scotch Border*, Vol. III. p. 414.

NOTE 50, PAGE 178.

There have not been wanting some even to suppose, that mountains may lose at one time, and recover what they have lost at another, either after the manner of trees, or by the operation of internal volcanoes.—*Theophrastus in Philo.* p. 513.—It is a curious but undoubted fact, that one of the downs

in the Isle of Wight has decreased in height within the memory of many persons in that island.—Euripides calls Etna, “*the mother of mountains;*” the epithet is applied with singular propriety, if we may credit the assertion of Kircher, that the quantity of matter, expectorated by that mountain, exceeds, twenty times, the original size of its own bulk.—Vid. *Kircher, Mund. Sut.* Vol. i. p. 202.

NOTE 51, PAGE 180.

Pausanias. Lib. VIII. in Arcad. 509.—Since the island of Atlantis was in existence nine thousand years have passed away.—It was as large as Syria and Asia Minor put together, and situated in the Atlantic.—The structure of its buildings, and the profusion of its gold and ivory, were beyond imagination.—The arts and the sciences were well cultivated, and the beauty of its landscapes, the profuseness of its odours, the bloom of its flowers, and the fertility of its soil, were in proportion to the abundance of its mineral productions.—*Plato in Critia.*—In what instance, except in the account of its proficiency in art and science, does this island, which has been esteemed a creation of Plato’s imagination, differ from America?—The discovery of that vast continent has been fancifully said to have been foretold by Seneca.—

————— venient annis

Secula seris, quibus oceanus

Vincula verum laxet, &c. &c.

Medea, v. 374.

Solon wrote a poem on the Atlantic Island.—We are told by Diodorus Siculus, that this island was first discovered by the Carthaginians; and that when they had discovered it, they made a law, that no one should settle in it, under the penalty of death.—

NOTE 52, PAGE 181.

Dion Cassius informs us, that these two cities were destroyed in the first eruption of Vesuvius; the endeavour to investigate the causes of which, occasioned the death of the elder Pliny.—From the silence of Pliny the younger, the account of Dion Cassius has been made a subject of doubt.—But this silence is no argument.—For it was not the duty of that accomplished orator to give Tacitus a general description of the whole catastrophe, attending that remarkable eruption, and of which Tacitus was, there is no doubt, as well informed, as himself, but only that part, of which he was a witness, (*quorum pars magna fuit*;) and which affected him in so serious a point, as the loss of an uncle.—Vid. *Plin. Ep. Lib. vi. Ep. 16. 20.*—The portion of Tacitus, in which this event was recorded, has been lost.—

If we are to doubt the evidence of historians, because their facts are not confirmed by others, we may call in question many of the most important events, recorded in the history of the world.—Several incidents, related by Suetonius, are passed over by Tacitus; Livy gives no account of innumerable particulars, mentioned by Plutarch;—the conflagration of Alexandria, which is so particularly described by Abulfaragius, is not even alluded to by Eutychius; and several miracles are attested by St. Matthew, which St. Mark and St. John neglected to record.—Plutarch, in his Life of Cesar, omits all the events related in the third and sixth books of that great general's Commentaries.—

NOTE 53, PAGE 181.

From the time of Odenatus, Zenobia, and Aurelian, history preserved the name of this great city, but it was merely a name, for the world had very confused ideas of the real grandeur and power it possessed.—They were scarcely even suspected in Europe, until towards the end of the last century, when some English merchants of Aleppo, tired of hearing the Bedouins talk of the immense ruins to be found in the desert, resolved to ascertain the truth of these extraordinary relations.—The first attempt was made in 1678, but without success; the adventurers were robbed of all they had by the Arabs, and

obliged to return without accomplishing their design.—They again took courage in 1691, and at length obtained a sight of the antiquities in question.—Their narrative, published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, met with many, who refused belief; men could neither conceive, nor persuade themselves that in a spot, so remote from any habitable place, such a magnificent city, as their drawings described, could have existed.—But since Mr. Dawkins published, in 1753, the plans and views, he himself had taken on the spot in 1751, all doubts have ceased, and it is universally acknowledged, that antiquity has left nothing, either in Greece or Italy, to be compared with the magnificence of the ruins of Palmyra.—Vid. *Volney's Travels in Egypt and Syria*, Vol. II. p. 233.—*Philosophical Transactions* for Oct. 1695.—*Wells's Geography of the New Testament*.—*Pococke*, Vol. II. p. 106.—*Maundrell's Journey*, p. 134.

NOTE 54, PAGE 186.

Were any particle of matter absolutely to dissolve and evaporate, and thus become lost, bodies would lose their connection with each other, and a link in the grand chain be dropt:—besides, so delicately is this globe balanced, that an annihilation of the smallest particle would throw it totally out of its sphere in the universe.—The balances of nature are not the

balances of man ; let no one, therefore, who is incapable of invalidating the argument, smile at the position.

NOTE 55, PAGE 192.

Virgilii ante omnes imaginem venebatur Silius, cujus natalem religiosus quàm suum celebrabat: Neapoli maximè, ubi monumentum ejus adire ad templum solebat.—*Plin. Lib. III. Ep. 21.*—

Nothing can be more beautifully enthusiastic than the oath and the resolution of De Lille.—

Helas ! je n'ai point vû ce séjour enchanté,
Ces beaux lieux ou Virgile a tant de fois chanté,
Mais j'en jure et Virgile et ses accords sublimes,
J'irai ; de l'appenin je franchirai les cimes,
J'irai, plein de son nom, plein de ses vers sacres,
Les lire aux mêmes lieux qui les ont inspirés.

Des Jardins.

Alas ! I've never rov'd those vales among,
Where Virgil whilom tun'd his sacred song ;
But by the bard I swear, and muse sublime,
I'll go !—O'er alps on alps oppos'd I'll climb,
Full of his name, with all his frenzy fir'd,
There will I read the strains those heavenly scenes in-
spired.

Anon. 1789.

NOTE 56, PAGE 192.

The tomb of Virgil is on the mountain of Pausilippo, a little above the grotto of that name; you ascend to it by a narrow path, which runs through a vineyard; it is overgrown with ivy leaves, and shaded by branches, shrubs and bushes; an ancient bay-tree, with infinite propriety, overhangs it.—Many a solitary walk have I taken to this place.—The earth, which contains his ashes, we expect to find clothed in the brightest verdure.—Viewed from this magic spot, the objects which adorn the bay become doubly interesting.—The poet's verses are here recollected with additional pleasure; the verses of Virgil are interwoven in our minds with a thousand interesting ideas, with the memory of our boyish years, or the sportive scenes of childhood, of our earliest friends and companions, many of whom are now dead; and those who still live, and for whom we retain the first impression of affection, are at such a distance, as renders the hopes of seeing them again very uncertain.—No wonder, therefore, when in a contemplative mood, that our steps are often directed to a spot so well calculated to create and cherish sentiments congenial with the state of our mind.—*Dr. Moore's View of Society and Manners in Italy*, Vol. II. p. 291.

NOTE 57, PAGE 197.

He comes ! he comes !—in every breeze the power
Of philosophic melancholy comes !
His near approach the sudden starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The softened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !
Inflames imagination ; through the breast
Infuses every tenderness ; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.

This is not “ the green and yellow melancholy,” to which Shakspeare alludes in *Twelfth Night*, Act II. sc. 3 ; nor the passion, pointed at by Fletcher, in the poem, from which Milton is supposed to have taken the idea of his *Il Penseroso*, “ Hence ye vain delights, &c.” still less, is it the corroding “ offspring of phantasie,” described in Burton’s *Anatomy*, but, as defined in the context, “ a disposition for the indulgence of contemplation.”—To this elegant affection of the mind and heart, we may refer the solution of an expression so common in Homer, in Holy-writ, and in Ossian :—“ The joy of grief ;”—and the “ est quædam flere voluptas” of Ovid.—Pliny has a similar sentiment.—*Epist. Paterno. Lib. VIII. E. 16.*—

NOTE 58, PAGE 198.

Ah Maria !

Puellarum Elegantissima,

Ah ! Flore Venustatis Abrepta,

Vale !

Heu Quanto Minus Est

Cum Reliquis Versari,

Quam Tui

Meminisse !

NOTE 59, PAGE 201.

In other illustrious men (says Diodorus Siculus,) you will observe, that each possessed some one shining quality, which was the foundation of his fame.—In Epaminondas all the virtues were found united: force of body ; eloquence of expression ; vigour of mind ; contempt of riches ; gentleness of disposition ; courage and conduct in war.—In none of these qualities was Washington deficient.—A parallel between these two distinguished characters were worthy the pen of Plutarch.—

NOTE 60, PAGE 231.

Suave, mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,

E terra magnum, &c. &c. &c.

Lucretius.

This opinion of Lucretius has been repeated with all the obstinacy of error.—The pleasure, we derive

from objects of terror, and from tragedy, spring from the same source ; a source, which has been mistaken by the Abbe du Bos, by Fontenelle, by Hume, and by Burke.—A few words may serve to conclude an argument, which has occupied the attention of metaphysicians for seventeen hundred years.—*The feelings of mankind are excited by objects, which excite their pity, and attract, in the same manner, as planets gravitate towards each other ; in one word, as Lord Kaims says, sympathy is attractive.*—

NOTE 61, PAGE 232.

The ginseng :—found in many parts of Tartary, and called by the Manchews, *orhota*.—This plant is said to possess the remarkable quality, here alluded to.—It constitutes the principal article of commerce between the Chinese and Eastern Tartars.—Boerhave was of opinion, that the *radix fœniculi vulgaris* agrees in taste, smell, and medical qualities with the ginseng.—This root has been also discovered in North America.—The *papaveris erratici flores* have an anodyne quality ; also distillations from the damask rose.—The ginseng was sold, near an hundred years ago, at 25*l.* sterling per pound.

NOTE 62, PAGE 240.

This idea is taken from that beautiful passage in Akenside, where he says :

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
 By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
 Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
 Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
 Unbidden strains.—

Akenside seems to have caught this idea from a passage in one of Moliere's comedies:—*Mademoiselle*, says Diaforius, *ne plus, ne moins que la statuë de Memnon rendoit un son harmonieux lorsqu'elle venoit à être éclairée des rayons du soleil: tout de même me sens jè animè d'un doux transport à l'apparition du soleil de vos beautiès.*—*La Malade Imaginaire*, Act II. sc. 5.

NOTE 63 & 64, PAGE 250 & 264.

Omitted.

NOTE 65, PAGE 265.

“A peasant,” says a celebrated French naturalist *, “led a happy life in a small valley in the bosom of the Alps.—A stream, descending from the mountains, fertilized his garden.—For a long time he adored in peace the beneficent Naiad, who supplied the current, and who increased its quantity and its coolness with the heat of summer.—He one day took it into his head, that he would go and discover the place, where she concealed her inexhaustible urn.—To ensure success, he began to trace upwards the

* St. Pierre.

current of his brook.—He keeps ascending the mountain.—Every step, he takes, discloses to him a thousand new objects, plains, forests, rivers, kingdoms, and vast oceans.—Transported with delight, he flatters himself with the hope of soon arriving at the blest abode, where the gods preside over the destiny of the world.—But after a toilsome journey, he arrives at the foot of a tremendous glacier.—He sees nothing around him but fogs and rocks, torrents and precipices.—The sweet and tranquil valley, the humble cot, or the beneficent Naiad, have all disappeared.—His patrimony is nothing but a cloud, and his divinity enormous masses of ice!”—

NOTE 66, PAGE 266.

“ It has often struck me,” says Mr. Price, “ that the whole system of Venetian colouring, (particularly that of Giorgione and Titian, which has been the great object of imitation,) was formed upon the tints of autumn, and that their pictures have from thence that golden hue, which gives them, as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes, such a superiority over all others.—Their trees, &c. have, more strongly than those of any other painters, the deep and rich browns of that season.—The same general blue prevails in the drapery of their figures, and even in their flesh, which has neither the silver purity of Guido, nor the freshness of Rubens, but a glow perhaps

more enchanting than either."—*Price's Essays*, p. 197.—

NOTE 67, PAGE 269.

Omitted.

NOTE 68, PAGE 269.

Vide Moschus in his poem on the death of Bion imitated by Horace, Lib. iv. Od. 8.—

"Diffugere nives: redeunt jam gramina campis,

"Arboribusque comæ:" &c. &c.

Beattie's Hermit is a conclusive answer to the complaint of Moschus.—

Whatever may have been his reading, and whatever may be his faith, we may triumphantly challenge the boldest of critics to produce a poem more admirable in the choice of language, more abounding in that union of the solemn and the magnificent in manner, and more productive of sublimity of feeling, than the 15th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians.—Had it been written by Mahomet, even Dr. Lowth himself must have confessed, that Mahomet had exceeded the sublimity of Job, and been touched with holier fire, than even Isaiah himself.

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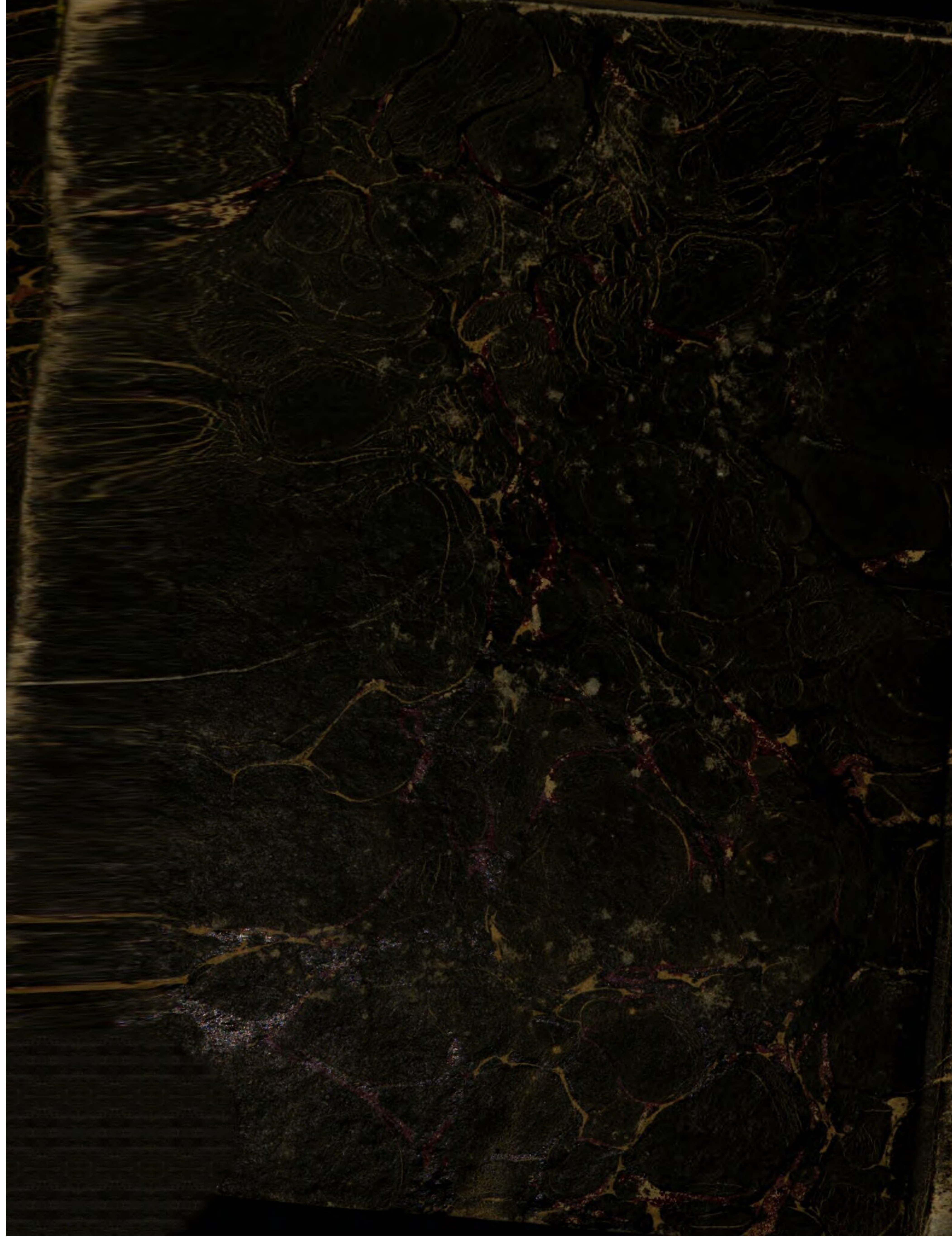
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